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THE

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LIVING WRITERS

OF

THE SOUTH.

BY

JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON, A.M.



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INTRODUCTION.

THIS volume contains the names of 241 writers, — 166 male and 75 female.

Of these, 201 have published books.

Several of the writers have written in several departments. Thus classified, there are: —

In fiction, 74.

In verse, 112.

In poetry, 8.

In history, — including geography, biography, memoirs, and travels, — 63

In theology, 20.

In science, 15.

In philology, 6.

In philosophy, 5.

In law, 2.

The aggregate number of volumes is 739.

The Author's idea has been, to present Southern Writers as they are — not to prove that the South has this or that literature, but only to show *what* literature the South has.

In carrying out this idea, he has given extracts in many instances. In making these, he has sought to give not so much the best specimens as those that are the most characteristic. Some of these specimens are poor enough, in all conscience, — some inartistic, of course; and some, it may be, frivolous, — but each in its way and all together have their use in the general design.

Some of the writers have talents and character, with corresponding results, which enable them to stand in the front rank of American Authorship.

Some have limited abilities.

And some have none.

The lists of books, with titles complete and dates of publication given, have been prepared with much care; and it is hoped that they will be found valuable.

Difficulty was occasionally found in determining the geographical status of a writer; as, when he was born elsewhere and is resident in the South, or, being a native of the South, he is now absent or resident elsewhere. No arbitrary rule seemed satisfactory. With these difficulties the Author has done the best he could; preferring to err in the direction of including, whenever he was unable to get a decision from the writer himself. This occurred in only a few instances.

Besides the writers included in the volume, there are some that deserve a place; such as, *Fadette* — the author of the novels *Ingemisco* and *Randolph Honor* — and others, who, like her, are not yet willing to drop the transparent mask of a *nom de plume* and appear in their real names.

NEW YORK, October, 1869.

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THE
LIVING WRITERS OF THE SOUTH.

RICHARD ABBEY, D.D.

Dr. ABBEY stands prominent among the Methodist clergy of the South. He is the great exponent, in that denomination, of the doctrine of apostolic succession,—two of his most important works bearing directly upon that point. His works are,—

1. *Apostolic Succession*. A duodecimo, published about fifteen years ago.

2. *End of Apostolic Succession*. A smaller work, in 18mo., published later.

3. *Baptismal Demonstrations*. A large pamphlet, in 8vo., of 84 pages.

4. *Church Government*. 12mo.

5. *Creed of All Men*. 18mo.

6. *Divine Assessment for the Support of the Ministry*. 12mo.

7. *Ecclesiastical Constitution*. 8vo.

8. *Strictures on Church Government*. 18mo.

9. *Ecce Ecclesia*. 12mo. This work appeared recently, and was received with some attention.

10. *Diuturnity*. This work, also, has been very favourably received by the critics of the author's way of thinking.

FRANK H. ALFRIEND.

This writer made his *debut* as an author in 1868, by the publication of *The Life of Jefferson Davis*, which appeared in the northwest,— Cincinnati and Chicago. Previous to this time Mr. Alfriend was known to the literary South as editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, a monthly published in Richmond.

The Life of Jefferson Davis is one of the most striking books published since the war, bearing directly and almost exclusively, as it does, upon that portion of the life of the President of the Confederate States. A critique in *The Round Table* thus properly characterises the volume, —

“The book is, while purporting to be a biography, a comprehensive account, from the extreme Southern standpoint, of the causes and merits of the war; so that the life of Mr. Davis is rather the nucleus than the substantial subject-matter of the text.”

In this comprehensive aspect the work takes honourable rank beside Dr. Dabney's *Defence of Virginia*, and *A Constitutional View of the War*, by Mr. Stephens. The book, however, like its author, in comparison with those just named, is *younger* than either of those works,—is more rhetorical in style, less dispassionate and cool, more rash and sweeping in invective, and less mature in its thought; but, at the same time, it presents telling points in the great issues, discussed with a force of logic and language that may be sought in vain among the pages of either Dr. Dabney or Mr. Stephens. Upon the matter of this author's extreme attitude, the authority above quoted says, —

“Mr. Alfriend is a true Southerner, and his picture is painted exclusively with Southern colours. He thinks the North altogether culpable, and the South altogether innocent.”

The weakest points in the book are those passages of de-

clamatory assertion of the author's least self-questioned and most sacredly cherished convictions,—the weakest, especially, when the book is in the hands of foreigners or Northerners.

WILLIAM ALLAN.

Colonel ALLAN was connected with Captain Jed. Hotchkiss in the preparation of a series of guide-books under the general title of *The Battle-Fields of Virginia*, of which the first volume—*Chancellorsville*—appeared from the press of D. Van Nostrand of New York, in 1868. This work contains a clear and accurate account of the operations of General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, from the first battle of Fredericksburg, in 1862, until the death of General Jackson, in May, 1863. It is illustrated with a portrait of General Jackson and five handsome maps of battle operations.

Colonel Allan was Lieutenant-Colonel and Chief of Ordnance in the second army-corps, under General Lee.

JOSEPH BLYTH ALLSTON.

Captain ALLSTON is a native of Georgetown, South Carolina; a graduate, with high distinction, in the State College of his native state; and to-day engaged, I believe, in the practice of law in the city of Baltimore.

I clip from the *War Poetry of the South*, of Mr. Simms, the following battle-song, called the *Charge of Hagood's Brigade*, and dated "Weldon Railroad, August 21, 1864,"—

Scarce seven hundred men they stand
 In tattered, rude array,—
 A remnant of that gallant band
 Who erstwhile held the sea-girt strand
 Of Morris' Isle, with iron hand
 'Gainst Yankees' hated sway.

Secessionville their banner claims,
And Sumter held 'mid smoke and flames,
And the dark battle on the streams
 Of Pocotaligo;
And Walthall's Junction's hard-earned fight,
And Drewry's Bluff's embattled height,
Whence, at the gray dawn of the light,
 They rushed upon the foe.

Tattered and torn those banners now,
But not less proud each lofty brow,
 Untaught as yet to yield:
With mien unblenched, unfaltering eye,
Forward where bombshells shrieking fly,
Flecking with smoke the azure sky,
 On Weldon's fated field.

Sweeps from the woods the bold array,
Not theirs to falter in the fray,
No men more sternly trained than they
 To meet their deadly doom:
While from a hundred throats agape,
A hundred sulphurous flames escape,
Round shot, and canister, and grape,
 The thundering cannon's boom!

Swift on their flank, with fearful crash
Shrapnel and ball commingling clash,
And bursting shells, with lurid flash,
 Their dazzled sight confound:
Trembles the earth beneath their feet,
Along their front a rattling sheet
Of leaden hail concentric meet,
 And numbers strew the ground.

On, o'er the dying and the dead,
O'er mangled limb and gory head,
With martial look, with martial tread,
March Hagood's men to bloody bed,
 Honour their sole reward:
Himself doth lead their battle-line,
 Himself those banners guard.

They win the height, that gallant few,
A fiercer struggle to renew,
Resolved as gallant men to do,
Or sink in glory's shroud :
But scarcely gain its stubborn crest,
Ere from the ensign's murdered breast
An impious hand has dared to wrest
That banner proud.

Upon him, Hagood, in thy might !
Flash on thy soul th' immortal light
Of those brave deeds that blazon bright
Our Southern Cross.
He dies ! Unfurl its folds again,
Let it wave proudly o'er the plain,—
The dying shall forget their pain,
Count not their loss.

Then, rallying to your chieftain's call,
Ploughed through by cannon-shot and ball,
Hemmed in, as by a living wall,
Cleave back your way.
Those bannered deeds their souls inspire,
Borne amid sheets of forked fire,
By the two hundred who retire,
Of that array.

Ah, Carolina ! well the tear
May dew thy cheek ; thy clasped hands rear
In passion o'er their tombless bier,
Thy fallen chivalry !
Malony, mirror of the brave,
And Sellers lie in glorious grave ;
No prouder fate than theirs, who gave
Their lives for liberty.

Here is another little poem, also a war-song, but different in style, called *Stick Arms*, which enjoys the distinction of having been written while the author was a prisoner of war in Fort Delaware, Delaware, upon the occasion of hearing that General

Lee's Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered at Appomattox.
I quote entire, —

I.

"Stack Arms!" I've gladly heard the cry
When, weary with the dusty tread
Of marching troops, as night drew nigh
I sank upon my soldier's bed
And calmly slept: the starry dome
Of heaven's blue arch my canopy,
And mingled with my dreams of home
The thoughts of peace and liberty.

II.

"Stack Arms!" I've heard it, when the shout
Exulting, rang along our line,
Of foes hurled back in bloody rout,
Captured, dispersed; its tones divine
Then came to mine enraptured ear,
Guerdon of duty nobly done,
And glistened on my cheek, the tear
Of grateful joy for victory won.

III.

"Stack Arms!" In faltering accents, slow
And sad, it creeps from tongue to tongue,
A broken, murmuring wail of woe,
From manly hearts by anguish wrung:
Like victims of a midnight dream,
We move, we know not how nor why,
For life and hope but phantoms seem,
And it were a relief — to die.

JAMES O. ANDREW, D.D.

Bishop ANDREW, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is now quite an old man. His residence is Summerfield, Alabama. As a writer he is best and most favourably known by

his work on domestic discipline, which is one of the very first in that field. His published books are, —

1. *Family Government*. A good-sized duodecimo, full of earnestness, piety, and mature thought.

2. *Miscellanies*. An octavo, that, in literary merit, sustains the reputation of the venerable doctor.

JAMES B. AVIRETT.

The Rev. Mr. AVIRETT was chaplain of the Ashby cavalry, and, in conjunction with some other officers, wrote a life of General Ashby, of Confederate fame, with the following title, —

The Memoirs of General Turner Ashby and his Compeers. By Rev. James B. Avirett (Chaplain Ashby Cavalry) and other officers of the Army of Northern Virginia, C.S.A. Baltimore: Selby & Dulany. 1867.

In reference to this book *The Round Table* of New York says, —

“It is perhaps unfortunate for the abiding fame of those gallant and chivalrous spirits who fought so well and died so fearlessly for what Mr. Pollard calls a Lost Cause, and Mr. Wise asserts is by no means a lost cause, — on the contrary quite the reverse, — that their memory has not been preserved from the ruthless admiration of injudicious friends.”

JOHN BACHMAN, Ph.D., D.D., L.L.D.

It would be a task entirely supererogative for me to dwell upon the eminence in natural science held by Dr. Bachman. The vigorous battle he has repeatedly given in behalf of his cherished theory of the Unity of the Human Race has made

his name to be universally known as the great champion of that theory in the South.

The Rev. Dr. Bachman was born on Tuesday, the 4th of February, 1790, in Dutchess County, New York. He received his education in various academies and in Williams College, Massachusetts, but was compelled by ill health to leave college before graduation. He received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Berlin, in 1838; that of Doctor of Divinity from Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in 1820; and that of Doctor of Laws from the South Carolina College, at Columbia. He is a member of a number of Societies of Natural History and Philosophy in the various kingdoms of Europe, and in America.

His works are these, —

1. *Catalogue of Phenogamous Plants and Ferns growing in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C.* Published in 1834.

2. *Experiments Made on the Habits of Vultures inhabiting Carolina—Turkey-Buzzard and Carrion-Crow.* An octavo, published in Charleston in 1834.

3. *Monograph of the Hares of America, including several undescribed species.* Published in 1837.

4. *Monographs of the Genus Sciurus, including several new species.* This was published in the Transactions of the Zoölogical Society, London, in 1838.

5. *The Changes in the Colour of Feathers in Birds, and the Hair in Animals.* This appeared in the publications of the Philosophical Transactions, Philadelphia, in 1839.

6. *The History of the Quadrupeds of America.* Three volumes. Figures by Audubon. The first of these volumes was published in 1845, and the work was completed in three years.

7. *Of the Introduction and Propagation of Fresh-Water Fish.* Published about 1848.

8. *The Doctrine of the Unity of the Human Race Examined on the Principles of Science.* This, we believe, is considered Dr. Bachman's *magnum opus*. It was published in 1850.

9. *An Examination of the Characteristics of Genera and*

Species as applicable to the Doctrine of the Unity of the Human Race. Published in 1855.

10. *An Examination of Prof. Agassiz's Sketch of the Natural Provinces of the Animal World and their Relation to Different Types of Men.* This work, published in 1855, completes Dr. Bachman's *trilogy* upon the unity of our race.

11. *Notice of the Types of Mankind* (by Nott and Gliddon), *with an Examination of the Changes contained in the Life of Dr. Morton.* Published in 1854. This is mentioned as a work, because of its significance, although it appeared as an article in the *Charleston Medical Journal*.

12. *Design and Duties of the Christian Ministry.* Published in 1848.

13. *Defence of Luther and the Reformation* (against the charges of J. Bellinger and others). Published in 1853.

Besides these, which are far more scientific than theological and altogether polemical or combative, Dr. Bachman has written a great many essays, reviews, sermons, editorials, and articles, —especially upon the history of the birds of America—in various periodicals. In the *Southern Agricultural Journal*, between 1835 and 1840, he wrote a great deal under the editorial head. He at one time delivered and published a sermon on Duelling, or rather *against* Duelling; and another on the Design and Duties of the Christian Ministry.

Besides all these that have seen the light, our author had several scientific works, nearly prepared for publication, destroyed at the burning of Columbia by General Sherman's army, in February, 1865.

Though seven years past his three-score years and ten, Dr. Bachman still enjoys a hale and lively old age, with full vigour of mind; and the well-wishers of science and religion hope for yet many years of usefulness and labour.

MISS JULIA BACON.

For several years Miss BACON has been known as a contributor to periodical literature, but has used several *noms de plume*, and has thus evaded public attention so successfully that she is not half so well known as she deserves to be. I give *Looking for the Fairies* as an average specimen of her verse,—

I've peeped in many a blue-bell,
And crept among the flowers,
And hunted in the acorn-cups,
And in the woodland bowers ;
And shook the yellow daffodils,
And search'd the gardens round,
Alooking for the little folk
I never, never found.

I've linger'd till the setting sun
Threw out a golden sheen,
In hope to see a fairy troupe
Come dancing on the green ;
And marvell'd that they did not come
To revel in the air,
And wondered if they slept, and where
Their hiding-places were.

I've wandered with a timid step
Beneath the moon's pale light,
And every blazing dew-drop seemed
To be a tiny sprite ;
And listened with suspended breath,
Among the grand old trees,
For fairy music floating soft .
Upon the evening breeze.

Ah me ! those pleasant, sunny days,
In youthful fancies wild,—
Rambling through the wooded dells,
A careless, happy child !

And now, I sit and sigh to think
Age from childhood varies,
And never more may we be found
Looking for the fairies.

Her little poem in reply to Flash's *Mocking-Bird* has been received with much favour; and another bird-song called *Will's a Widower*, is perhaps of equal merit, but there is a little too much bird-language in both of them.

Miss Bacon is of an ancient family; one connected with the honoured names of Virginia and South Carolina,—the Bacons of Jamestown, and the Hamptons of Columbia. She is one of the most retiring of our Southern writers. Her style, however, is buoyant and hopeful. Enjoying perfect health, she has not the sentimentality of “sinking frame” and “fading cheeks” and the ever-thus-from-childhood's-hour-ly platitudes to fall back upon in cases of emergency; but her physique, as well as her muse, is healthy and vigorous. This promises. She wrote first at thirteen, and had the capital sense to be ashamed of her girlish rhymes. She is now engaged upon a novel; and, in a few months, we may expect to have a specimen of her work in that line. My word for it, it will be cheerful, vigorous, and not morbid.

GEORGE W. BAGBY.

Dr. BAGBY came into public favour as a humorous writer some ten or twelve years ago, by writing a series of grotesque and cacographic letters purporting to be written from Washington. The title of this series is *Mozis Addums to Billy Ivuns*. These letters deserved their popularity; for they were full of genuine humour, and abounded in capital hits at public men, public measures and manners, and life in general, as one might have found them at the capital. I have the impression that they were published in book form during the war.

Dr. Bagby has since that period been a favourite contributor

to periodical literature, — writing, however, with much more care and finish than most of our writers of occasional literature. He edited the *Southern Literary Messenger* of Richmond also, for several years, meanwhile ; and has appeared frequently in Virginia as a lecturer, the most celebrated of his lectures being entitled *Bacon and Greens, or the Native Virginians*.

It was during the war that he wrote some touching lyrics upon war themes. The one of these that received most favour, perhaps, is *The Empty Sleeve*, which is as follows, —

Tom, old fellow, I grieve to see
That sleeve hanging loose at your side ;
The arm you lost was worth to me
Every Yankee that ever died.
But you don't mind it at all,
You swear you've a beautiful stump,
And laugh at the damnable ball ;
Tom, I knew you were always a trump!

A good right arm, a nervy hand,
A wrist as strong as a sapling oak,
Buried deep in the Malvern sand, —
To laugh at that is a sorry joke.
Never again your iron grip
Shall I feel in my shrinking palm ;
Tom, Tom, I see your trembling lip,
How on earth can *I* be calm ?

Well ! the arm is gone, it is true ;
But the one that is nearest the heart
Is left, — and that's as good as two.
Tom, old fellow, what makes you start ?
Why, man, she thinks that *empty sleeve*
A badge of honour ; so do I,
And all of us, — I do believe
The fellow is going to cry !

“She deserves a perfect man,” you say,
You, “not worth her in your prime.”
Tom, the arm that has turned to clay
Your whole body has made sublime ;

For you have placed in the Malvern earth
The proof and the pledge of a noble life,
And the rest, henceforward of higher worth,
Will be dearer than all to your wife.

• I see the people in the street
Look at your sleeve with kindling eyes ;
And know you, Tom, there's nought so sweet
As homage shown in mute surmise.
Bravely your arm in battle strove,
Freely for freedom's sake you gave it ;
It has perished, but a nation's love
In proud remembrance will save it.

Go to your sweetheart, then, forthwith, —
You're a fool for staying so long ;
Woman's love you will find no myth,
But a truth, — living, tender, and strong.
And when around her slender belt
Your left arm is clasped in fond embrace,
Your right will thrill, as if it felt
In its grave the usurper's place.

As I look through the coming years,
I see a one-armed married man ;
A little woman, with smiles and tears,
Is helping as hard as she can
To put on his coat, pin his sleeve,
Tie his cravat, and cut his food, —
And I say, as these fancies I weave,
“ That is Tom, and the woman he wooed.”

The years roll on, and then I see
A wedding picture, bright and fair ;
I look closer, and it's plain to me
That is Tom with the silver hair.
He gives away the lovely bride,
And the guests linger, loth to leave
The house of him in whom they pride, —
Brave Tom, old, with the empty sleeve.

SAMUEL D. BALDWIN, A. M.

This author is noted for the boldness and originality of his thought. His *magnum opus* elicited a vast deal of discussion on its appearance, — in 1854, I believe, — and gave him a notoriety accordant to the sensational character of his work. He has written two books, —

1. *Armageddon; or the Overthrow of Romanism and Monarchy; the Existence of the United States foretold in the Bible; its future Greatness; Invasion by Allied Europe; Annihilation of Monarchy; Expansion into the Millennial Republic, and its Dominion over the whole World.* Such is the ponderous title of this full-sized duodecimo, on prophecy. The author finds all these radical changes foreshadowed in the prophetic works of Scripture; and in the spirit of the most latitudinarian liberalness of interpretation makes out an interesting case. The curious in such things will read it with pleasure, — a pleasure somewhat of a kind with that with which they ten years ago read *The Mysteries of Isis, or the Science of Mythematics*. However, I do not wish to be understood as putting *Armageddon* and *The Mysteries of Isis* into exactly the same category. For, while the former is quite Biblical, — excessively Biblical, I may as well say, for that is my meaning, — the latter defies all efforts to determine whether it is Biblical or not. But, as far as practical utility, ultimate success, and number of believers go, they are about equal. The day for such theorizing, such seering with sacred truth, such arrogance of exegesis, is probably past forever. A hundred and fifty years ago this rhetoric about the Whore of Babylon and Spread-Eagleism might have found patient hearers, had the themes had existence then, among the credulous and pious; but the present age understands too well the relation between the parent wish and the progeny thought to take to these proofs of prophecy very cordially, however pretty, learned, or profound. The authors of such works will doubtless

pity the present age, then; but the trouble cannot be helped, as far as I can see. *Armageddon* appeared in Cincinnati, I believe first in the year 1854. A revised edition was brought out, in large duodecimo, in 1864.

2. *A life of Mrs. Sarah Norton*; in octavo.

The Rev. Mr. Baldwin is to-day President of the Soulé Female College, under the management of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

MRS. CAROLINE A. BALL.

The only publication that I have seen of Mrs. Ball's, excepting occasional poems, is a *brochure* of about thirty pages, entitled *The Jacket of Gray, and Other Fugitive Poems*, published in Charleston, 1866. The epigraph-dedication of this collection is, "*In Memoriam* of our Loved and Lost Cause, and our Martyred Dead, 'outnumbered, not outbraved.'" Most of the poems are in the spirit of that dedicatory sentence. The initial poem—a real heart-poem, full of pathos, and passion, and tears—is enough to stamp the author as a poet of true feeling; not as one of Tennysonian art, or range, or style, but one like Eliza Cook, with her sweet, soft touches of nature, so easy that we forget the comparative absence of higher poetic art. I give it entire,—

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside;
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier-boy wore.

Can we ever forget when he joined the brave band
That rose in defence of our dear southern land,
And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray,
How proudly he donned it—the jacket of gray?

His fond mother blessed him, and looked up above,
Commending to Heaven the child of her love;
What anguish was hers mortal tongue can not say,
When he passed from her sight in the jacket of gray.

But her country had called, and she would not repine,
Though costly the sacrifice placed on its shrine;
Her heart's dearest hopes on its altar she lay,
When she sent out her boy in the jacket of gray.

Months passed, and war's thunders rolled over the land,
Unsheathed was the sword, and lighted the brand;
We heard in the distance the sounds of the fray,
And prayed for our boy in the jacket of gray.

Ah vain, all in vain were our prayers and our tears,
The glad shout of victory rang in our ears;
But our treasured one on the red battle-field lay,
While the life-blood oozed out on the jacket of gray.

His young comrades found him, and tenderly bore
The cold lifeless form to his home by the shore;
Oh, dark were our hearts on that terrible day,
When we saw our dead boy in the jacket of gray.

Ah ! spotted and tattered, and stained now with gore,
Was the garment which once he so proudly wore;
We bitterly wept as we took it away,
And replaced with death's white robe the jacket of gray.

We laid him to rest in his cold narrow bed,
And graved on the marble we placed o'er his head,
As the proudest tribute our sad hearts could pay—
“He never disgraced the jacket of gray.”

Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier-boy wore !

Simple as it is when viewed with the eye of poetic art, this poem has touched thousands of hearts, and will be treasured and kept, notwithstanding a blemish or two—as in the fourth stanza—as long as *John Anderson*, or *The Old Arm-Chair*.

Mrs. Ball, *née* Rutledge, is a resident, and I believe a native of the city of Charleston, South Carolina.

The following personal item I clip from a Southern journal:—

"Mrs. BALL ignores all transcendentalism, as a poet, — she writes only what every person of common intelligence may understand. She is direct, and to the purpose; and these poems are such as are appropriated and appreciated at once by the hearts of our people. And moreover, Mrs. Ball is one of those true southern women who do not sit down and fold their hands over ruined hopes and fallen fortunes, but who is ever 'up and doing, with a heart for any fate.' Such unflagging energy while battling with adversity as she has displayed merits a large and generous reward; and we sincerely trust it will, ere long, be hers."

Mrs. Ball has also, since the war, contributed some stories of high order of merit to the southern press.



MISS CATHARINE WEBB BARBER.

Miss BARBER is a native of Claremont, a romantic little village on the banks of the Deerfield, in Franklin County, Massachusetts. She is the youngest of ten children, who graced the homestead of a New-England farmer.

In 1843 her father died, and Miss Barber, at the advice of her brother, came south, and entered the Lafayette Female Seminary, at Chambers Court House, Alabama. She afterwards taught in the same institution.

In 1850 she became editor of the *Madison Visitor*, and continued in that capacity three years. In 1860 she published two volumes, consisting mainly of stories and sketches previously gotten up in connection with her editorial labors. These works are, —

1. *Tales for the Freemason's Fireside.*
2. *The Three Golden Links.* This is written in the same interests as the former book, and is very much of the same kind.

In 1861 she moved to Newnan, Georgia, and became editor

of the *Southern Literary Companion*, which she continued to edit until its suspension in 1865,—four years.

To-day she is conductor of a literary newspaper published in the same town, called *Miss Barber's Weekly*.

THE MOUNTAIN HAUNT FOR PRAYER.

Where fair fragrant buds are bursting,
On Spring's earliest emerald sod,
Let me kneel, with yearning spirit,
Kneel, and talk awhile with God :
In the crowded, smoky city,
There is noise, and dust, and strife ;
I would come where scarce a murmur
Floats up from the sea of life.

Here, upon this grand old mountain,
While the sweet-voiced breeze sweeps by,
And the birds, God's happiest creatures,
Cleave with bright blue wing the sky ;
Here, where in the moss-cups tremble
Dew, poured forth from night's black urn,
I will, in morn's glorious sunlight,
To my heavenly Father turn.

I will ask that I, a spirit,
Plodding through a dreary world,
May tread softly, gently onward,
Keeping almost unfurl'd ;
Ready to mount upward, upward,
'Mid heaven's glorious, dazzling light,
And to strike the golden harp-string,
Where the saints stand clothed in white.

I will seek for purer motives,
To control each act and word ;
I will pray, too, for the sinning—
All, who from God's truth have erred ;
I will ask that deeper pity,
That a purer, gentler love,
May glow in my inner bosom,
For man, wandering from His love.

Here, amid the forest monarchs,
In a temple of His own,
I will cry with fervent spirit
To my heavenly Father's throne ;
I will ask for strength and wisdom,
I will pray that yellow gold
May not prove my *ignis fatuus*,
Leading from the Saviour's fold.

Bravely wave, ye proud old tree-tops !
Pale, pale flowerets, from the sod !
Hymn, thou breeze, a thrilling anthem,
Here to nature's glorious God !
When the world grows dark and dreary,
I will fly from strife and care,
And will blend my praises with you,
In this *Mountain Haunt for Prayer*.

JAMES RUSSELL BARRICK.

MR. BARRICK is now a resident of Atlanta, Georgia. He is by birth and early life a border-state man, whose political principles have borne him, during the past lustrum, southward. He is a descendant from Normo-Gothic ancestry through Scottish lineage. His family settled in Virginia ; and, early in the history of Kentucky, emigrated to that state, where the subject of this sketch was born on Thursday, the 9th of April, 1829. Barren County is his native place.

He is what the world calls a self-made man. His boy-education was received at a country school ; subsequently to which he remained a short time at Urania College, at Glasgow, in his native state, but did not graduate. His education was in that one sense incomplete ; but subsequently, by self-directed study, constant reading, and frequent writing—commencing to write for the press at fifteen—he has succeeded in making up to a great extent for the early deficiency ; giving to the world a style

of education far more available than usually comes of a more regular course of schoolboy education.

He was for ten or twelve years postmaster at Glasgow, — at the same time pursuing the business of druggist, for which he was prepared by having pursued a course of reading, looking towards medicine as a profession. Later, he blended agriculture with his other vocations : then, railroad interests ; then, politics ; then, editing.

He was President of Barren County Agricultural Society, and a Director of the Kentucky State Agricultural Society.

He was President of the Barren County Railroad.

He was a State Senator in the Kentucky Legislature for four sessions, beginning in 1859 ; and was a Member of the Legislative Council of Ten under the Provisional Government of secessional Kentucky. His politics made Kentucky too hot to hold him. He came to Macon, Georgia, in 1864 ; and was there associated with the poet Flash in the editorial management of the *Telegraph and Confederate*. Since the war, he has been associated with A. R. Watson in editing a newspaper in Atlanta, to which city Mr. Barrick then removed to engage in mercantile business. He was for a time associate editor of *Scott's Monthly Magazine*, published in Atlanta.

He was married in 1851, and has now a family.

In politics, he is a Democrat of the old school ; in religion, a Presbyterian ; in health, feeble ; in temper, amiable ; and in manner and bearing, grave and undemonstrative.

He has contributed extensively to periodicals, of the west and south principally, but also of the north, — such as *Graham's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, *Moore's Western Magazine*, *The Literary Companion*, *Georgia Literary and Temperance Crusader*, *Columbian and Great Western*, and most of the Tennessee and Georgia newspapers.

As a poet, Mr. Barrick has always enjoyed a certain respectability at which he seemed to aim, rather than to affect the bizarre or the tragic. The longest of his poems that I have seen is

Kentucky, written during the war. It is a lament over the fallen glories of his native state, — the betrayed, and the yet-by-brave-ones-defended land, again more bloody than in those aboriginal days which gave it a name that means Dark and Bloody. The poem is earnest, long, indignant, and resistive ; worthy in spirit to have been uttered by Clarence Mangan over his Dark Rosa-leen, and resembling that other of Erin's rebellious bards, — Thomas Davis. Indeed, there are many points in common between our Kentucky poet and Davis. They both wrote poems for occasions, — poems upon the events of the very day of writing ; both wrote in the interests of what they felt to be true liberty ; both wrote for the many and for immediate use. Besides, the style of English and the tone and temper of their verses — the absence of wild and erratic fires — are the same in both poets. Davis is not known widely enough in this country for this comparison to convey to the common reader the full force of the compliment to our poet intended in it.

Mr. Barrick has written scores of war songs, in which the main interest passes with the time from which the songs sprung. I shall pass over this class entirely, in my notice of what is characteristic in his writings.

A collection of his numerous fugitive poems is about to be offered to the public in a small volume ; but the publishers have not yet announced it.

In *The Beautiful*, which I quote as a fair specimen, the author barely escaped writing a very fine poem. The theme is not new, and the form — the vehicle, as the reviewers say — has been used a score of times ; and yet the æsthetic sense is never weary of fancies that flash around that throne of the true poet's divinity, — the Beautiful. The poem here has more than fancies however, for its best touches are well-defined imagination. I quote entire, —

I asked the artist, dreaming a dream,
For the ideal of his soul,
As he sought to mirror the Spiritual
That over his senses stole ;

In the heavy sigh of his sad reply,
I read how the task was vain,
To trace on the vacant canvas there,
The image of heart and brain.

I asked the poet, one summer eve,
Alone in the spell of his thought,
For the form that over his fancy stole,
The shadow his spirit sought ;
With a mournful voice he rose to tell,
How wildly and madly he strove
To link his rhyme to the silver chime
Of the singing stars above.

I asked his theme, in a musing mood,
Of the proud philosopher,
His soul to the shrine of nature wed,
A votive worshipper ;
He deigned to tell how the beautiful
Had lured him from his birth,
Leading his eye afar through the sky,
And over the wastes of earth.

I asked the good man, rising devout,
One eve, from his silent prayer,
If ever a sense of the beautiful
Was his, in devotion to share ;
" 'Tis the spirit of God," was his answer meek,
" Abroad in the earth and sky ;
By day and by night its blazing light,
As a beacon to the eye."

I saw it, then, in the glow of the star —
In the hue of the beautiful flower,
Its spell abroad in the glaring day,
In the hush of the midnight hour ;
Its image bright as a rainbow set
In the murky cloud of sight,
At morn and even sent down from Heaven
Its fountain of glory and light.

The following picture of *Madaline* may take its place among the numerous Lilians of the poet-portrait gallery, —

She sometimes seemed to wear a smile,
And then a look of care,
As if the lights and shades of life
She sought alike to share, —
As if one moment joy was hers,
And in the next, despair.

She sometimes seemed an angel sent
With bliss to lend the earth;
A being born of high-souled thought,
In guise of mortal birth;
A seraph from the sky above,
Of superhuman worth.

She sometimes seemed a singing-bird
Of sweet melodious tune, —
A warbler in the vocal groves
Of gay and laughing June;
At will to roam on wings of morn,
And free to rest at noon.

She sometimes seemed a spirit bright,
The genie of the hours;
A honey-bee that fed upon
The sweetness of the flowers;
An oriole, the live-long day
That sang in summer bowers.

She sometimes seemed a thing of light,
A sunbeam of the dawn;
Her steps fleet as the wild gazelle,
And graceful as the fawn;
But dark are all things bright, since she
From the earth is past and gone.

A flower that only bloomed in May,
A bird whose song is hushed;
An angel, — now the harp is still
From whence such music gushed;
A rosebud that just met the light,
Then faded as it blushed.

With one more lyric I close these representative extracts.
It appeared before the war, and is called *One Year Ago*,—

A smile is on thy lips to-night,
A joy is in thine eyes,
And on thy brow there beams a light
That with no shadow vies ;
I think of days that swift have past,
Of pleasures still that flow,
And joys that have no sorrow cast,
Though born one year ago.

Tho' spring and summer have come and gone,
And winter's here again,
We still may view each grove and lawn
With sense unmixed with pain ;
For in our hearts still brighter grows
The only flame they know —
The love that in each bosom glows,
Just born one year ago.

Our hearts were linked with magic bands
Just wove one year ago,
Like waves that met on ocean's strands,
Then back in union flow ;
'Mid winter's gloom, 'mid summer's flowers
We've lived unknown to woe,
Yet linked have been with light-winged hours,
Just born one year ago.

No changes yet have crossed our path,
No sorrows veiled our eyes,
No thunder-clouds dissolved in wrath
Above our Paradise ;
And when the winds and waves complain,
The storms and tempests blow,
We'll turn our eyes and hearts again
To view one year ago.

In person Mr. Barrick is tall—full six feet in height—and Cassius-like in his proportions and physiognomy. From his

boyhood he has been partially lame, and has seldom been able to walk without cane or crutch. He is a man of retiring habits and recluse tastes. His attachments are strong and permanent, and his general habits of mind conservative.

His chirograph is regular, large, and plain, without flourishes and free from affectation. It is strong, earnest, and to the last letter legible. In all these things it is just like the man. It further manifests great directness of character—an absence of all mere diplomacy and cunning. His mind is direct, and disposes him to say what he means; and that in a straightforward, unostentatious, and intelligible manner. He hates mystery, and would find no pleasure in detective duties that made the very life of such men as Machiavelli in the upper, and Vidocq in the lower, stratum of rascality. I mean to say also that his mind is exceedingly honest; and this gives permanency to his impressions, consistency to his opinions, and constancy to his affections. There is no trickery in his mind, either in the intellect, or the emotions, or the passions.

BENJAMIN C. BARROLL.

The author of *Maryland Chancery Practice, with an Appendix*, is a member of the Baltimore bar, and stands high in his profession. The book goes something beyond its title. Matters of equity jurisdiction, as well as pleading and practice, come within its scope. It appeared in Baltimore during the present year.

JAMES AVIS BARTLEY.

Professor BARTLEY is a native of Virginia, and was elected to a professorship in the Baltimore Female College in the sum-

mer of 1867. He has for several years contributed verses to various southern periodicals ; and at present writes for the *Home Monthly*, published in Nashville, and for the *Southern Home Journal*, of Baltimore. His first, and, as far as I am advised, his only volume, appeared about 1856. It is entitled *Poems*, and is a collection of very miscellaneous verses, in which we fail to find one single trace of merit.

MRS. MARTHA HAINES BUTT BENNETT.

Mrs. BENNETT is, I believe, a native, and is perhaps also a resident, of Norfolk, Virginia.

She wrote a good deal under her maiden name, and published her volume under that name. It is entitled *Pastimes with Little Friends*, and appeared before the war.

As Mrs. Bennett we have heard of her more rarely, though we occasionally see her name and contributions among the writers for southern periodicals. During the present year it was rumoured that she had a volume prepared for publication, but the title has not transpired yet.

MRS. MARY CATHARINE BIGBY.

There are few of her sex in the south who have written clearer little gems of verse than Mrs. Bigby, of Newnan, Georgia ; though she is known, and limitedly known at that, only as one who has written for the periodical press. Though not an author in any technical sense, I desire to make mention of one so well able to take such rank with full hope of success.

Mrs. Bigby, *née* Dougherty, was born in Newnan, Georgia, about thirty years ago. Her education was commenced there, and finished at the Methodist College at Madison, in the same state. Married at seventeen, she has had less than usual leisure for mere literary recreation-work, as such work is often felt to be in the south; still she has written perhaps a volume in quantity. Is timid and retiring in disposition; but a real poet.

The following picture of *Delilah* is a little lyric of sprightly grace and great music, —

A Gentle girl with jetty eyes,
And hair of tropic gloom,
Gleaming with gems of Araby,
And sweet with its perfume;

Each rippling fold and sheeny wave
Plaited with studied grace, —
A frame of ebon to enshrine
The picture of her face;

A warm, bright mouth, aglow with love,
A cheek where brown and red
In loving rivalry combine
To make the dimple's bed;

Arms rounded with a sculptor's art,
Hands supple, soft, and fair,
And other charms but half concealed
Showing beauties still more rare;

She comes from ages far remote,
A type of woman's power;
A fiend of hell, a form of light,
Beauty her only dower.

A bright anathema she stands,
Defiant in her charms;
For Gaza's giant was a child
Encircled in her arms.

The following lines on the death of *Polk* are full of vigour, grace, and dignity,—equal in its peculiar suggestiveness to Randall's tribute to Pelham,—

No richer harvest Death hath reaped
In all the southern gleanings;
No braver blood than his that flowed
With Eucharistic meaning.

He left the soil he died to save,
Crimsoned with his gore,
To claim the sacerdotal crown
The martyred Stephen wore.

The Cross, the emblem of his faith,
He bore with meek renown,
Till, budding like the Levite's rod,
It blossomed in a Crown!

All o'er the land a Lent of tears
Shall Salem's daughters keep;
Her sons look on with stony eyes,
For Vengeance must not weep!

I desire to place side by side with this gem another on the same subject, of which I have made mention elsewhere, by Flash,—

A flash from the edge of a hostile trench,
A puff of smoke—a roar,
Whose echo shall roll from the Kennesaw hills
To the farthest Christian shore,—
Proclaims to the world that the warrior-priest
Will battle for right no more.

And that, for a cause which is sanctified
By the blood of martyrs unknown,—
A cause for which they gave their lives,
And for which he gave his own;
He kneels, a meek ambassador
At the foot of the Father's throne.

And up in the courts of another world
That angels alone have trod,
He lives, away from the din and strife
Of this blood-besprinkled sod,
Crowned with the amaranthine wreath
That is worn by the blest of God.

I venture to offer the following, entitled *The Balm of Gilead*, as demonstrative of the fact that a woman can write blank verse and write it well, which proof is needed after so many and such lamentable failures in that line. These lines, published in 1862, are not only fair blank verse, but good poetry,—

Rachel-like she wept,
For one long night, in which the sun arose
And set and rose again, yet still 'twas night;
Through a dismal winter she had mourned—
Winter, in which a baby spring was born,
That grew to summer's womanhood, and then
Bore autumn's fruit, and yet 'twas winter still.
For grief had blotted out the very sun,
And clothed the verdant landscape with a pall
December never wore.

Upon this night
A promise shone—pale and faint it beamed,
As the gloaming of a star, then clearer,
Brighter grew, until all was perfect day.
It was a precious promise; one of many
Thickly scattered as the stars of heaven
Upon the pages of the Book whose leaves
Are for the nation's healing.

It seemed
The fairest gem the sacred casket held,
"The brightest star of all the galaxy,"
To her; for it was her strength in weakness,
Her manna in the wilderness of sin,
The dove that brought the olive-branch of peace

When troubled waters, bitter to the taste
As Marah's streams, had engulfed her soul.
A promise which was given long ago,
Unto her sires, and unto her and hers,
And was wafted down through the ages past
Like fragrant incense, yet replete with good
As when 'twas given. It was like a voice
Singing all day within the heart of hearts,
Until the dimmed chambers of her soul
Echoed with melody, as the woods
When birds have built a nest in every tree.
The day she found this balm in Gilead
Was like a silvery thread inwoven
In the sombre woof of years; a flower,
A perfect flower, that blossomed out
The frozen snows of winter.

Men marvelled
When she ceased to weep; she whose head was once
A fount of tears; upon whose very life
Ichabod seem'd written. They wondered
At the patience tribulation wrought,
The hidden strength of great endurance born.

MARK F. BIGNEY.

Mr. BIGNEY, poet and editor, is an adoptive son of the south. He was born in Cumberland, Nova Scotia. His paternal ancestry were Huguenots, while his maternal line is English. He is a self-made man, self-taught and self-sustained. In 1847, while quite young, he visited England; and in the following year removed to New Orleans, where he has since lived, connected in various ways with the press of that city, as a contributor, reporter, editor. Before the war he conducted, for several years, a literary weekly called *The Mirror*. Since 1864 he has been associate-editor of the New Orleans *Times*, one of the most successful

daily newspapers in America ; and I believe he is now editor-in-chief of that journal.

The only volume that Mr. Bigney has yet published is called *The Forest Pilgrims, and Other Poems*, which appeared in 1867, from the press of M. Doolady, New York. It is a handsome duodecimo, of 258 pages. As fair specimens of the contents of the volume, I present the following poems. *The Wreck of the Nautilus* celebrates the destruction of the steamship of that name in the Gulf of Mexico, in 1856. She was *en route* from Galveston to New Orleans, with quite a number of passengers on board, of whom only one was saved. I quote the poem entire, —

War on the waters ! Now the Cyclone's breath
Rouses the waves in the wild dance of death ;
Tears off their crests, as revolutions tear
The crowns from kings. There's fury in the air,
Assuming horrent shapes, which madly sweep,
With demon cries, across the tortured deep.

Woe to the mariner ! His oak-ribbed bark
No more can serve as a protecting ark !
Mastless and rudderless she drifts, a wreck,
While the fierce billows thunder on her deck,
Still clamorous for victims ! Woe to thee,
Thou peopled plaything of the raging sea !

Here cling the brave, whom storms can not appal,
And there, the timid, who all vainly call,
In prayers, fear-prompted, for some swift relief,
Still mingling with the waves their tears of grief.
O, soaring Hope ! thy gentle wings must fail
When scathful ruin rides upon the gale.
Man's puny might is powerless to save,
For regal Neptune has prepared a grave
All coral-gemm'd, down in his purple deep,
And summoned all his Nereids to weep.

High and still higher rolls the mountain surge,
Fierce and still fiercer angry tempests urge
Its onward sweep. It comes ! it comes ! beware !
Whom, in its overwhelming fury, will it spare ?

O'erturned and torn, a thing of broken pride,
The wreck is swallowed by the hungry tide ;
And, as it disappears, wild prayers and cries
Of concentrated agony arise.
O man ! still clinging to that bubble, life,
Why art thou still with destiny at strife ?
What boots thy frantic struggles ? Death is nigh, —
Yield, yield, and learn *it is not hard to die.*

Some sink at once within the roaring sea,
To rise, the heirs of immortality ;
While others, battling with the billows, gain
A few sad moments more of life and pain.
Thus, one by one, the victims disappear,
Till all save two are gone, — two strugglers, near
Each other clinging to a floating tree,
Thrown in their way by chance or destiny.

The storm has spent its fury. Now again
Bright skies are mirrored in the glassy main ;
And the two seamen, on their friendly pine,
Voyage along in safety o'er the brine.
Their bark of roots fantastic is possessed,
Wreathed in the form of a gigantic nest,
Where, in the wilds of ocean solitude,
Some monster bird has nursed her callow brood.

Here nestling, hopeful seemed the twain at first,
But soon came hunger and unceasing thirst
To rack them into torture. Oh, what pain
To be thus starving on the watery plain !
To hope till hope assumes the guise of death,
And torture is increased with every breath !
Thus days and days were spent, till phantoms rose
With ghastly horrors to augment their woes ;
Strange shapes flit past that mocked them as they flew,
Strange sounds seemed uttered by some demon crew,
And all seemed strange, and terrible, and dread,
As fiendish revels round the unshrived dead.
E'en the winged fish, in fond and sportive flight,
Were birds of evil omen to their sight ;

And the fair nautilus, with silken sail,
 Was but the prophet of some rising gale.
 Down in the deep what monster forms drew nigh,
 With eyes of fire ; and skeletons swam by,
 Like mocking deaths, which seemed with bony hand,
 To point new terrors in some viewless land.
 Surrounded thus with every form of woe
 That shipwrecked man was ever doomed to know,
 One of the two leaped madly in the tide
 To cool his burning brow ; — he sank, and died.

The other still lived on, if it be life,
 When every breath with agony is rife ;
 And when, with waning strength, to know and feel
 Has more of pang than torture's racking wheel.
 He was of Ethiop blood and stalwart frame,
 And lived, he knew not why. No honoured name
 And wealth of hopes were his ; still lived he on
 Till hope and all but agony were gone.

Eight days of pain had passed. The evening star
 Already gleamed in azure depths afar,
 When, like some sea-bird vast, a sail drew nigh,
 Paused by the pine to hear the victims cry,
 And gentle hands raised to a friendly deck
 The lone survivor of the foundered wreck.

The other poem I quote is a lyric called *For Thee, My Love, For Thee*. And both Moore and Morris have often done worse, — oftener than they have done better.

Thy love's the sun, thou peerless one, —
 It warms me with its glow ;
 With light divine it seems to shine,
 Though I alone can know
 Its secret charm, a shield from harm
 On life's uncertain sea,
 Oh, I shall pray both night and day,
 For thee, my love, for thee.

With starry gleams, in holy dreams
Thou comest to my soul,
As o'er a strand of golden sand
Life's sparkling waters roll ;
And, with the kiss of purest bliss,
Attuned to harmony,
My thoughts arise to brightest skies,
With thee, my love, with thee.

The golden chimes of sweetest rhymes
Thy charms but faintly tell ;
The softest note that e'er did float
From fairy horn or shell,
With birds that sing and flowers of spring,
And all bright things that be,
None can compare, with voice or air,
With thee, my love, with thee.

Oh, I would write thy name with light
To shame the stars above ;
And in high lays would ever praise
The riches of thy love.
All wealth that shines in golden mines,
All gems of land and sea,
Are but as rust and trampled dust,
To thee, my love, to thee.

WILLIAM BINGHAM.

Colonel BINGHAM is of the third generation in a family of teachers,—teachers who have always maintained a prominent place in that honourable profession. The school they teach and have taught is at Mebaneville, in North Carolina, and is now under the charge of the subject of this sketch. Colonel Bingham was “born a schoolmaster.” His birth occurred on Tuesday, the 7th of July, 1835 ; and he has followed the footsteps of his father and grandfather in adopting the profession of

teaching. He graduated, after preparation under his father, at the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, in 1856, having attained the first distinction throughout the course. He has now been twelve years a teacher, and commenced authorship in 1861. In preparing a text-book in Latin, he was but carrying out a purpose of his father, whose failing health prevented his personal attention to it. Colonel Bingham, being "to the manor born," proposes to "die in the harness," and finish his career as he has commenced it. He has published, —

1. *A Grammar of the Latin Language, for the use of Schools, with Exercises and Vocabularies.* This work first appeared in Confederate times, issued by a house in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1863, — *flagrante bello*. A new and revised edition appeared in 1866 in New York, which stands high, if not first, among the Latin grammars published in the United States.

2. *Cæsar's Commentaries, with Notes and a Vocabulary.* Published in 1864. A new edition preparing.

3. *A Grammar of the English Language*, for the use of schools and academies, with copious parsing exercises, 1867. This I regard, after careful examination, as clearly the best English grammar yet published in the United States.

Colonel Bingham has in preparation an edition of Sallust's *Jugurthine War* and *Conspiracy of Cataline*, to be published at some future day.



ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSOE, A.M., LL.D.

Mr. BLEDSOE is a Virginian by birth, and a graduate of West Point. He was for a while professor in the University of Mississippi; and subsequently, for several years just preceding the war, was Professor of Mathematics in the University of Virginia. Early in the war he was Chief of the Bureau of War, under the Provisional Government. Since the war he has been engaged

in getting up and editing the *Southern Review*, a quarterly, of which, in conjunction with Mr. Browne, he got out the first number in January, 1867. The *Review* is like its chief editor—fearless, able, bold, gloveless, scholarly, and distinctly southern, though not belligerently sectional. The tone and manner are sometimes felt to be severe, and these features are hardly accidental.

Mr. Bledsoe is the author of,—

1. *An Examination of Edwards on the Will.*
2. *A Theodicy*; or vindication of the divine glory as manifested in the constitution and government of the moral world. An octavo, published in New York, 1854.
3. *An Essay on Liberty and Slavery.* Published in Philadelphia, 1856.
4. *The Philosophy of Mathematics, with Special Reference to the Elements of Geometry and the Infinitesimal Method.* 1867.

After showing the defects of text-books hitherto used in the higher departments of mathematics, the author of this work proceeds to define its scope and purpose in this wise,—

“Now, the very first condition of the existence of a mathematical science, as such, is, that its first principles shall be so clear and so perfectly defined that no one can mistake them. But even this primary and indispensable condition is not fulfilled by most of the treatises or text-books on the infinitesimal analysis. Hence this analysis, as usually developed in books for the instruction of beginners, is still in a semi-chaotic state. If, then, we would introduce anything like order, harmony, and beauty of real mathematical science into the transcendental analysis, the first step to be taken, is, to exhibit its first principles in a clear and unmistakable light. My object in this work is to contribute all in my power toward so desirable a result; or, in other words, to render as clear as possible the fundamental principles of the higher calculus, from which the whole science should be seen to flow in the form of logical consequence, and that, too, as clearly as the light of day flows from the sun.

Much has already been done in this direction ; far, far more than has been appropriated by the so-called teachers of the science. Hence I shall have frequent occasion to avail myself of the labours of others, but I shall never do so without an explicit acknowledgment of my obligation to them. In the prosecution of this design, I shall trace the rise and progress of the infinitesimal analysis from the first appearance of its elements in the Greek geometry to the present day. This will enable us to see the more clearly the exact nature of its methods by showing us the difficulties it has had to encounter, and the precise manner in which it has surmounted them. It will also disclose in a clear light the merits of the various methods of the calculus in the successive stages of its development, from Euclid and Archimedes to Cavalieri and Pascal, and from Cavalieri and Pascal to Newton and Leibnitz. Nor is this all. For such a historical sketch will show us that, after all its wanderings through the dark undefined regions of the infinite, the human mind will have to come back to the humble and unpretending postulates of Euclid and Archimedes, in order to lay out and construct a satisfactory and easy road across the Alpine heights of the transcendental analysis. And besides, is there not a pleasure,—is there not an inexpressible delight in the contemplation of the labours of the human mind, by which it has created by far its most sublime instrument of discovery,—an instrument, indeed, with which it has brought to light the secrets of almost every department, and with which, above all, it has unveiled the entire system of the material universe to the wonder and admiration of the world?"

This statement, while it gives us a satisfactory idea of the scope of the volume in question, gives us also a glimpse of the author's style—that reflex of an author's mind, better than most other indicia, to determine the character in general. What man does is indicative of his character to some extent ; and among the results that go to indicate the inner man, a specimen of his style is one of the best.

The chirograph of our author is nervous and irregular, but exact and legible. It is not disfigured, nor adorned, with flourishes; but marches with an eager and angular movement directly forward. This hand indicates a large confidence in self, impatience of interference, irritability and severity, together with exactness, clearness of thought, and a positiveness in its way mathematical.



MISS ANNIE R. BLOUNT.

The appearance of a small volume of *Poems* in 1860 gives Miss Blount a place among the verse-writers of the south.

She was born on Saturday, the 22d of June, 1839, I believe, in Richmond County, Georgia; and to-day resides in the city of Augusta, of that state. She was educated at the Methodist Female College at Madison, where she graduated at the age of seventeen. Her graduating poem, *The Follies of the Age*, a satire, gained her much applause. She has since taken several prizes offered for poems and tales. At one time, just after her graduation, she "assumed the editorial responsibility of a paper published at Bainbridge, Georgia."

A frequently-used *nom de plume* is *Jenny Woodbine*.

Her volume of verses is full of sad thoughts; and some few merits here and there appear; but there is too much despondency, partly real and partly affected. The versification is fair for a schoolgirl, and once in a while runs into sweet music. I quote one piece that will illustrate all these points, both good and bad at once. She calls it *The Past*,—

Back to your caves again,
Dreams of the buried past !
And never more on me
Your gloomy shadows cast.

A gulf is fixed between
Such memories and me, —
A gulf all wide and deep,
And I — I *will* be free.

Stir not, O day-cold corpse !
The stone is on your grave ;
I am released at last,
So long, *so long* a slave.
And yet, O dream of mine,
Dream beautiful, but fled !
Sometimes at midnight hour
I weep that thou art dead.

'Twas night, there was no moon,
And no one else was by ;
With calm and tearless face,
I watched, and saw ye die.
Beside a hearthstone cold,
With ashes covered o'er,
I counted your quick gasps,
And knew you'd smile no more.

I heard your last deep sob,
Your faint and quivering breath ;
And smiled to see that thou
Wert beautiful in death.
I smoothed your rigid limbs,
Arranged each shining tress,
And kissed your still white lips
With yearning tenderness.

I tried to turn away
In calm and quiet pride ;
Some lingering weakness yet
Detained me at your side.
I closed your earnest eyes,
And then, in sudden pain,
And with a gush of love
I kissed your lips again.

One hour on me had done
The work of many years ;
And yet my face was still, —
A grief too deep for tears
Had hushed each gasping sob —
But why, oh ! why again
Recall from its cold tomb
That long, long night of pain ?

J. M. BONNELI., D.D.

The Reverend President of Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Georgia, has published but one book—a text-book, entitled *A Manual of the Art of Prose Composition*, for the use of Schools and Colleges. It was published by Morton & Co., of Louisville, Kentucky, in 1867, and was received with great favour by the press of the South.

The *Southern Review* says of this work, “Even our cursory examination has detected very many inaccuracies”; and proceeds to show the truth of the statement.

MISS SALLIE A. BROCK.

This promising and energetic writer of the Old Dominion is one of those young authors who found their stimulus in the stringencies that resulted from the late war.

Miss Brock is a native of Madison Court-House, a picturesque little village that lies in the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains,—a section of Virginia celebrated for the romantic beauty of its scenery, the intelligence, and the high moral and social character of its inhabitants. Her education was commenced at home under the eye of her father, continued under private tutors and a governess, and finished at the University of

Virginia. Two years prior to the war, the family removed to Richmond, where, for these two years, our author was engaged in teaching. Occasionally, then, fugitive pieces of verse found their way from her *escritoire* to the public prints, but always under a *nom de plume*, — sometimes *Virginia Madison*, sometimes simply *Virginia*. Her family is Welsh; and in its maternal line embraces the Checos, the Beverleys, the Burtons, and the Buckners, — the last being the maiden name of Miss Brock's mother.

Miss Brock's literary productions embrace, —

1. *Richmond During the War; Four Years of Personal Observation*. By a Richmond Lady. Appeared in 1867 from a New York publishing house, and was very favourably received by the press both north and south. A northern reviewer says of it, —

“To say that it is one of the most interesting works that has been produced on the war would give, after all, but a faint and inadequate impression of its real merits. Characterized by a purity of style and thought, a delicacy of sentiment, and an earnestness of conviction that are too rarely found in the publications of the day, it is destined, we believe, to have a widely extended circulation. The hopes and fears, the resolution and self-sacrifice, the sufferings and privations, the heroism and courage displayed by the southern people, are described with all the warm affection and loving reverence of a true woman's heart — a heart whose every throb beat in sympathy with the cause of the South.

“The style is peculiarly pleasing, and the literary character of the book is of the highest order. Full of incident, and of stirring, striking, and often thrilling scenes, the interest of the work never flags. All the joyousness of victory, and the gloom of defeat, all the glory and all the horrors of war, are depicted with a life-like vividness; and the leading characters that appear upon the stage are painted with the fidelity of truth itself. The title of the volume would convey the impression that the scope

is limited to Richmond ; but this is not so, for the fair authoress takes in the whole range of the Confederacy, and describes the influence of this or that event as affecting the general progress of the contest."

This would be high praise even from a southern journal. Its significance, coming from a northern source, is suggestive of a high degree of merit in the work.

2. *The Southern Amaranth*. This is not strictly a work of authorship, being a "volume of poems, generally by southern authors, compiled and arranged" by Miss Brock. The design of the work is "to give assistance to the Memorial Associations of the South, engaged in exhuming the remains from the battle-fields, and laying them in consecrated grounds." It was published by subscription in 1868.

This collection is a very valuable one ; and the work takes rank with the similar works by Dr. Gilmore Simms of South Carolina, Miss Emily V. Mason of Virginia, Mr. De Leon of Baltimore, and *Bohemian* of New Orleans. It has points of superiority to all of them. The first edition sold rapidly.

3. *Myra, or the Foreshadowings*. This is a novel. It is announced, but I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing a copy. The theme proper is the issue between the infidel's belief in destiny and the Christian's faith in Providence.

As a poet, Miss Brock has written a good deal,—quite a volume in quantity ; and I presume it will ere long be published in that form. The main fault I have to find with this author—and one is expected to find fault always—as a poet, is a too great facility at composition ; and this ease results in some degree of carelessness or imperfection in finish ; yet never a line that she has written is lacking in the true strength, earnestness, quickness and delicacy of feeling, that contribute so much to genuine poetic effects. Some of the longest of these poems, of which I have found many in the *Metropolitan Record*, are upon local and occasional subjects ; as, *The Fall of Richmond*, *The Story of the Powhattan* (the James), and *On the Death of Henry Timrod*.

I quote *Love Beyond Time*, as fairly illustrative of Miss Brock's poetic style, —

Beneath the green magnolia boughs,
We sat beside a fountain,
And watched the day-god as he sank
To rest, behind a mountain.
The "lengthening shadows" o'er the plain
All silently were stealing,
While tiny stars their glimmering eyes
Were timidly revealing.

The zephyr wild on wooing wing,
With blushing roses dallied,
Then kissed the jessamine's pale cheek,
Then to the myrtle sallied;
The sportive waters plashed along
In lively, prattling measure,
But in my ears tones sweeter far
Were 'wakening blushing pleasure.

A pair of soul-lit eyes on mine,
Were bent in earnest glances,
And thrilling deep my heart of hearts,
The blissfullest of fancies;
And as the twilight o'er the earth
In loving dalliance lingers,
His story told, his hand sought mine,
And clasped my fluttering fingers.

I need not say my heart was won —
The stars looked down and listened,
And saw themselves reflected bright
In crystal tears that glistened:
In crystal tears like diamond dew
That seeks the heart of roses,
And brighter, fresher beauties there
Through liquid light discloses.

Those happy tears were kissed away,
While on the lashes trembling —
The mirrored lights of love and truth,
That mock all vain dissembling;

Yes, blissful tears were kissed away,
And vows so sweet were spoken, —
Vows that we pledged ourselves should ne'er
While life endured be broken.

The future all before us then,
With richest colours blended ;
It was a dream, too much of heaven, —
As earth, the dream hath ended.
For sorrow came full soon to dim
My bright, ecstatic vision,
And death to pale with wintry chill
Those colours all Elysian.

The future gray before me spreads,
Its light is all beclouded ;
The beauteous visions of the past
In night are all enshrouded.
And musingly I wend my way,
And smile at present sorrow,
For life is but a day at most —
Eternity — to-morrow.

And there, beneath the trees of light,
And, by the crystal river
That floweth near the Throne of God,
Love will endure forever ;
No setting sun will darkness bring,
No last embrace be given,
For love will live while God is love,
And love was born of heaven.

Since the war, Miss Brock has resided mostly in the city of New York, engaged in literary work. Hers is one of those earnest, sympathetic natures, thoroughly feminine, made searching by thought, and rendered gentle by sorrow ; womanly to the last grace of womanhood, and stirred into questioning thought by the spirit-life that breathes throughout our age and time.

MISS EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Although she has never published a book, Miss Browne has given such unmistakable evidence of real genius as a poet, and, besides, is so well and favourably known throughout the entire South, that I feel no hesitation in according her an unquestioned right to mention among the living writers. She was born in Cecil, Maryland, on Christmas day of 1840. Her father was a Methodist minister; and she inherits a poetical vein, being the daughter of a poet, and a lineal descendant of Felicia Hemans.

Coggeshall, in his *Poets and Poetry of the West*, says of her, —

“Miss Browne is not afraid of out-of-door exercise. She is an excellent shot, passionately fond of rambles in the deep woods, and near laughing waters. She lives an impulsive, robust life, and is remarked by all as a girl [written in 1860] ‘with no nonsense about her,’ such as ‘wasting the midnight oil,’ and fretting her round, dimpled face into wrinkles on account of some ‘congenial spirit.’” That vigorous writer still further says of Miss Browne, — “Her early home was on the Susquehanna River, at the head of tide-water; a wild and romantic region, full of beauty, and the inspiration of poetry and daring. Who shall say that the bold features of massive rocks, towering forests, and rushing waters may not have fostered her genius, and had much to do in the creation of her best productions?”

A lady friend of the West speaks of her as of genial temperament, beautiful, a friend of Prentice, and of Miss Sallie M. Bryan. When she first saw Niagara, “she burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands.”

She has contributed to many periodicals: the *Louisville Journal*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Ledger*, *Graham's Magazine*, the *Methodist Protestant*, and several others.

The following irregular, unrhymed verses, entitled *Niagara*, 1857, will serve two purposes; and I give them less as what

Miss Browne can do as a poet than as illustrative of her reach of imagination and fervour of expression, —

Wild from his northern fastness
The loud, prophetic river,
Sowing the limitless fields of air
With his deep-voiced, infinite thunder,
Tramples the dark cliffs underfoot
In his headlong, glorious mission
To the shaken hills, and the echoing caves,
And the gray, primeval forests.

Back from his awful forehead streams
The blossom of all the ages ;
The shaggy lengths of his hoary locks
Dashed wild against the headlands,
And wide on the rushing tempest sweeps
His mantle of revelation !
And, grasping the fadeless bow of heaven,
His shadowy hands are lifted,
Whilst he shouts in the dialect of the storm
To the cowed and trembling nations !

The winds take up the mighty strain,
And the forests bow before it ;
And on the hoary-fronted rocks,
And the limitless brow of heaven —
In light, and shadow, and burning stars,
In the leap of the subtle lightning,
In the rainbow's smile and the sunset's dream —
Is written the broad translation,
And the green isles thrill with an inner sense
Of its awful rhythm — Jehovah !

Alone, in his chainless might sublime,
And grand as a frowning angel,
He pauseth between the vibrant crags,
Old as primeval darkness,
Shaking the hills with his psalm of strength
Like the voice of the resurrection !

Whilst out of the hollow, abysmal font
 Of the Universe he poureth
 The white, baptismal wine of God,
 Distilled in the spheres of thunder,
 On the penitent, upturned brows of earth,
 Cooling her ancient fever !

The following versicles deserve a place beside Stoddard's little Greek-like fancies, —

The water-lilies float the way
 The tide floweth ;
 So, to-day,
 Down purple memories, far and dim,
 My happy heart doth follow him
 The way he goeth !

The sunset's crimson cup, o'erfull,
 Stains the blue river
 Beautiful !
 So is my nature's high divine,
 In his rare nature's costly wine,
 Rose-tinged forever !

The above is called *Aurelia*, and is a happy illustration of that Flash-like faculty of condensation and suggestiveness that is so rare.

Alone is far more vigorous than either of the preceding, —

There is a sound in all the land
 Of the wind and the falling rain,
 And a wild sea breaking on dead white sand
 With a desolate cry of pain,
 As if its mighty and terrible heart
 Were heaved with a human pain.
 I stand alone with the wind and rain,
 As many a poet hath stood,
 Soul-lit with the beautiful inner light,
 And a sense of a higher good,
 But feeling, because of the world, as if
 My life were written in blood ;

And my soul keeps sobbing a sorrowful song,
Like a brook in an autumn wood.
Blow wind ! blow wind ! fall, desolate rain,
And cry, oh, sorrowful sea !
To the dumb, dead sand thy merciless pain,
For such has my heart for me.
Pitiless ! pitiless ! homeless and pitiless !
Such is the world to me.

These verses might have been written at Niagara, as well as by the "sorrowful sea," since the utterance of the outer world usually takes its tone from the voice of the soul within,—whether it be buoyant as the triumphant shout of Niagara to-day, or, as in utter darkness, deep as the wail of *Niagara* to-morrow ! I am disposed to think that *Alone* is an echo of that same thunderous harp of waters ; for I have myself noted, through the changing phases of soul, as I stood by Niagara, the changing voices that seemed to rise from that Babel of tongues—all mute but the one that the soul was listening to hear.

JOHN DICKSON BRUNS, M.D.

Dr. BRUNS was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1836 ; and was educated at the Charleston College, for which he was prepared by his father, a man of fine scholarship, and large success as a teacher. While at college he took in his junior year a prize for composition, and one for elocution ; and in his senior year received a gold medal for the best oration. He graduated with the first honour in 1854. He attended medical lectures in Philadelphia, and in Charleston ; and in 1857 received his diploma as M.D. in the Medical College of the latter. On this occasion, a special premium was awarded him for the best thesis ; he also won the college prize,—a silver cup,—but was allowed to receive but one. He chose the former.

The same year of his graduation in medicine he purchased the *Charleston Medical Journal*, which he edited with increasing success and favour until the beginning of the war.

In 1858 he was elected Lecturer on Physiology in the Charleston Preparatory Medical School, in which position he lectured through both annual courses, summer and winter.

During the war, he was Surgeon of a General Hospital.

Upon the close of the war, he was elected Adjunct Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the Medical College of South Carolina. A few months later he visited Europe, and pursued some special studies in London.

In the fall of 1866, he was chosen Professor of Physiology and Pathology in the New Orleans-School of Medicine, which chair he now holds.

In addition to his professional writing, Dr. Bruns has contributed both prose and verse to various Southern periodicals. His letters from Europe to the *Charleston Courier* evince a certain literary facility and happiness of description that are rare. While in Charleston, he, for a year or two, conducted the book-table column of the same journal with eminent success as a popular and appreciative critic, and versatile analyst of both matter and style.

Dr. Bruns has delivered two lectures on literary subjects before the public,—one in 1860, on *Alfred Tennyson*; and one in 1868, on the *Life and Genius of Henry Timrod*; the former in his native state, the latter in New Orleans. Both were in a high degree successful.

He enjoys the reputation of being one of the happiest men at repartee, and the most brilliant talker of the day, being Wordsworthian sometimes in his monopoly of talk; and is known as one of the nicest and readiest quoters of Latin in the South, having Horace at his fingers' ends. His special admirations among the English poets are Shakspeare, Wordsworth, and Tennyson.

The number of his lyrics and occasional poems is large; the

best known being, *Wrecked, Dead, The Christmas Hymn, Schiller*, and *Charleston*. His *Legend of Santa Claus* is a pleasing poem of its class, and is the longest—over two hundred verses—that I have seen.

The literary character of *Schiller*—the poem subjoined—warrants me in quoting it entire. This character is twofold pertaining to both the poet who sings and the theme he develops. No one of my readers will question my claim of interest for this poem,—no one, at least, who has ever yielded himself to the magic of Schiller's genius,—Schiller, the great hierophant of the Beautiful, and the "direct ambassador of the Ideal." No one can find this graceful tribute to "Germany's best Æsthetician" uninteresting,—no one, at least, who has ever had his soul called up from its human depths by the voice of that vivifier of the hard truths of Kant; who "would have man obey his reason with joy." The poem, as a work of art, takes rank with Sprague's Shakspeare Ode; and will suffer little in comparison with Halleck's Burns, although less polished, and infinitely less popular in its subject. But *Schiller*,—

Schiller ! who, to that realm of art
Where breathes the pure ideal,
Hath borne us up on joyous wing,
Above this fettered real,
Until, on beauty's mountain-top,
The glory and the vision
Burst on the enraptured soul that hails
That fadeless light elysian.

Brave worker ! who hath nobly riven
These slavish bonds of sense,
And torn from falsehood's smiling face
The mask of mean pretence,
And taught us not the triumph won,
But the more glorious strife,
The eager race, and not the goal,
Is the true end of life.

Through what dark years of bitter toil,
By lonely exile bought,
With torturing doubts, and hopes, and fears,
And cruel fortunes fraught,
Thy patient spirit thou possessed,
And wore thy mortal guise,
Until, on lurid clouds, the god
Rose to his native skies !

So thou art strong to purify
Our hearts of low desires,
And kindle with thy flame of song
Our ineffectual fires ;
Where'er the faltering reason halts,
To wing the soul to soar,
And ravish with celestial sights
Eyes blindly sealed before.

But not for Wallenstein, though there
One well might dream he hears
Above the clang of clashing swords
The sweet voice of the spheres,
Which to thy rapt communion first
Their solemn silence broke,
And by fair Jena's garden-tower
In mystic music spoke ;

Not for the wild, delirious life
With which the *Robbers* glows ;
Not for the brave, strong stream of Tell
Poured on his country's foes ;
Not for Messina's lovely bride,
Rich with supernal beauty ;
Nor Orleans' martyred maid, who crowned
With death her life of duty ;

Nor yet for Carlos, hapless prince !
That dark and gloomy story,
We breathe thy name with household love
Which fame shall trump with glory ;

And for thy regal brow, whereon
The laurelled crown reposes,
Twine the immortal bays among
The myrtle-leaf and roses.

But groping through this shadow-land
Where wavering lights mislead us,
We bless thy glorious orb of song
Whose luminous shafts have freed us
From sensual glooms, and earthly thralls,
And passions base or lowly,
And gilded music's sweetest close
With meanings deep and holy.

I see the Youthful Diver plunge
Amid the seething main,
And from the whirlpool's awful depths
Lift the king's cup again ;
But tempting heaven for beauty's smile,
Not honour's noble guerdon,
The reflux wave comes roaring back,
And brings no living burden.

Hear Ceres wailing for her child,
As still she sows, in anguish,
The golden tokens of a love
Which not even death can vanquish ;
And at the quick'ning touch of spring,
Their prison-gates unrolling,
Those buried symbols burst from earth,
The mother's heart consoling.

The avenging Cranes of Ibycus
Wheel clanging overhead,
While round the vast Corinthian stage
The fearful Furies tread ;
And, of that startled Isthmian crowd,
Swift judgment takes possession,
Who, from his murderers' ashen lips,
Catch the awe-wrung confession.

The red-cross knight of Toggenburg
Kneels all the weary hours,
Watching, alone, with wistful eyes,
The four gray convent-towers;
And from the lifted lattice-bar,
Within the cloister's pale,
His sweet nun, looking forth at eve,
Bows meekly to the vale.

To fiery doom trips Fridolin,
Yet stays his beads to tell,
And while the good priest lifts the rood,
He swings the sacrist-bell.
The envious huntsman, spurring on
To glut his hateful rage,
Is thrust into the furnace-blast,
And God's hosts save the page.

Up through the crowded streets of Rhodes,
'Mid tumult of delight,
Groans the great Dragon, and before
Rides on the hero-knight;
But, mute beneath the Master's word,
He learns, with reverent shame,
The Christian cross is never won
As meed of earthly fame.

And, while the magic pictures pass,
I scarce can bear the swell
Of rapture when I hear afar
Thy many-languaged Bell.
Its merry music ushers in
Bright childhood's golden morning,
And floats in heaven-born notes away,
As though all earth 'twere scorning.

And, oh ! with what a human love
Its silver tones are rife
When, passing from her father's door,
The bride becomes the wife !

It consecrates through all her days
Life's holiest emotions,
And rings each sacred Sabbath in
With call to pure dévotions.

It clangs with fiercest fury when
The happy homestead's burning,
And mourns with solemn plaint the sire
To his long rest returning ;
And when all men in brotherhood
Of heartfelt concord stand,
It shouts the angels' song of peace
And good-will through the land.

God send it long to ring with these
Sweet messages of love,
And lift our earth-stained souls from strife
To his blest calm above —
To that ideal land, where faith's
Eternal fountain springs,
And, standing by her native palms,
Peace folds her shining wings.

It is conceded on all hands, I believe, that the nearest perfect art will please the popular taste less than lower grades of art will. The reasons are apparent. But it is also true that popular appreciation is in itself an evidence of imperfect art. That which is popular through appreciation of the many—not as *The Iliad*, for example, through the traditions of interpreters—is *ipso facto* known to be second-rate. The many appreciates whatever it can. That which it can not appreciate may be above its appreciation. This poem on Schiller I am free to confess receives largely of its interest from ideas that lay about the name itself, and in the memories it must everywhere awaken ; much of the art of it, that is to say, lies in the selection of the subject.

MRS. MARY EDWARDS BRYAN.

Mrs. BRYAN has not published in volumes yet, but the poet that has written *The Hour When We Shall Meet Again* has genius that entitles her to a mention among the living writers of the South; the more so that that genius has been employed in such editorial ways as to have made its mark upon the mass of Southern readers.

Besides poems of the brilliant and passionate style, she has written tales, essays, and editorials innumerable. Her writings would fill two or three volumes.

She has been called the Norton of the South; and perhaps her genius is more akin to that of the author of *The Undying One* than any other that we could point out, though there flashes forth occasionally a something that makes one think of Mrs. Browning. In this connection, I may mention as a characteristic opinion, that Mrs. Bryan considers *Aurora Leigh* "the greatest book of the age."

Mrs. Bryan is a daughter of Major J. D. Edwards, an influential planter, and a native of Florida.

When she was twelve years old, her parents moved to Woodland, near Thomasville, Georgia.

At sixteen she was married to Mr. Bryan, a wealthy planter of Louisiana.

At seventeen she returned to her father's home in Georgia, and commenced her career as a writer for the literary press.

In 1859 she went to Atlanta, and became the editor of the literary department of the *Crusader*, a temperance and literary weekly. She edited that for about a year; and wrote a great deal.

In 1860 "the cloud which had so long brooded over her was lifted, and a way opened for her return to her western home." So says the author of *Women of the South Distinguished in Literature*.

Early in the war—soon enough to escape the rule of General

Butler in New Orleans—Mrs. Bryan returned to Georgia, as a refugee from the rigours of the war in Louisiana.

Early in 1867 it was stated that Mrs. Bryan had just formed an association with Mr. L. Duplex, in the editorial management of the Natchitoches (Miss.) *Times*.

Mrs. Bryan has suffered. Suffering has perhaps awaked powers which nothing else could have called forth. The gifted of her sex have often suffered. Lady Bulwer did, and so did the Hon. Mrs. Norton; and Mrs. Southworth, elsewhere mentioned.

The Hour When We Shall Meet Again is full of fervour; has rather more passion than poetry in it, but enough of both to make it a striking poem,—

“When shall it be?” I see thy red lip now
 Tremble with the low-spoken question, and thine eyes
 Search mine, until I feel the hot tears flow
 To the repressing lids. I answered then with sighs,
 ● But I am stronger now—the hour is past,
 And the blue billows of a tropic main
 Break between thee and me. Look up!—at last
 I’ll answer thee. Ay, we *shall* meet again.

Not in an hour which any tongue of Time,
 Brazen or silver, may ring on the air;
 Not when the voice of streams in joyful chime
 Summons young April,—shaking from her hair
 Clusters of scented hyacinths, moist and blue
 As thine own dewy eyes; nor when the shade
 Of whispering elms, of summer-ripened hue,
 Bathes my hot brow in some sequestered glade;
 Nor when the autumn clusters of the vine
 Hang purple in the sun, and the faint breath
 Of brookside asters, and the moaning pine
 Alike, and sadly, prophesy of death;
 Nor when I droop my weary head, as now,
 Upon my hand, beside the winter hearth—
 Shall thy quick step, thy kiss upon my brow,
 Make me forget that ever grief had birth.

No, never more shall sunlight's golden sheen,
 Nor the pale stars — a weird and watchful train —
 Nor yet the moonlight, chilly and serene,
 Look on the hour when we shall meet again.

.

Yet we shall meet. Listen! One winter day,
 Standing where late the gentians were abloom,
 You said when life's red current ebbed away,
 That we should, like the flowers, sink to a tomb
 Of dust and nothingness upon the breast
 Of earth, whence we had drawn our sustenance,
 And that the sleep would be eternal rest;
 And then you met my anxious upward glance
 And smiled, and said that the mysterious scheme,
 Which in the world's dim ages priests had spun,
 Of life beyond, was but a dotard's dream.
 And I believed you, for you were the Sun
 To my unbudding soul; but that is past.
 I have talked with my soul in the still hours,
 And with bared brow prayed in the temples vast
 Which Nature rears, and when the dreaded power
 Of Death had stamped pale foreheads, I have knelt
 To catch the meaning in the dying eyes;
 And so have solved the mystery: I have *felt*
 Your teachings false; the *spirit* never dies.
 There *is* a world beyond, and we shall meet —
 The thought falls like a dead flower on my heart —
 Meet *only once* — at the dread Judgment Seat,
 Clasp hands, look in each other's eyes, and — part,
And part forever! Oh, by all the years
 My soul has kept thy memory enshrined,
 By all my burning prayers, and by my tears,
 And by the love to long despair resigned,
 I charge thee let that single glance be kind —
 Full of unuttered love as dying breath
 Breathed out in kisses, when the arms entwined
 Shall soon be severed by the grasp of death.
 The gulf that then shall part us is more deep
 And dark than death. Oh, let that last look be
 One of immortal love, that I may keep
 Its sacred memory through eternity.

The following lines were written in the presence of a picture of the convivial Greek, and are entitled *Anacreon*, —

Yon sea-like stretch of darkening pines
Is surging with the tempest's power,
And not one star of promise shines
Upon the gloomy hour.
With wailing sounds the blast is rife,
And wilder yet the echoes roll,
Up from the scenes where want and strife
Convulse the human soul.
'Tis madness rules the fateful hour —
Let me forget its fearful power ;
Drop low the curtains of my room,
And in the green and purple gloom,
Lose sight of angry men and stormy skies,
Gazing, Anacreon, on thy splendid eyes.

My grand old Greek ! — far back in Time
Thy glorious birth-hour lies —
Thy shade has heard the tread sublime,
Of passing centuries ;
And yet the soul that thrilled thy lyre
Has power to charm us still,
And with its vivid light and fire
Our duller spirits fill.
Breathe on me, spirit rare and fine,
Buoyant with energy divine,
The light and joy of other days —
Live in those blue eyes' dazzling rays ;
They lift my soul from its confining cage,
The barriers of this dull and sordid age.

I dream I am a girl of Greece,
With pliant shape and foam-white arms,
And locks that fall in bright release
To veil my bosom's charms.
The skies of Greece above me bend —
The Ægean winds are in my hair ;
I hear gay songs, and shoutings send
Their music on the air.

I see a bright procession pass ;
The girls throw garlands on the grass,
And, crowned with myrtle and with bay,
I see thee pass that flowery way,
While swim before me smiling fields and skies,
Dimmed by one glance of those resplendent eyes.

Prince of the lyre ! thy locks are white
As Blanc's untrodden snow ;
But, quenchless in their fire and light,
Thy blue eyes beam below ;
And well the myrtle gleams among
Thy locks like stars of truth ;
The poet's soul is ever young,
His is immortal youth.
He dwells within that border land,
Ardent, yet pure, clasped hand in hand,
And years but add a nobler grace,
A higher charm to mind and face,
While Youth and Beauty that his dreams eclipse
Bend to the magic of his eyes and lips.

Oh ! heart of love, and soul of fire,
My spirit bows to thee ;
Type of the ideals that inspire
My dreams eternally.
I'd be a slave to such as thou,
And deem myself a queen,
If sometimes to my kneeling brow
Those perfect lips might lean.
High thoughts and aims within my breast
Would start from their despairing rest ;
And the wild energies that sleep,
Like prisoned genii, might outleap,
And bid my name among the immortals shine,
If fame to me could mean such love as thine !

Mrs. Browning, with her extreme independence of conventionalities, could hardly have done better than that, in its way ; and its way lies within the domain of true poetry,—a way that

woman's higher delicacy of taste enables her to tread with less danger than lies in man's path.

If I were called upon to indicate the poetess of the South who stands first in vigour, passion, and imagination — as distinguished from fancy — I should name Mrs. Bryan.

JOHN W. BURKE.

Mr. BURKE is a resident of Macon, Georgia, and is a native of Ireland. He has written but one book that I am aware of, —

The Life of Robert Emmet, the Celebrated Irish Patriot and Martyr, with his Speeches, etc.; with an Appendix, containing valuable portions of Irish history. The work was published in Charleston, about 1860.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES CALDWELL.

Mr. CALDWELL has produced but one regular book — *The History of a Brigade of South Carolinians, known first as Gregg's, and subsequently as McGowan's Brigade* — though he has written a good deal in an occasional way for the periodical press. A series of letters, during a tour of Europe just before the war, was well received, as well as were some poems published about the same time.

Mr. Caldwell was an officer in the brigade whose historian he is; belongs to one of the best Scotch families in that State, being a son of Chancellor James J. Caldwell; is a graduate of the South Carolina College; was born in Newberry District, South-Carolina; is a younger brother of the late Howard H. Caldwell, poet and *littérateur*, and is to-day a lawyer, resident in his native village.

ADOLPHE CALONGNE.

M. CALONGNE occupies a position of much promise among the Franco-American poets of the Crescent City. His most widely known poems probably are a *Hymne à la mémoire de Madame la Générale Beauregard*, and two odes,—that à la *grande tragédienne italienne Madame Ristori*, and that *sur le supplice de Maximilien*. The last, the most recent, is freshest in the minds of Southern readers.

M. Adolphe Calongne was born in New Orleans on the 11th November, 1836. His early tastes lead him to literary pursuits, but more imperative circumstances have determined for him the pursuits of commerce. It is, notwithstanding this impediment to free literary activity, that M. Calongne has pursued poetry as a recreation or a necessity rather than as a profession. He has ready, and proposes ere long to publish, a volume of his spirited poems in French.

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

The subject of this paper was born at Petersburg, Virginia, on the first of May, 1807, his father being John Wilson Campbell of Rockbridge, and his mother (*née*) Mildred Walker Moore of Chelsea.

Charles Campbell, after studying the ordinary English branches, was for several years under the instruction of Peter Cooke, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who, although very eccentric, misanthropic, and irascible, was an excellent classical scholar, and a good teacher. After two years and a half at the College of New Jersey, young Campbell graduated there in the fall of 1825, and was one of those who took the first honour in his class. He was a member of the Whig Society. He subse-

quently studied law, attended the law-lectures of Judge Henry St. George Tucker, at Winchester, Virginia, and was licensed to practise; but being strongly bent on literary pursuits, he soon abandoned the law. His father was for many years a bookseller in Petersburg, and, being a man of cultivated mind, not only sold books, but read them. His bookstore was the favourite rendezvous of professional and literary men; and in this way the son imbibed much of his taste for literature. He has been engaged for many years in teaching. He was a frequent contributor to the early volumes of the *Southern Literary Messenger* of Richmond. He has been twice married; first to Miss Callaway of Tennessee, and second to Miss Burdsall of New Jersey.

His published works are,—

1. *The Introduction to the History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia.* Published in Richmond, 1848.

2. *The History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia.* Published by Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia, in 1859. The author's father, John W. Campbell, was also the author of a concise work on this subject, entitled *The History of Virginia from its Discovery till the year 1781*, with biographical sketches of all the distinguished characters that occur in the colonial, revolutionary, and subsequent period of that history.

3. *Some Materials to Serve for a brief Memoir of John Daly Burk*, author of a History of Virginia, with Sketch of the Life and Character of his only child, John Junius Burk. Edited by Charles Campbell.

4. *The Genealogy of the Spotswood Family in Scotland and Virginia.* Compiled by Charles Campbell. Privately printed.

5. Mr. Campbell edited *The Bland Papers*, consisting of the correspondence of Colonel Theodorick Bland, Jr. Published in Petersburg as early as 1843.

Mr. Campbell lives at present in his native city, Petersburg, Virginia.

L. PLACIDE CANONGE.

The term brilliant applies with perhaps more accuracy to the literary genius and *esprit* of Canonge than to those of any other *littérateur* of the South. And yet his name is almost unknown even in the South. This arises from the fact that he writes only in French, and thus limits the circle of his readers to about one-tenth of the people of the United States. He is altogether a poet,—has devoted his whole genius to that sphere of literature—is a true poet both literarily and in his life. He inherited many of his fine qualities from his father, Judge J. F. Canonge, who was highly appreciated in Louisiana; partly for the great legal abilities with which he discharged, during many years, the functions of Judge of the Courts of New Orleans, but mainly for the dignity and grace of his manners, and the shining elegance and classic wit he displayed in conversation.

The poet-son, Placide, was born in July, 1822.

In the days of his youth, there was a grand battle being waged in Louisiana between the Gallic and the Saxon tongues. The universal Yankee had invaded the State, not only with his wares and notions, which were very acceptable, but also with his "harsh, northern, whistling, grunting guttural," which was not. He strove to exclude the limpidly flowing language of *la belle France* from the schools and the courts, from business and society. The fight was fierce. The hostility was *à l'outrance*. On the one hand it was "Down with the French!" and on the other, "*A bas l'Anglais!*" In the natural course of events, the French was of course doomed to go under; but the intemperate zeal of the respective partisans wrought the issues into those of local politics.

In times like these, Placide Canonge grew up.

As a matter of course, Judge Canonge, the descendant of a noble French family, and having all the riches and beauties of the French authors of the eighteenth century at his tongue's

end, although also an accomplished English scholar, sided with the vernacular of his own race. Instead of sending his son to an American or English College, he sent him to the *Louis le Grand* College of Paris.

We have the result.

In 1839, Placide Canonge returned to New Orleans thoroughly versed in the literature of the Romantic School of French Literature which glories in the names of such men as Victor Hugo, Dumas, Lamartine, and a hundred other then rising stars in that dazzling sky. He was imbued not only with their literary characteristics, but also with their radical politics and their passionate republicanism,—the impulsive spirit that had boiled over in 1830; that was to rise to a deluge in 1848, and subsided under the military despotism of the New Empire only to burst forth again to-morrow or next day (?) in the grand political deluge that is constantly imminent in Europe.

Burning with thoughts thus acquired, and realizing the impulse of genius, young Canonge at once seized the pen he has wielded with so much success. From 1839 to this day he has been ceaselessly at work, adding successively fresh laurels to the literary garland of his native State. Audubon, Allard, St. Cerau, Lepousé, and their compeers were just beginning to pass away, and he aspired to be their worthy successor.

Twenty years ago, when he was yet volitating in the vestibule of his literary career, a contemporary writer of New Orleans,—M. Cyprien Dufour,—I am advised, in a small volume of *Local Sketches*, thus touches our young poet,—

“La littérature d'aujourd'hui ressemble fort à un bizarre océan. Les uns s'enfoncent tristement malgré tous leurs efforts, les autres surnagent à tire de bras. En voici qui flottent et s'avancent monumentalement—c'est le génie, inclinez-vous! En voilà qui glissent légèrement sur la surface de l'eau comme une troupe d'oiseaux aux ailes diaprées—ceux-là sont les hommes d'imagination. C'est parmi eux probablement que M. Canonge se placerait, s'il entrait en plein dans l'océan.”

Time has done more for M. Canonge than M. Dufour expected.

The drama was his chosen field. These are the chief of his works, —

1. *Le Maudit Passeport*. A vaudeville, performed in 1839 at the Orleans Theatre.

2. *Gaston de St. Elme*. A tragedy in five acts; brought out in 1840.

3. *L'Ambassadeur d'Autriche*. A five-act drama.

4. *Un Grand d'Espagne*. The same.

5. *Histoire sous Charles Quint*. The same.

6. *France et Espagne*. The same.

7. *Comte de Monte Christo*. The same.

8. *Comte de Carmagnola*. The same.

9. *Qui perd gagne*. A comedy.

10. *Institutions Americaines*. A series of essays, written during the author's visit to Paris in 1848, and published in Girardin's newspaper, *La Presse*, aimed at the parties then discussing the famous Republican Constitution of that day. The writer hoped to enlighten the French people on the true principles of such work. The papers were quoted as authority in the debates of the convention.

11. The *Book* for Mrs. Morphy's opera, *Louise de Lorraine*.

12. A translation into French of Helper's *Nojoque*. This is a spirited reproduction of a spirited book. M. Canonge omits, in translating it, quite a number of paragraphs; some personal and family matters in the introductory chapter; most of the citations of authorities; some apostrophes to the pope; and all the attacks upon Catholicism. He prefaces his translation with an introduction, in which he makes a very fair *resumé* of the issues involved in the discussions upon the negro. He also publishes a letter from Mr. Helper in which that author declines to publish the meaning of the word *Nojoque*. *En passant*, I may state that I have been informed that the word is of Portuguese

origin, and signifies something analogous to an *oasis*—something pleasant with unpleasant surroundings.

I believe that all of M. Canonge's dramas have been produced in New Orleans, and all with merited applause. He is the Sheridan of his day. Several of these plays were produced upon the stage in Paris; and Parisian audiences have shown special favour to the *Comte de Carmagnola*, which had there a run of over a hundred nights.

The lyrics from time to time thrown off would make a handsome blue-and-gold volume of real gems.

Our author has also contributed largely to journalism. He has edited quite a number of weeklies,—*La Lorgnette*, *L'Entracte*, *L'Impartial*, *Le Courier Français*, *Le Sud*, and *La Renaissance*. To-day he is editing *L'Epoque*, of which he is also proprietor.

In person, Canonge has been favoured by nature. I have never enjoyed the pleasure of meeting him, but a facile pen has drawn for me this outline of his *personnel*,—

“In stature he is small, but well formed. His features are classical, without a single faulty line; and as soon as one beholds his high, broad, smooth, perpendicular, beaming forehead, and large, lustrous, contemplative black eyes, the idea at once suggests itself that he must be a poet.”

He is a poet indeed—a real poet. Not one whose schooling has only enabled him artificially to versify with taste and correctness—to prepare elegant *vers de société* with success—but one whose words gush from the depths of the heart and bloom into forms of passional and brilliant beauty. He thinks clearly; sees the creatures of his mind-creations distinctly; and hence, though brought up in the Romantic school of French literature, his style does not partake of the vagueness of his models. It is more logically precise than theirs, while it evinces all the warmth and *verve* that characterize that school.

In addition to his literary attainments, our author is an actor of the first order; and not infrequently does he appear upon

the boards of the Orleans Theatre; and, when he does, the result is, that the critic who had assigned him the first place among the dramatic authors of the day finds his rank higher as a personator of his own heroes—a star actor—than when he was viewed authorially.

I give a twin poem as illustrative of our author's lyric style; and prefer not to deteriorate its spirit and life by translating, but give it in the author's own musical and impressive tongue :—

BRISE DU SUD.

(*Ecrit en exil.*)

I.

Brise qui viens du Sud, portes-tu sur ton aile
Un débris des trésors ravés à l'exilé?
Celle par qui je vis, oh ! dis-moi, que fait elle ?
Sais-tu combien de pleurs de ses yeux ont coulé ?
Rends la vie à mon cœur qui meurt de ton silence,
Au-dessus de ma tête, ô brise, arrête-toi !
Pour moi peuple un instant le vide de l'absence,
Brise qui viens du Sud, parle-moi, parle-moi !

II.

Si ceux à qui je dois tant de douces ivresses,
Qui sur toute ma route essaimaient les bonheurs,
Si ces cœurs qui pour moi n'avaient que des caresses,
Ne se sont pas brisés sous le poids des douleurs ;
Si bientôt à la nuit doit succéder l'aurore,
Si la patrie en deuil reste forte en sa foi ;
Si le lion blessé rugit et lutte encore,
Brise qui viens du Sud, parle-moi, parle-moi !

III.

Mais si l'autel sacré qu'à genoux je révère,
Par le dernier lévite était abandonné,
S'il fallait que le juste eût encor son Calvaire,
Et qu' il ne restât rien du temple profané ;
Si pour tant de héros et pour tant d'hécatombes,
Si pour tous ces martyrs immolés à leur foi,
Le ciel ne nous gardait que des croix et des tombes,
Brise qui viens du Sud, tais-toi, brise, tais-toi !

IV.

Tu te tais, tu te tais ! mon esprit en démençe
 Par les spectres du doute, ô brise, est agité ;
 Réponds ! fais-tu planer ton lugubre silence
 Sur le cercueil béant de notre liberté ?
 Non ! si Dieu s'oubliait au succès de l'impie,
 Nos martyrs lui effraient de leurs tombeaux : Pourquoi ?
 Et Dieu nous armerait d'une seconde vie !
 Brise qui viens du Sud, parle-moi, parle-moi !

LA BRISE M'A PARLÉ !

I.

Brise qui viens du Sud, brise aux puissantes ailes,
 Je t'ai dit : De ton vol suspends pour moi le cours ;
 Parle moi du pays, conte moi des nouvelles
 De ceux que j'ai laissés au nid de mes amours !
 Et tout à coup ton souffle a caressé ma tête,
 Il a séché les pleurs en mon regard voilé,
 Dans la nuit de mon cœur la lumière s'est faite,
 Brise qui viens du Sud, et ta voix m'a parlé !

II.

Et cette voix m'a dit : "Tu peux chanter, poète ;
 Ceux dont le saint amour rêve de toi là-bas,
 En baisant leur drapeau font face à la tempête,
 Dut-elle les briser, ils ne fléchiront pas !
 Mille héros naîtront pour un héros qui tombe ;
 Dieu qui sauva Moïse au Sud s'est révélé ;
 Il place quelquefois le berceau sur la tombe,
 Brise qui viens du Sud, merci, tu m'as parlé !"

III.

Sur un fleuve de sang le berceau qui surnage,
 Aujourd'hui porte encor un enfant surhumain ;
 Le monde tout entier l'applaudit du rivage,
 Mais pour le secourir, hélas ! pas une main !! . . .
 Qu'importe ! il lutte seul ; à son effort sublime
 Le flot l'a reconnu, le flot a reculé.
 Et le berceau du Sud est sauvé par l'abîme,
 Brise qui viens du Sud, merci, tu m'as parlé !

IV.

Du berceau que la vague a laissé sur la plage
 Le Moïse qui sort n'est plus un frêle enfant ;
 Au baptême sacré du sang et de l'orage
 Il a reçu la taille et l'âme d'un géant ;
 Son bras, armé par Dieu, terrasse, pulvérise ;
 Et brandissant aussi son drapeau constellé,
 Il atteint d'un seul bond à la terre promise !
 Brise qui viens du Sud, merci, tu m'as parlé !

V.

Canaan ! l'horizon a déchiré ses voiles ;
 Un cri d'indépendance a réjoui les cieux,
 Et le géant qui porte à son front vingt étoiles,
 Sur le Nord démembré baisse un œil dédaigneux ;
 Debout sur des tombeaux, il montre sa conquête
 Au peuple qu'il fait libre et qu'il a consolé ;
 Pharaon est vaincu ! tu peux chanter, poète,
 Brise qui viens du Sud, merci, tu m'as parlé !
 (*Etats Confédérés, 1864.*)

J. N. CARDOZO.

Mr. CARDOZO has written, as far as I am informed, only one book, and that a small one,—*Reminiscences of Charleston*. Published in Charleston, 1866. The author is, I believe, a native and resident of that city.

AUGUSTUS B. CHANDLER.

This song-writer of the Crescent City was born in Vicksburg, Mississippi, on the 15th of February, 1839, and while yet a youth removed to New Orleans.

He is a finished musician, and his first compositions for the

piano were published with his earliest literary efforts, about ten years ago. About the same time he entered the public schools as a teacher, passing a most brilliant examination. Two years later he was appointed principal of one of the largest schools in the city, and has retained the position with ability ever since. Passionately devoted to literature, a close student, attached to linguistic pursuits, well skilled in the ancient classics, well read in general literature, Walter Clyde—Mr. Chandler writes under that *nom de plume*—enjoys a fine basis for literary pursuits. In person he is of medium size, rather full,—having dark hair, brown eyes, and wearing full whiskers. Is a fine conversationist, full of humour, fond of anecdote, excelling in descriptions, and of ready repartee. The general tone of his literary compositions is melancholy, or at least meditatively sentimental. *Forgotten*, will illustrate the range of theme familiar to his muse, and serve as a fair specimen of his songs, always so full of word-music:—

We loved each other dearly
 In childhood's happy day;
 We twined our hands together
 Amid our childish play;
 We joyed in gleesome laughter,
 Once, o'er each other's joy;
 We smiled and wept together
 When we were girl and boy.

Far back through many summers
 My spirit roves to-night,
 Amid the fairy dreamland
 When hopes were young and bright;
 I hear thy voice resounding
 Along the shady lane,
 I see thy small hand beckon
 Across the meadow plain.

I start ! ah, 'tis a vision !
 Full twenty years have past
 Since o'er the scented meadow
 You beckoned to me last.

How changed are we, and changing ;
Our hearts are full of pain ;
No more the golden gladness
Of youth may come again.

One hour ago I met thee
Amid a merry crowd,
And as you coldly passed me
My heart beat high and loud.
We once were friends together ;
We loved each other well ;
And why you have forgotten
The bitter world may tell !

JULIAN J. CHISOLM, M.D.

Dr. CHISOLM is a man of more energy, activity, and practical executiveness, perhaps, than any man of his profession in the South. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 16th of April, 1830 ; graduated in medicine at the Medical College of the State of South Carolina, in 1850 ; went abroad in April of that year, spending most of the time attending medical instruction in Paris ; returned to Charleston in the winter of 1851 ; was appointed to lecture in the summer school attached to the Medical College, in the spring of 1852, as surgeon ; continued to lecture on surgery until the spring of 1858 ; was appointed to fill the chair of surgery in the State Medical College, in which he had graduated ; spent a great portion of 1859 in Europe, and saw much of military surgery in the Military Hospitals of Milan, from the wounded of the Italian campaign with French and Italian troops against Austrians ; and returned to America in time to take prominent professional part in the war of secession. It was his thorough knowledge of military surgery, acquired in the hospitals of Northern Italy, and the absence of this practical knowledge in the Southern States,

with the absence of all useful, practical books on the subject, that induced him to prepare and issue a work upon this subject. *A Military Surgery*, which appeared in the fall of 1861, ran rapidly through three very large editions; became the chief text-book of the Medical Department of the Confederate Army; was in the hands of nearly every medical man in the Confederacy; besides being freely read by many of the line-officers of the armies. The work did much to carry out the aim of its author—to aid in relieving some of the horrors of war, as found in their most fearful form in the military hospitals.

Since 1852, Dr. Chisolm has contributed freely to various medical journals. He has been from time to time called to fill the chairs of surgery in several of the medical colleges of the country.

He is to-day Professor of Military Surgery in the University of Maryland, and Clinical Professor of Ophthalmic and Aural Surgery.

Dr. Chisolm's handwriting is very rapid, acute, uniform,—indicating directly the leading traits of his character, as already mentioned. There is a high degree of self-reliance, earnestness, and clear-cut thought shown in his chirograph, and withal a deal of dash, and passion for progressive research.



MRS. MARIE LOUISE CLACK.

The following appreciative notice from a New York literary weekly, of Mrs. Clack's principal volume—*Our Refugee Household*,—published in 1866, says the most that I know of the book and the author:—

“The introduction of this accomplished lady to the public, through this charming volume, is a pleasing illustration of that subtle principle of adjustment and compensation which runs like a golden thread through the stern logic of events, and maintains

the integrity and harmony of nature and society. Prior to the late disastrous war, this lady, in virtue of her personal accomplishments and social position, ranked among those who most gracefully dispensed the elegant hospitalities of the Crescent City. The close of armed commotion found her in the midst of the wrecks of that society to whose refined intercourse her talents had conspicuously contributed, shorn of her husband (the late Colonel Clack, who was killed at the battle of Mansfield) and her property 'at one fell swoop,' and apparently utterly cast down. But from these very circumstances of desolation came a new birth. The vivacious woman of society, driven by the spur of necessity, appeals to her pen, and the result is a discovery which, but for her distress, would probably never have been made by the public or herself, namely, that she has very remarkable gifts of narration and description. The volume in hand consists of a series of stories, conceived with striking originality, and dramatically evolved, which are strung upon a strictly historical thread—the life, habits, privations, and sacrifices of that portion of the people of the South who were driven from their homes by the rigours of war, and sought shelter and security wherever they were most likely to be found. The tales in question are wrought with so much skill, that we venture to say no reader at all appreciative of the charms of fiction can commence the perusal of any one of them—we care not which may be selected for the experiment—without reading on to its close. In every case the simplest materials are employed; but these are combined in the interests of so original a plan, and told with so much art, that the attention of the reader is completely controlled by the *ranconteuse*. The very titles of these tales are suggestive, thus, *The Marble Slab*, *Estella*, *Mrs. Desborough's Secret*, *Leoline and Rosalind*, &c., and hint at their singularly imaginative cast. The manner of the writer is simple, unaffected, easy, and graceful,—equally devoid of ambition and dullness. The faults are those of a person not yet versed in the merely mechanical graces of the pen,—trivialities which

it would be almost invidious to particularize. We wish our authoress every success in the new field on which she has so felicitously adventured."

Besides this she has published a juvenile gift-book, under the title of *General Lee and Santa Claus*. It appeared in 1866.

JOHN F. H. CLAIBORNE.

Colonel CLAIBORNE is best known to the reading public South by his *Life of Quitman*, notwithstanding the fact that its appearance at the beginning of the war very materially limited its circulation.

Colonel Claiborne is the author of three works :—

1. *Life and Times of General Sam. Dale, the Mississippi Partisan*, was published by the Harpers, in 1860, and as a plain portraiture of a strong western pioneer character it deservedly stands high. The pathos that sometimes softens, and the wit and humour that generally mark, such characters, are given with vivid force and point. The book is a duodecimo of 233 pages, illustrated. It had an extensive sale, and even in England several hundred copies were ordered.

2. *Life and Correspondence of John A. Quitman, Major-General U.S.A., and Governor of the State of Mississippi*, in two duodecimo volumes, illustrated with portrait and maps, appeared from the press of the Harpers, in 1860. It is, as far as practicable, made up of letters and documents; and yet the author has bestowed great care and labour upon the work. It is a better work than the biography of Dale, — partly because the author wrought *con amore* to a far greater extent, and partly because the materials in hand were better and more abundant.

3. *History of the War of Secession*. This work has not been published yet, but is well under way towards completion. It is to be the *magnum opus* of our author, who proposes to make it

an elaborate and critical work, in every way up to the standard of the difficult subject involved.

Colonel Claiborne is a native of Natches, Mississippi; was educated in Virginia; read law in the office of General Quitman; and at the early age of twenty years was elected to represent his native county, Adams, in the state legislature, where he served four years. In his twenty-fourth year he was elected to Congress by the state at large; and at the expiration of his first term was re-elected. He was, in all his political life, a democrat of the purest water. His health not permitting his taking part in political life further, he removed to New Orleans, and was there connected with the press for several years. For the last twelve years he has been a planter of sea-island cotton upon the Gulf coast of Mississippi; and has resided for ten years at his present home,—Bay St. Louis, in Hancock County,—upon the Gulf Shore.

As illustrative of Colonel Claiborne's style, I venture to make a brief extract from his *Life of Quitman*. The individual who figures most conspicuously as Colonel Davis in the narrative, has figured since then so much more conspicuously on another field as President Davis, that the incident has a historical importance that may entitle it to our interest here. A writer in DeBow's *Review* states that the movement then made by Colonel Davis was without a previous parallel in the art of war, and was regarded by the Duke of Wellington as new and masterly. But this is the extract from Colonel Claiborne's book:—

"The battle had been raging some time with fluctuating fortunes, and was setting against us, when General Taylor, with Colonel Davis and others, arrived on the field. Several regiments, which were subsequently rallied and fought bravely, were in full retreat. O'Brien, after having his men and horses completely cut up, had been compelled to draw off his guns; and Bragg, with almost superhuman energy, was sustaining the brunt of the fight. Many officers of distinction had fallen. Colonel Davis rode forward to examine the position of the

enemy, and concluding that the best way to arrest our fugitives would be to make a bold demonstration, he resolved at once to attack the enemy, there posted in force, immediately in front, supported by cavalry, and two divisions in reserve in his rear. It was a resolution bold almost to rashness, but the emergency was pressing. With a handful of Indiana volunteers, who still stood by their brave old Colonel (Bowles), and his own regiment, he advanced at double-quick time, firing as he advanced. His own brave fellows fell fast under the rolling musketry of the enemy, but their rapid and fatal volleys carried dismay and death into the adverse ranks. A deep ravine separated the combatants. Leaping into it, the Mississippians soon appeared on the other side, and with a shout that was heard over the battle-field, they poured in a well-directed fire, and rushed upon the enemy. Their deadly aim and wild enthusiasm was irresistible. The Mexicans fled in confusion to their reserves, and Davis seized the commanding position they had occupied. He next fell upon a party of cavalry, and compelled it to fly, with the loss of the leader and other officers. Immediately afterward, a brigade of lancers, one thousand strong, were seen approaching at a gallop, in beautiful array, with sounding bugles and fluttering pennons. It was an appalling spectacle, but not a man flinched from his position. The time between our devoted band and eternity seemed brief indeed. But conscious that the eye of the army was upon them, that the honour of Mississippi was at stake, and knowing that if they gave way, or were ridden down, our unprotected batteries in the rear, upon which the fortunes of the day depended, would be captured, each man resolved to die in his place sooner than retreat.

“Not the Spartan martyrs at Thermopylæ—not the sacred battalion of Epaminondas—not the Tenth Legion of Julius Cæsar—not the Old Guard of Napoleon—ever evinced more fortitude than these young volunteers in a crisis when death seemed inevitable. They stood like statues, as frigid and motionless as the marble itself. Impressed with this extraordinary

firmness, when they had anticipated panic and flight, the lancers advanced more deliberately, as though they saw for the first time the dark shadow of the fate that was impending over them. Colonel Davis had thrown his men into the form of a re-entering angle, familiarly known as his famous V movement, both flanks resting on ravines, the lancers coming down on the intervening ridge. This exposed them to a converging fire, and the moment they came within rifle-range each man singled out his object, and the whole head of the column fell. A more deadly fire never was delivered, and the brilliant army recoiled and retreated, paralyzed and dismayed.

"Shortly afterward, the Mexicans having concentrated a large force on the right for their final attack, Colonel Davis was ordered in that direction. His regiment had been in action all day, exhausted by thirst and fatigue, much reduced by the carnage of the morning engagement, and many in the ranks suffering from wounds, yet the noble fellows moved at double-quick time. Bowles' little band of Indiana volunteers still acted with them. After marching several hundred yards, they perceived the Mexican infantry advancing in three lines upon Bragg's battery, which, though entirely unsupported, held his position with a resolution worthy of his fame. The pressure upon him stimulated the Mississippians. They increased their speed, and when the enemy was within one hundred yards of the battery, and confident of its capture, they took him in flank and reverse, and poured in a raking and destructive fire. This broke his right line, and the rest soon gave way and fled back precipitately. Here Colonel Davis was severely wounded."

MRS. MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

Mrs. CLARKE, *née* Devereux, is a native of Raleigh, North Carolina; and is identified, both by relation and connection, with some of the first families of that state. When quite young, she

married Colonel William Clarke, a veteran hero of Mexican fame. She is one of the most brilliant conversationists of her time, and in this regard resembling Madame Le Vert far more than Miss Augusta Evans. In person Mrs. Clarke is tall, slight, and fair, — having soft silky hair, of a light brown hue, usually worn in masses of glossy curls on the face; mouth full and expressive; and eyes—they tell all the rest—“so clear, so bright, so blue, and so full of mischief.”

She is an accomplished linguist, and a true poet. Her favourite *nom de plume* has been Tenella. Her literary works are:—

1. *Reminiscences of Cuba.*

2. *Wood-Notes.* Published in 1854.

3. *Mosses from a Rolling Stone; or Idle Moments of a Busy Woman.* This is a small volume of poems, published in Raleigh, 1866. The second title is a reference to the *Busy Moments of an Idle Woman*, by Mrs. King, of South Carolina; and there are said to be some striking points of similarity between the ladies themselves. The epigraph of Mrs. Clarke's *Mosses*, is from Emerson, —

“Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floateth in the sky
Writes a letter in my book,” —

and is expressive. The volume is a collection of poems that have fallen during several years of busy leisure here and there, from the mind and heart of the poetess,—one who has made poetry a refuge and a recreation, a pastime and a pleasure. The original pieces are almost all lyrics, written with great correctness and taste. They breathe of affection, sentiment, passion, and fancy, and are remarkably free from the affectation of gloom and misanthropy so epidemic among versifiers, especially since Byron's day. The tone is healthy and hopeful—healthy in being hopeful and natural. The comparisons, similes, allegories, and illustrations are frequently very fine, and they abound through-

out the book. The concluding verses of *Aphrodite*, gracefully bringing the classic allegory of the Aphrodite Anaduomene down, as it does, to the human and the vital, is exceedingly happy and well conceived:—

But man the shell too often holds,
Nor sees the beauty it enfolds;
Its close-shut valves refuse to part
And show the depths of woman's heart.
And tossing on life's billows high
The purple shell unoped may lie,
Till cast on death's cold rocky shore,
Its life and longing both are o'er.
But, if love's warm entrancing light
Shall kiss the parting lips aright,
And wake to life the beauty rare
Which nature's self hath hidden there,
Beneath his soft enraptured smile
'Tis wafted to the flowery isle,
And Aphrodite steps ashore
A perfect woman—nothing more.

In *La Purissima Conception*, this couplet [p. 39] is very fine:—

To Sparta, from its glorious field Thermopylæ sent one
To bear its message of defeat—the Alamo had none.

In *Che Sara Sara*, here [p. 78] is a bold and strong motto:—

I hold the man with purpose high,
With firm resolve and still,
Hath in himself his destiny,
And moulds his fate at will.

There is a dash of display—ill-natured critics might call it pedantry—once in a while visible. Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and Spanish appear in turn, but never otherwise than handsomely used. The translations are from Victor Hugo, De Lamartine, Millevoie, Henri Auguste Barbier, A. V. Arnault, Madame Amable Vioart Tastu, Pietro Bembo, Metastasio, and

Dante ; and some called simply, *From the German*. They are excellent, as translations go.

Besides these original works, Mrs. Clarke has executed a couple of prose translations of stories from the French—*Marguerite*, and *Lady Tartufe*. She commenced an original story in the *Field and Fireside*,—*Chalmette, a tale of Creole Life in Louisiana*,—which was broken off midway.

She resides to-day at Boon Hill, near Raleigh, in her native state.

HENRY MAZYCK CLARKSON, M.D.

Dr. CLARKSON is a native of South Carolina, having been born in Richland District, of that state ; and was educated in the State College of that state. He received his diploma in medicine from the Medical College of Charleston.

He has written occasional poems all his life, but rarely publishes them. Since the war, in which he served with skill and ability as a Confederate, he has written, and read on several occasions before Southern audiences, a narrative poem of the war, entitled *Evelyn*. This poem occupies about an hour in reading, and is a creditable production, in most respects. The scene of the opening is in Italy, and the close amid the stirring scenes of his native state in the last days of the Lost Cause. Instead of giving extracts from such a poem, I prefer to give a lyric,—*The Death of the Maiden*,—which I present entire :—

Thro' a forest sere and sober,
 In the golden-clad October,
 Autumn winds were softly sighing,
 Summer leaflets falling, flying,
 Lying, dying everywhere :
 I was wooing, slowly walking,
 I was wandering, lowly talking,
 (Ah ! it seems but yet so lately !)
 With a maiden tall and stately,
 With a maiden frail and fair.

How she lingered as she listened,
And her eyes with tear-drops glistened;
All her brow and bosom blushing,
Came her words so gently gushing, —

“Take me, love me— I am thine!”

Ah! those words were whispered lowly,
And that vow it seemed so holy,
As a vesper-psalm so saintly,
Falling sweetly, falling faintly,
As a psalmody divine!

Sweet those moments of our meeting,
Sweet, tho' few and far too fleeting;
Halcyon hours of golden dreaming—
All of life with beauty teeming

In those glorious golden hours!
Blissful were the thoughts we pondered,
Peaceful all the ways we wandered
Thro' the woods and meadows mellow,
Thro' the waving fields of yellow,
Thro' the sunny autumn flowers.

Came there sickness; and in anguish,
Day by day I watched her languish,
Watched her waning, watched her wasting.
Oh, the agony of tasting

Those mad moments of despair!
Vain were all the arts of healing,
Blight was o'er her beauty stealing;
Vain my wailing, vain my weeping,
Cruel Death came creeping, creeping,
Caring not that she was fair.

After one long night of sorrow,
Ere the dawning of the morrow,
From the tapers dimly burning,
Softly to the maiden turning,

Something whispered, “She is dead!”
Doubting, fearing, still uncertain,
Dreading yet to lift the curtain,
Something seemed to hover round her;
Angels, then, I knew had found her,
Knew I then her soul had fled.

From her lifeless form they tore me,
From her cold embrace they bore me,
But *our souls* they could not sever ;
We shall meet again forever,
 Ay, forever, hand in hand !
Time is flowing ! Time is flowing !
On her grave the grass is growing,
Waves the willow o'er her, weeping,
But her sainted soul is sleeping
 Sweetly in the spirit-land.

Dr. Clarkson married a lady of Virginia, but lives in his native state ; and is to-day engaged in the practice of his profession, and in planting, — combining the two pursuits. His war-poem, with others, is at this time announced to be soon published by subscription, under the title of *Evelyn, and Other Poems*. It is to be published by Duffie & Chapman, of Columbia, S. C.

HENRY CLEVELAND.

Mr. CLEVELAND made his *debut* at authorship, if such it may be called, in getting out, in 1866, a volume entitled *Alexander H. Stephens, in Public and Private*; with letters and speeches before, during, and after the war. The introductory essay by Mr. Cleveland, upon the life and character of Mr. Stephens, is characterized by a northern critic as “a poorly-written, undigested, and ill-proportioned essay, which is laudatory to the extreme of sycophancy.” The style of this introductory paper is what is usually called western, — turgid, inflated, and ambitious to a degree.

Mr. Cleveland is, I believe, a Georgian. He has written no other works.

MRS. CLARA COLE.

Clara's Poems, a neat volume of miscellaneous verse, was published by a Philadelphia publishing-house, in 1861. The author lives at Nashville, Tennessee. Dr. Edgar, who wrote the *Introductory* to her volume, says of her: "She is truly retiring, and as delicate in her claims to attention as she is in the sweet images which are so meekly and touchingly conspicuous in many of the more tenderly pathetic of her pieces. . . . The school in which many of her most impressive lessons have been taught has been that of disappointment and sorrow." What these austere teachers have used in their tuition nowhere appears, but they are dwelt upon in many passages. Of her poetry, the same writer says: "It will be seen that the great charm of her verses is found, not in their classical allusions or romantic imagery, but in the simple appeals which they so winningly make to all that is inartificial, uncorrupted, truthful, and responsive in the more pure and gentle emotions of every unsophisticated heart. She has had no learned resources from which to draw her inspirations."

The volume went forth without any pretension to literary or artistic finish, and it really had very little claim in that direction. The author herself says of her poems that she sent them forth "like tender, timid birdlings, from their sheltered nest, through the 'wide, wide world,'—feeling well assured that those who have drunk life's bitter cup as deeply as I have done, will receive and welcome them with loving sympathy, and true Christian indulgence."

Which puts the issue upon the right ground.

I quote *First Love*, as a poem open to as little objection upon artistic considerations as any in the volume:—

My first love and my dearest,
Thy name awakens still
The scenes of other days that make
This heart with rapture thrill,

For though long years have passed away
Since on thy noble brow
I've gazed, yet still in memory's glass
The same I view thee now.
Unchanged that soft and pleading glance
From those dark eyes of thine ;
Those thrilling words again I hear, —
"Say, love, wilt thou be mine?"
And oh, thy form is ne'er forgot,
Thy bland and winning grace ;
Oh, no ! 'tis graved upon my heart,
And time can not erase
One look of thine in those sweet hours
From care and sorrow free,
When hope had strewed our way with flowers
And thou wert all to me.
And though I've passed through varied scenes,
And sad has been my lot,
Yet the memory of my early love
Has never been forgot.
Though some may say that second love
Has more of strength and truth,
Yet give to me, undimmed by tears,
My first sweet dream of youth.

I select these lines from the middle of the volume ; and from their occupying that place, we infer that they were not written in the author's early youth ; though there are several reasons in the verses themselves for thinking that they were.

T. WHARTON COLLENS.

Judge COLLENS has written in a variety of styles for the periodical press — verses, essays, and polemics. The verses came from a youthful brain ; the essays belong to a riper age ; while the polemics date through both periods. He has thus far written two books, of widely diverse characters. These are : —

1. *The Martyr Patriots*. A tragedy in five acts, written in 1833, and published a few years later. In 1836, or 1837, it was performed at the St. Charles Theatre, in New Orleans, with great applause. This appreciation was due in part, it may be, to the fact that the subject of the tragedy touched a lively chord of local and popular feeling. It celebrates the deaths of Villere and Lafreniere, who, in 1759, resisted the transfer of Louisiana from France to Spain, and were shot for their rebellion.

2. *Humanics*. This is a handsome octavo of 358 pages, published by D. Appleton and Company, of New York, in 1860. This date accounts for the fact that the South heard so little of the book until since the war. "Humanics," says the author, "is the science of *man*;" that is to say, the science of human nature. It treats of man, as distinguishable from all the rest of animate and inanimate nature, in his *differentia* from everything else. The author sets out with the purpose of distinguishing clearly between *Humanics* and *Philosophy*. "Humanics," he says, "brings all truth to bear upon man; seeks to prove his title to all that is peculiarly his own; makes him the focus of intellectual vision. Philosophy, on the contrary, gathers all truth, to generalize independently upon all existing things; seeks to find the common property of all existences and phenomena; displays the light of an intelligence all over the Universe." This anthropological unit is then discussed in its Vitality, Sensation, Emotion, Thought, and Action. It would, of course, in a space such as my present plan admits, be impracticable to present an analysis of the work that would be of any value to the reader. The general field of thought in which this author has laboured, is that in which the subject of it — man himself — has always taken the profoundest interest. The special direction of this work seems to be that which, in a somewhat obscure way, was indicated by Locke; was grasped and put into more tangible form by Condillac; is to be recognized in La Place; is the watchword of Comte; and is to-day the theme of Herbert Spencer, — *positivism*. Comte enumerates and defines

the pure sciences, six in number, which comprehend all human knowledge, — mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, and social science, — which meets all the conditions of a perfect philosophy [—dont l'ensemble, ordonné en système, doit satisfaire toutes les conditions d'une bonne philosophie]. This author appears to blend the last two, and to comprehend the greater part of both in his *Humanics*.

Those fully interested in this domain of speculation will find *Humanics* compact in thought, and in a high degree suggestive and instructive.

Latterly this author has written occasionally in periodicals, mostly upon sociology and kindred subjects.

Judge Collens was born in New Orleans, on Tuesday, the 23d of June, 1812. His lineage is half Anglican and half Gallican, his mother being French. The printing-office was his seminary of learning. At twenty-one he became editor, but gave up that honourable position to study law; and since then has been Reporter and Clerk of the State Senate (1834); Clerk of the United States Court (1836); Editor again (1837); District-Attorney for Orleans District (1840); Judge of the Presiding City Court (1842); Practicing Lawyer (1846); Member of the State Convention (1852); and Judge of the First District Court of New Orleans (1861).

In 1862, though he had strenuously opposed secession, he took the fortunes of the Confederacy, and retired from the city upon the advent of Butler.

Since the war he has returned to New Orleans, and betaken himself assiduously to the practice of law. His *clientèle* is large.

He is to-day re-writing a series of Lectures on Political Philosophy, prepared just before the war, for the University of Louisiana.

In the domain of *belles-lettres* Judge Collens sometimes seeks recreation. The following poem — *Lines to the memory of*

Father Turgis—is given as illustrative of his style in that line :—

*March weaponless and think of God,
Muffle the roll of war's tambour,
Dig me a grave beneath the sod,
And have me buried with the poor.*

So spoke the holy priest and died.
Let no mausoleum rise in pride
O'er where his sacred bones repose,
But mark the humble grave he chose
With the Redeemer's cross of wood—
Glorious, though 'tis low and rude.

No sword bore he 'midst battling hosts;
Yet when the lines of bayonets
Met with their deadly clash and thrust,
When howling balls and whizzing bullets
Swept, gathering harvest o'er the plain,
There, 'mong the wounded and the slain,
While boomed the deep artillery,
While blazed the rattling musketry,
While fire and smoke rose round the brave,—
While mingled blood of friend and foe
Gushed out with groans of death and woe,—
There went the Christian priest to save,
To save—to bring the bread of life :
Reclaim a soul from hell and strife.

From bleeding form to bleeding form,
Resigned, devoted, through the storm,
Seeking God's own, here, there he ran,
This gentle one, this unarmed man ;
Fearless he strove, nor prayed release,
This Chieftain of the Prince of Peace.

Father ! haste thee from this deadly field :
Leave us in our blood—there is no shield
To screen thy holy breast. Farewell !

—Nay, nay ! my son, for here I tell
Of him who lifts a living soul
From dying flesh ; and to the goal

Of heaven's glory bears it up
 To drink of His eternal cup.
 Come ! list of Christ the pressing call !
 Think not of me ; for, if I fall,
 Our comrades, flushed with victory,
 On morrow's dawn, in triumph's glee,
 Will bear us hence with thoughts of God.
 Muffle the clang of war's tambour,
 Dig us a grave beneath the sod,
 And leave us buried with the poor.

Yea, with the poor, the blessed ones,
 Whose hearts yearned not for worldly wealth ;
 But cheerful hoped for heavenly thrones,
 And died unknown to all the earth.

No records here their memories keep,
 Their graves deserted none can tell ;
 But when on clouds comes Jesus bright,
 When the proud men shall sink to hell,
 The levelled ground where now they sleep
 Will burst with rays of dazzling light,
 And let their shining bodies rise
 To meet their Saviour in the skies.

Follow this humble corpse, ye braves,
 With whom 'twas once a tender, cheering friend —
 A voice that told the truth that saves —
 A hand that led where honour could attend.
 Follow ! ye chiefs and men of fame,
 Follow ! ye mothers of the dead,
 Follow ! his name outshines your name —
 His meek and venerable head
 Has won a fairer wreath than yours :
 Yours of country, his of heaven !
 Follow ! while forth his spirit soars
 Triumphant, to its higher haven.
 Follow unarmed, and think of God.
 Muffle the beat of war's tambour,
 Dig him a grave beneath the sod,
 And leave him buried with the Poor.

His chirograph is regular and elaborate, which characteristics indicate a habit of deliberate and meditative study ; accuracy in

general without nicety in detail ; presenting the paradox of inaccuracy (in detail) resulting from unusual carefulness or absorption (in the general).

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

Captain COOKE is a native of Winchester, Virginia ; and was born there on Wednesday, the 3d of November, 1830. He is a younger brother of Philip Pendleton Cooke, the poet, and author of *Florence Vane*. His father was John Rogers Cooke, Esq., in his day an eminent lawyer of the Old Dominion, who moved from Winchester to Richmond when his son, our author, was nine years old. Captain Cooke is a younger son, and was educated, I believe, at the University of Virginia. He was, before the war, a lawyer of Richmond and a *littérateur*,—more successful probably, certainly more distinguished, in the latter capacity. Since the war, I believe, he is living in Winchester, but spends a good deal of his time in New-York City, seeing to the publication of his recent works. In literature he has wrought in three departments,—fiction, poetry, and biography,—and with some success in all, though his distinction is in fiction. He stands well among the novelists of our country ; not so voluminous as Simms or Cooper, but ranging with them in the quality of much that he wrote years ago, before haste had impaired his style ; and standing, in some respects, with Washington Irving and Hawthorne, not greatly inferior to either.

During the late war he entered service as a private ; and later served on the staffs of Generals Stuart and Pendleton, with ability and gallantry always. He was paroled in the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox Court-House.

His published works, except those scattered in periodicals, are the following :—

1. *Leather Stockings and Silk, or Hunter John Myers and His*

Times. A Story of the Valley of Virginia. Published by the Harpers, New York, in 1853 or 1854. The leading character, — Hunter John Myers, — is a sturdy, stalwart, rude, natural man, of plain, uncultivated habits, and manly style, in the good old provincial times; and around him are thrown many domestic personages of culture and interest. The scene is the Valley of the Shenandoah, principally about Martinsburg.

2. *The Youth of Jefferson, or a Chronicle of College Scrapes at Williamsburg, in Virginia, A. D. 1764.* This appeared in 1854. It is a love-story of those early times, based upon a few hints of tradition, and a few passages in the early letters of Mr. Jefferson. It is replete with elegant portraiture, and partakes largely of the author's characteristic tone, — cheerfulness and spirit, pouring the sunshine of sentiment over the playful stream of vivacity.

3. *The Virginia Comedians, or Old Days in the Old Dominion, edited from the MSS. of C. Effingham, Esq.* This also appeared in 1854, and is also a story of colonial or pre-revolutionary times, dating about the middle of the last century. The principal scene is an old manorial homestead near Williamsburg, on James River, and the characters are the better folk of those times. Beatrice Hallam, the heroine, — the leading actress of a company of comedians, — has been styled "one of the most striking, truthful, and loveable characters in modern fiction." But several of the other characters are drawn with equal care. It is a charming book, and eminently Southern. A Northern critic has said of it: "The whole book is redolent of youth and poetic susceptibility to the beauties of nature, the charms of woman, and the quick movement of life." The success of the book was very decided, and induced the author to lay aside the anonymous, and to appear thenceforth under his real name.

4. *Ellie, or the Human Comedy*, appeared in 1855. The scene is in Richmond. The life in which it deals is both high and low. The girl-heroine is intended to illustrate the author's theory of heart-goodness — the beauty of a pure young life — that is very attractive, but perhaps a trifle hyper-sentimental. The author's

design, in this portraiture, was, as he expresses it himself, "to show how a pure spirit, even though it be in the bosom of a child, will run through the variegated woof of that life which surrounds it, like a thread of pure gold, and that all who come in contact with it will carry away something to elevate and purify them, and make them better."

5. *Estcourt*. This novel appeared in serial portions in *Russell's Magazine*, issued in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1858; but believe has never been published in book form.

6. *Henry St. John, Gentleman; A Tale of 1774—'75*, appeared in 1859. This again is a tale of pre-revolutionary days, located principally in the county of Prince George, Virginia, and is full of the fire and iron of those times. A Southern critic has pronounced this "by great odds, the best American historical novel," and there are weighty reasons for the opinion. The strong characters are very strong, but are never indecent, grossly profane, or otherwise shocking in their language. The author has the faculty of showing you this kind of people without quoting the *ipsissima verba* of their blasphemy or smut. In this, Captain Cooke differs from Dr. Simms, of South Carolina, in whose hands Smith and Muggins follow the example of "our army in Flanders." The style in general is graceful, facile, and often elevated; and is a fair specimen of Captain Cooke's literary style.

7. *Surry of Eagle's Nest, or the Memoirs of a Staff-Officer serving in Virginia*, appeared from a New-York publishing-house in 1866. The story is felt to be, though of course, in strictness, it can not be, autobiographical. The hero, Colonel Surry, does the same kind of military service as Captain Cooke did; but we presume the personal identity ceases here, though the events through which the story moves are historical. We have that iron-willed and self-absorbed hero of the Valley, Stonewall Jackson; the gay and gallant Stuart; the dashing and impulsive Ashby; and the boy hero, "our young Marcellus," Pelham. These as historical characters; but among them moves the hero, Colonel Surry, and the

proud May Beverly, Mordaunt, and the charming Violet Grafton, and a good villain, Fenwick. It is a charming book, and clears up much of the fog that had gathered around these characters in the uncertain tradition of newspapers. While *Surry of Eagle's Nest* is Captain Cooke's most entertaining novel, it is not his best; but the time, the opportuneness of its appearance, gives it the advantage over all in the matter of popularity.

8. *Life of Thomas Jonathan Jackson* (Stonewall Jackson). This biography has appeared since the preceding,—some time, I believe, in July, 1866. A good deal that is historical in *Surry of Eagle's Nest*, is reproduced in the *Life of Jackson*. I say "reproduced," advisedly; and those who have read both volumes will clearly see what I mean by it. Both these works appear to have been written 'or in part written' during the war. A *Life of Jackson* was published during the war, in the South, and republished in the North,—there attributed to John M. Daniel, then of the *Examiner*. That *Life* and this are said to be the same. I have not both, to compare them.

9. *Wearing the Gray*—a handsomely illustrated octavo of over 600 pages, appeared in the spring of 1867. It consists of sketches of prominent leaders in the Confederate Armies,—of personal portraits, stirring scenes, and war-haps of every exciting kind. The epigraph of this volume embraces a few sentences from the pen of Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, and conveys the spirit of the work: "The blessed and ever-glorious dead are not here to defend their memories from the taint of the reproach of rebellion and treason. Alas! I am alive and here, and am bound at every hazard to declare that these men were no rebels and no traitors; that they were true patriots, loyal citizens, well-trying and true soldiers, brave, honest, devoted men, who proved their faith in their principles by the deaths which canonized them immortal heroes and martyrs."

10. *Heroic Women of the South*. This work was announced in 1867, as in preparation, to be ready in a few months; but I am not aware that it has yet appeared, and believe it has not. The

title indicates the scope of the book,—the instances to be gathered from the records of the late war of secession. The material is ample, and it is expected that Captain Cooke will produce a book of marked merit and deep interest.

11. *Lee and His Lieutenants*, appeared in 1867. It is a large octavo, illustrated; and is written with evident haste,—apparently hurried into market to meet a demand for that grade of war-book. The main fault, after haste, that the critics found with this work, is one that attaches in a greater or less degree to all Captain Cooke's historical works,—an undue expansion and importance given to everything Virginian. It is as if he were too near such objects, and the eye necessarily takes in a *microscope* outline. One gathers the idea that many things of equal if not greater importance than some mentioned, have been omitted, because *covered*, so to speak, to the eye of the narrator, by some intervening Virginian object. I am wholly unwilling to intimate the slightest depreciation of the Old Dominion,—its deeds, its heroes, its gentlemen, its women, or aught that is its,—but the reading public may be excused for becoming restive under the implicit depreciation of everywhere else, even though so noble a state as Virginia be the gainer.

12. *Fairfax; or the Master of Greenway Court*: a Chronicle of the Valley of the Shenandoah,—appeared from the press of Carleton & Co., of New York, in 1868. This novel is perhaps the most hastily gotten-up of all Captain Cooke's similar works. To say that it is thoroughly, if not intensely Virginian, is the highest praise I feel free to bestow upon it. That truthfulness to nature is its best feature. It claims to be "a picture of wild life on the border, the superstitions and adventurous incidents, Indian combats, passions, habits, manners, etc., of the period." It is pretty fairly true to this claim; for "wizards, gloomy barons, French dancing-masters, fair young maidens, lamiae, Christian big-Injuns, savage half-breeds, secret panels, mysterious packages, blood, thunder, duelling, and desperation, are thrown into the

cauldron, stirred with a pen, and spiced with genuine love for the grand old Blue Ridge and romantic Massanutten." The plot, however, is not complicated; and the strength of the fiction lies, as it does in most of this writer's books, in the rapid action and in the spirited episode. There is everywhere a want of elaborate polish and careful art-study. The stirring times portrayed, it is true, demand less of these than would be available in spheres where mere action was less the characteristic of the life. The period is the early history of that country, when Earl Fairfax was a wonder in Colonial Virginia, and George Washington was not yet "a fool to fame,"—when savage and settler often yet did bloody battle over their personal issues. Critics have found fault with the author for introducing the great Washington, though only as a promising young man, into the field of fiction, claiming that the character is too high and sacred for such manipulation. This objection strikes me as simply absurd; and is a symptom of such abject hero-worship, that the surprise one feels at meeting it at this day is modified by disgust. Captain Cooke's use of Washington appears to me both proper and creditable to the book, viewed as a work of art. But the work as a whole is hasty, and bears marks of having been hurried up beyond the natural and graceful speed of the writer. It is less than the earlier successes of Captain Cooke warrant us in expecting. *The Round Table* pays the following pleasant tribute to the character of this book: "Mr. Cooke is particularly happy in his delineation of certain quaint phases of life, of which the period he has selected to write about furnishes some curious examples. His descriptions of scenery are likewise very good, and his Indian characters, though neither so fantastic nor so poetical as those of Cooper, are yet very interesting, and the sad scenes which close the history are painted with a vividness which is calculated to make a deep impression." Another reviewer says of this author, in reference to this book, that he "does not possess, at least he has not yet developed, the perfect art of the novelist. His *forte* lies in vivid descriptions of sce-

nery, of persons, and fierce combats. He has a noble field and a bright future before him, but he must

‘Bridle in his struggling muse,’

even if it cost him pain.”

13. *Mohun; or the Last Days of Lee and his Paladins.* This is another war-novel; and is, like the others, spirited, racy, personal, and very Virginian. It begins at Gettysburg, and ends with Appomattox Court-House. After speaking of *Surry of Eagle's Nest*, and *Fairfax*, one has little to say of *Mohun*.

As a poet, Captain Cooke has produced some creditable lyrics and occasional poems. These were the work of his earlier years, — before he had achieved his finest successes in novel-writing, — and none of them are equal to that exquisite lyric by his elder brother, entitled *Florence Vane*. The longest poem that I have seen by Captain Cooke is entitled simply, *Stanzas*, and is a threnody, resembling in theme, measure, rhythm, and tone, the *In Memoriam* of Tennyson; and this resemblance is its greatest fault, for in itself it is a poem of considerable vigour. The following extract may serve to illustrate most of these points: —

I thought to pass away from earth,
And join thee with that other heart
Loved even more than thee, — a part
Of other worlds, through heavenlier birth, —

Of whom I do not speak my thought,
So dear she is, because the eye
O'erflows with woe, and with a cry
I tear the symbols I have wrought.

No word shall be of that one grief,
Because it lies too deep for words,
And this sad trifling which affords
Some respite, could be no relief.

Of the smaller poems, a fair specimen is *Memories*, which I quote entire :—

The flush of sunset dies
Far on ancestral trees ;
On the bright-booted bees ;
On the cattle-dotted leas !
And a mist is in my eyes, —
For in a stranger land
Halts the quick-running sand,
Shaken by no dear hand !

How plain is the flowering grass,
The sunset-flooded door ;
I hear the river's roar
Say clearly, "Nevermore."
I see the cloud-showers pass
Over my mountain meres ;
Gone are the rose-bright years,
Drowned in a sea of tears.

His other lyrical productions that I have seen, are like this in being creditable in some degree, but not remarkable.

His chirograph, judging from the limited specimen I have seen, indicates refinement, aspiration, directness, perseverance, and a pervading and intense consciousness of self.



MISS EMILY CRAIN.

The author of *Emily Chester*—a novel published some years ago—is a resident of the city of Baltimore. I am not aware that she has written any other volume, her other productions being fugitive, for periodicals.

J. MARSHALL CRAWFORD.

The only item about this writer that appears in his one volume, is that he was of Company B,—we are left to suppose somewhere in Mosby's command. His book is *Mosby and his men*: a record of the Adventures of that renowned Partisan Ranger, John S. Mosby [Colonel C. S. A.], including the exploits of Smith, Chapman, Richards, Montjoy, Turner, Russell, Glasscock, and the men under them. It is a duodecimo, and appeared in New York, 1867.

MRS. JULIA PLEASANTS CRESWELL.

Huntsville, Alabama,—a jewel upon the bosom of the Cumberland Mountain,—has been the *locale* of quite a number of celebrities. It claims “the classic face and modulated eloquence of Jere. Clemens; the Roman patriotism of C. C. Clay, Jr.; the sparkling wit of T. B. M. Bradley; and the graceful manners of Miss Cruse.”

Mrs. Creswell is a native of Huntsville, and shares the mental qualities that seem to spring from such inspiring scenery. Her nationality is Welsh. Her father, Col. James Jay Pleasants, was a native of Hanover County, Virginia. The family was originally of the Quaker faith; and its members have always been noted for their amiability, integrity, and talents mainly in a literary direction. Her mother, a daughter of Governor Thomas Bibb, of Alabama, was a woman of rare beauty and genius. In 1854 Miss Pleasants was married to Mr. Creswell, a native of South Carolina, a lawyer of distinction, and before the war one of the District Judges of the State of Alabama.

The cares of a large family have of late years materially limited the literary labours of Mrs. Creswell; yet she has frequently appeared as a contributor to the first-class periodicals in the South.

As most others did, she suffered financially to an almost fatal degree by the late war.

Her works are:—

1. *Apheila, and other Poems.* By two cousins of the South. The two cousins were Miss Julia Pleasants—now Mrs. Creswell—and Thomas Bibb M. Bradley, Esquire, of Huntsville. The volume appeared in 1854.

2. *Poems.* This collection of Mrs. Creswell's verses has not yet been published in book form; but is ready for publication in that form, and will doubtless soon appear.

3. *Callamura.* This is an allegorical novel, which appeared in 1868, from a Philadelphia publishing-house. It was well received, and deserved it.

As illustrative of a certain tenderness that is in an eminent degree characteristic of our author's muse, I should be pleased to quote *Addie*,—a lyric-narrative poem that has been much and justly admired, but it is too long for the space before us. Instead, I give two short ones,—*Fading*, and *Of Thee*. The former is as follows:—

Fast fades the crimson rose of May,
Its withered leaves borne to decay,
The sport of every zephyr gay,

Fading,

Falling,

Flying!

And fast the rainbow flutters by,
No more to paint the bended sky;
To dun and dreary vacancy

Hasting,

Hurrying,

Hieing!

The barque that stems the ocean-wave
At last sails down her ocean-grave;
And speeds no more with banners brave,

Plashing,

Plunging,

Plying!

The rarest song the minstrel sings,
 Though music plume his starry wings,
 Must perish on the bursting strings,
 Sobbing,
 Sorrowing,
 Sighing !

Down rushes from its lofty height,
 The star that crowned the brow of night;
 Far-flashing from the straining sight,
 Fading,
 Falling,
 Flying !
 And man, that crowns the wheeling earth
 With Beauty, Music, Love, and Mirth,
 Soon passes from his place of birth,
 Dreaming,
 Doubting,
 Dying !

Of Thee, is of the song order:—

A soft tie binds my soul to thine,
 Though many miles between,
 With winding streams and hills of pine
 And forests intervene.
 A sympathetic thought, that comes
 When I am glad and free,
 And like the breeze, half-uttered, hums
 A song of thee, of thee !

As a harp of heaven echoes back
 Another sounding harp,
 Or clouds melt in one rosy track,
 When gales are cool and sharp,
 So all the music of my heart
 Hath sought its devotee, —
 Hath floated to its counterpart,
 To dream of thee, of thee !

What though the world, the heartless world,
May coldly jeer and scorn ;
Love's rosy wings will wave, unfurled
In life's delightful morn ;
And as a perfumed island sleeps
Upon a silver sea,
My soul rests on its starry deeps,
And dreams of thee, of thee !

Mrs. Creswell now lives in northwestern Louisiana, at Greenwood, in Caddo Parish.

Her chirograph is in a high degree womanly,—indicating a disposition to confide ; a singularly clear mind, heart, and manner,—clear in the sense of direct, sincere, and earnest ; a full share of tenderness, and of vital sympathies with those near and known,—with hope large enough for better times than these.



MRS. JANE T. H. CROSS.

Mrs. CROSS,—*née* Chinn,—is a native of Kentucky. The place of her birth is Harrodsburg ; and the date, 1817. She was educated at Shelbyville, in her native state. As a girl, she was passionately fond of society and its gayeties, and of reading the literature that constitutes the counterpart of such an age and such tastes. This tuition was useful to her in after life.

At eighteen she became the wife of James P. Hardin, Esquire, a lawyer of Bardstown, Kentucky, whose rising career of distinction was cut short by death,—death after a winter spent in Cuba to restore a wasting physique. Thus, at the age of twenty-five, Mrs. Hardin was left a widow with three daughters.

A few years afterwards—in 1848—she was married to the Rev. Dr. Cross,—at that time Professor of Belles-Lettres in Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, and a distinguished minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South ; but who is now

of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Since that time she has lived at various places, and has engaged in a variety of pursuits. Among her places of residence are—Nashville, Tennessee; Huntsville, Alabama; Charleston and Spartanburg, South Carolina; Eatonton, Georgia; Antonio and Houston, Texas.

The last named is her present home, where Dr. Cross is in charge of a church.

During the war,—in 1861, or possibly 1862,—Mrs. Cross and her two daughters enjoyed the distinction of being arrested and tried by a military tribunal, for waving their handkerchiefs to Morgan's troops passing through Harrodsburg.

They spent a few days in jail, under sentence of the court; were then sent to Louisville, and ordered to Camp Chase, which order, however, was not carried into execution. The prisoners were subsequently sent South, and finally escaped into the Southern Confederacy.

Mrs. Cross has contributed to a great many periodicals, in quite a variety of styles. While making the tour of Europe with her husband, she wrote letters of correspondence for the *Christian Advocate*, a Methodist organ, and for the *Charleston Courier*. She is to-day contributing to the *Home Monthly*, a Methodist magazine of Nashville.

Her works are :—

1. *Heart-Blossoms for my little Daughters*. This is a small book, as its title imports, written for young persons. Such is to some extent also the character of the following trio :—

2. *Wayside Flowerets*.

3. *Bible Gleanings*.

4. *Drift-Wood*.

5. *Gonzalvo de Cordova; or, the Conquest of Granada*. A translation from the Spanish of Florian. This story appeared in serial issues in the *Home Monthly*, during 1867.

6. *Duncan Adair, or Captured in Escaping*. A story written during the war.

7. *Azile: a Story*. Nashville, Tennessee, 1868. Of this novel,

a western editor, — Prof. A. B. Stark, of the *Home Monthly*, — says: “Mrs. Cross’s book is pure, elevated, ennobling. It contains the mature thoughts of a pure, cultivated, Christian woman. The story is quiet, straightforward, and grows in interest to the close. The scene in the first part is laid in Dresden. This gives the authoress an opportunity to use her rich stores of information, gathered in her travels in Europe. There is some fine-art criticism. There is a vast deal of information about the customs and habits of the German people, their amusements, and their recreations. We are introduced into the private circle of a German family, and see how they live. Afterward, the scene is transferred to the Southern States, at the beginning of the war, and ends with the first battle of Manassas. This affords occasion for showing the feelings and thoughts of a true Southern woman on the Union, Secession, and War. In this picture she is wonderfully true in her conception of that time of revulsion, upheaval, and enthusiasm. It is a book of interest and value. It deserves a generous reception by Southern readers. The style is smooth, clear, and lively. Mrs. Cross knows Jean Paul, and is, of course, an enthusiastic admirer of him.”

Mrs. Cross is distinguished for her earnestness and energy. Her chirograph indicates these qualities, besides directness, restless and sympathetic activity.

As a specimen of Mrs. Cross’s meditative muse, I present *Incommunicable Thought*, giving the poem entire, which is a poem of rare suggestiveness and truth:—

I stood upon the sounding ocean shore,
The waves were rippling as an infant’s slumbers,
And as they onward flowed for evermore,
My thoughts flowed onward, too, in rhythmic numbers.
Joyous I stood, as in a trance or vision,
My soul quite rapt into the realms elysian.

The wind was singing through the lofty palm —
The wind, the sea, my soul, all sang together;
It was a dreamy, purling, pleasant psalm,
Such song as fills the world in summer weather;

White blossoms burst upon the wavelets flowing,
And in my heart the blossoms, too, were glowing.

The stars were shining with a tender light,
And floods of radiance from the moon were streaming;
More beautiful than day was this sweet night,
And more than years of life this hour of dreaming;
As heaved beneath the moon the mighty ocean,
So was my heart beneath its bliss in motion.

And while I stood upon the snowy sand,
My nature all with soft emotion reeling,
A magic reed was placed within my hand, —
“Inscribe upon the wave thy thought and feeling.”
Then I commenced with eager hand the writing,
As if to bless the world with the inditing.

I wrote the bliss that all my heart o’erspread;
I wrote the thought that all my brain was crowding;
Yet, as I wrote, spell-bound, by Fancy led,
The misty spray arose, the sense o’erclouding;
The thought was dim, the words confused and broken;
“The name that’s writ on water, leaves no token.”

The incommunicable rapture dies,
And yet the dream of bliss is worth the dreaming;
Oh, let me look into the starry skies,
If but to catch their faint and far-off gleaming!
Oh, let me gaze through Beauty’s morning portal,
Though I may ne’er describe it unto mortal!

Home, Forever and Ever, is in a different vein, and will serve
as a specimen of our author’s religious verse. It speaks for itself,
but far less warmly than the preceding: —

“The child exclaimed in wild glee, ‘Going home, for good and all! Going
home, forever and ever.’” — *Christmas Carol*.

Art weary of thy heavy woes,
Of failing friends and sneering foes,
Of hopes that blossom never?

Then listen, while the tear-drops fall ;
"Thou'rt going home for good and all,
Forever and forever."

There, in that home with beauty rife,
Are friends whom thou hast known in life,
Whom death, not change, did sever ;
Dear faces, hidden by the pall,
Shall there be found, "for good and all,
Forever and forever."

The road is long, thy heart is faint,
Thou strugglest still to be a saint,
With constant, vain endeavour ;
But, though thou oft and sorely fall,
Just think of "home for good and all,
Forever and forever."

Tired of the world, its gaud, its pelf,
Tired of thine own imperfect self,
Of friends both dull and clever ;
Yet think, while these upon thee pall,
"Thou'rt going home, for good and all,
Forever and forever."

There love shall dwell without a cloud,
The robe of light replace the shroud,
Thy heart grow weary never ;
There, in thy Father's peaceful hall,
Thou'lt rest at home, "for good and all,
Forever and forever."

R. H. CROZIER.

In 1866 there appeared a volume entitled *The Confederate Spy*: a Story of the War of 1861. By R. H. Crozier, A.M., formerly Captain of Co. I, 33d Regiment Mississippi Volunteers. The preface was dated Panola County, Mississippi.

MRS. MARY ANN CRUSE.

During the year 1867 there appeared from the press of a Philadelphia house, *Cameron Hall ; a Story of the Civil War*, — which is one of the many stories that grew immediately out of the war. Besides this, the author has written only some juvenile books, designed to interest the young, and instruct them in the teachings of the Episcopal Church. Mrs. Cruse is, I believe, a Virginian by birth, a teacher by profession, and is now a resident of Huntsville, Alabama. She is of a retiring disposition ; and shows in her chirograph a sensitive, meditative, and earnest temperament.

MRS. LIZZIE PETIT CUTLER.

Miss PETIT was born in a little hamlet called Milton, in Albemarle County, Virginia. As a child she was precocious and impressible. The sombre associations of her childhood — a wild, gloomy, and romantic old-time mansion, with the reputation of being haunted, a graveyard, and a few similar objects — added to her early orphanage, seem to have given a tinge to her infant mind. Speaking of these, she herself says: "Over my early life was cast the shadow of these influences, and the brooding wings of memory too soon folded themselves around a heart whose dearest pulse-beats were the requiems of the loved and lost." But the glorious scenery of Albemarle should have counterbalanced such sombre influences.

Miss Petit was educated mainly at a seminary for young ladies in Charlottesville, Virginia ; but her education was very soon — at the age of fourteen — interrupted by her being allowed to enter society. Her literary education was continued, but very irregularly after that time.

A few years after this entrance into gay society, — that is to say,

in 1855, when she was about nineteen,—our young author ventured upon publishing a book.

Most of Mrs. Cutler's reputation was achieved under her maiden name—Lizzie Petit—and it is by that name that she is best known to Southern readers. Her marriage took place after the publication of her third volume—*The Stars of the Crowd*.

Her works are these:—

1. *Light and Darkness*. This is a novel of *le beau monde*, as Miss Petit had found it. Of this book a true-hearted woman has said: "As we read, the wonder grows that a girl of nineteen could be so thoroughly the woman of the world—so perfectly *au fait* of the artificialities and hollowness, the by-play and intrigue of the *beau monde*. We can not help feeling sorrowful for the veil so early torn away—for the beautiful dreams prematurely dispelled—for the fair young face and the old young heart. The same regret is clearly an underlying current of the book. Our author misses the sweet time of *waiting and watching*, which, by a delicate provision, reveals life step by step to the neophyte." The book had a fine American success, and was republished successfully in London, and translated into French. There is, indeed, something that savours of French feeling in the book originally.

2. *Household Mysteries*, a Romance of Southern Life,—another society novel, full of the same spirit, but more hastily written, and therefore far inferior.

3. *The Stars of the Crowd, or Men and Women of the Day*.

4. A new novel was announced in October, 1868, but I am not aware that it has yet appeared.

In 1860, our author gave a series of readings in public, commencing in New-York City. Her success as a reader of Shakespeare was decided; Bulwer's poems and Mrs. Caudle's Lectures were rendered in such a manner as to elicit the highest encomiums from the press on all hands.

ROBERT L. DABNEY, D.D.

A brother-clergyman has said of Dr. DABNEY: "He is more a pulpit thinker than a pulpit orator. His eloquence, if he may be termed eloquent, is the eloquence of thought, and not of passion or feeling. He does not make you feel, only as original, profound, and stirring thought makes you feel, by thrilling the intellect with revelations of new truths, or of old truths in new connections and revelations. His manner in the pulpit is natural and agreeable, his language is pure and simple, his style chaste and beautiful, his diction elegant, and his thought rich, original, and profound. He is a philosophical preacher. A rich vein of spiritual philosophy ran like a golden thread of light through the whole sermon which we had the pleasure of hearing. In this particular, he resembles Vmet more than he does Chalmers. His sermons are more philosophical, but not so impassioned and poetical as those of the great Scotch divine. Chalmers' style has more beauty, Dabney's more strength. We have heard men of more earnestness, more passion, more of that burning, fiery eloquence that makes the eye kindle, the face flush, the breath stop, and the heart almost cease to beat under the emotion produced by the magic power of the orator, but we have never heard a more profound, original, able, and instructive preacher."

Dr. Dabney is a Virginian, I understand; and has been a teacher, a preacher, professor, soldier, and historian. He is still a comparatively young man, and in personal appearance is said to be decidedly good-looking. He is Professor, I see it stated, in the Virginia Theological Seminary.

His works are:—

1. *The Life and Campaigns of Lieutenant-General Thomas J. Jackson.* This octavo of 750 pages appeared in 1866, and is said to be "a remarkable production—remarkable for its accuracy of statement, and its precision of minute historical details."

2. *A Defence of Virginia (and through her of the South), in Recent and Pending Contests against the Sectional Party.* This is a duodecimo of fair size, and appeared in 1867. A Northern critic has said of this work: "The Old Testament Argument, the New Testament Argument, the Ethical Argument, and the Economical Argument, are fully and fairly discussed, with the candour and moderation of one who writes in defence of a principle, not a party. In short, the book is a perfect compendium of all that can be said on the subject of slavery, pro or con, and should be in the possession of every one who desires to understand both sides of the question. It must not be supposed that the author merely masses together the opinions and reasonings of others,—that would be to do him great injustice. His own views and opinions are stated with precision, his arguments presented and enforced clearly and forcibly, and the volume, from the first to the last sentence, written with the earnestness of thorough conviction."

The expression of such views indicates that the argument in the *Defence* is handled with much temperance as well as ability. This is regarded as our author's *magnum opus*. A Southern journal—the Charleston *Mercury*—says of it:—

"It takes up slavery, as existing under the authority of the Old Testament, then under the New, — its origin in this country, and its true nature; and thread by thread it disentangles the woof of abolition sophistries, and vindicates the lawfulness and sinlessness of slavery. It is the most comprehensive and unanswerable review of the whole subject we have ever seen; and every Southern man, at least, ought to own a copy of it, if for no other purpose, to give to his children the opportunity of correctly appreciating his course in maintaining it. The white race of the South is down now, under the heels of Radical hate and negro fanaticism; but the truth of God's Word and of nature, can not be smothered forever. It will rise up in spite of man's wickedness, ignorance, and folly; and in due time will place the

people of the Southern States completely vindicated before the whole world for maintaining African slavery, and resisting the madness which has overthrown it."

JOHN L. DAGG, D.D.

Dr. DAGG is, I have the impression, a native of Pennsylvania, but a long life South has identified him with the section. He is now an old man, ripe in learning, and stands among the first in the Baptist denomination. He is to-day President of Mercer University, a sectarian institution in Georgia. He has written a number of works, of which the following are the chief:—

1. *A Manual of Theology*; and a second volume on *Church Order*.
 2. *Moral Science*.
 3. *An English Grammar*.
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WILLIAM C. DANA.

The Rev. Mr. DANA, who has been pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church—now the Central Church—in Charleston, since 1835, is a native of Massachusetts; and was born at Newburyport, in 1810. He graduated at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire; but finished his theological studies at Columbia, South Carolina.

In 1831, he, with a friend, conducted the publication of the Sabbath-School Library, which was intended to be a periodical, but was discontinued upon his removal to the South. In 1839 and 1840, he was the principal editor and contributor to the *Southern Christian Sentinel*, a religious newspaper published in Charleston.

He has published the following works:—

1. A translation of *Fénélon on the Education of Daughters*, which appeared in 1831, while the translator was still in Massachusetts.
2. *A Transatlantic Tour*. Published in 1845, giving an account of his travels in Europe during the year 1844.
3. *Hymns*. A Collection of Hymns for Public Worship.
4. *Life of Rev. Dr. Samuel Dana*. A biography of the author's father.

MRS. C. O. DANNELLY.

Under the *nom de plume* of "*Cachus*," Mrs. DANNELLY has written a good deal of verse within the last eight or ten years. She is a native of Madison, Georgia; and graduated at Madison Female College, in 1856. So marked was the character of her graduating essay—a satirical poem, entitled, *Has She Any Tin?*—that it was soon afterwards published in pamphlet. Her main publications are these:—

1. *Has She Any Tin?* A satire on money, love, and society in general.
2. *Destruction of the City of Columbia, South Carolina*. A poem, by a Lady of Georgia. True statement of facts. Charleston, 1866. This, like the preceding, is in the brochure style.

Mrs. Dannelly—*née* Marshall—has lived mainly in her native state. During the war, a portion of the time she lived, while her husband was on duty there as Chief Surgeon of that state, in Columbia, and was there at the surrender and sack of the city in 1865. She is to-day resident in Baltimore.

Of Mrs. Dannelly's recent poems, *The Confederate Dead* is a fair specimen. Her vein is satirical in general, though in this there is nothing of the kind:—

A simple board of rough, ill-shapen pine,
O'errun perchance by some tenacious vine,
Placed by some friendly hand above each head,
Is all that marks our brave Confederate dead.

No epitaph, save now and then "*Unknown*,"
Carved rudely on some unpretending stone;
No towering shaft, with flattering words inlaid,
Casts o'er our slain its proud imperial shade.

But can the skillful hand of polished Art
To worth unsullied one more charm impart,
Bequeath to hallowed dust a sweeter rest,
Or make their names more honoured or more blest?

Though monumental stone should never rise
To tell the world where fallen valour lies,
Each heart erects its own immortal shrine,
And there inscribes him attributes divine.

We need no piles of sculptured marble gray
To tell us where the Southern soldier lay,
For roses cluster o'er his grassy bed,
And round the spot their sweetest fragrance shed.

Embedded there by woman's virtuous hand,
Sweet emblems of our own bright sunny land,
Could flowers fair for better purpose bloom
Than to adorn the Southern soldier's tomb?

Brave heroes of a "lost," but sacred cause,
Though now withheld their well-deserved applause,
Impartial History must in time grow bold, —
Their virtues and their deeds will yet be told.

Poets will linger on the blood-dyed plains,
And chant above our lost their sweetest strains;
Confederate dead will yet survive in song,
Nor shall their glorious deeds be hidden long;

Fair daughters of our balmy clime will bring
Their floral offerings with each coming Spring,
Entwine a wreath around each humble grave —
A loving tribute to our sleeping brave.

Though in the struggle triumph crowned the "strong,"
 'Tis not to strength that honour should belong;
 He most deserves it who most nobly gave
 His life, his "all," his country's rights to save, —

Who fought not through a selfish love of gain,
 Spurned rank or "bounty," and shrank not from pain;
 'Twas but to save wife, children, home, and pride,
 The Southern soldier battled, bled, and died.

Their cause was noble, and their deeds sublime,
 Their just reward is held in trust by Time;
 She must, and will, at last bestow the prize,
 For worth immortal never, never dies.



MISS CLARA VICTORIA DARGAN.

Whether Miss DARGAN is the poet of largest promise among her sex in the South, as we have heard claimed for her, I do not propose to discuss. That she stands high among our periodical writers as a romancist, and very high as a poet of promise, I feel no hesitation in claiming for her. What the future will determine, depends more upon Miss Dargan herself than upon her gifts. She has the gifts, and may make them available. A good deal that she has written has appeared anonymously, or, which is the same thing in effect, under some undistinguishable *nom de plume*.

I believe but ~~two~~ of her fictions have appeared in book form; and these did so in *brochure* during Confederate times, when the voice of war was silencing almost all gentler voices; so it came that the public—even our Confederate public—heard no great deal about them. She has contributed freely to a few Southern journals since the war, however, and thus has become in certain circles better appreciated.

The stories just referred to are : —

1. *Riverlands*. A story of life upon the Ashley, in South Carolina; which took a prize offered for the best story by the *Southern Field and Fireside*, about the beginning of the war. After it had appeared serially in the weekly, it was published in Confederate book form, about 1863.

2. *Helen Howard*. Also a prize-story, published during the year 1861. It appeared under the *nom de plume* of Esther Chesney, a name used by the author in many of her earlier productions.

It is mainly of Miss Dargan's poetry that I propose here to speak, because I conceive that her chief merit lies in that direction.

This brace of poems, forming one, as they do, is in her best style. The title of the whole is, *Then and Now*; and the names of the separate parts are the dates:—

1864.

I woke within the darkened dawn —
 I woke, and saw the mournful stars
 Go slowly trooping o'er the plain,
 Bearing the grand old warrior Mars
 Upon his crimson shield,
 And said, "It is a sign to me
 That he is dead — his soul is free.
 As wane those stars within the west,
 So he has found a dreamless rest
 Upon the battle-field.

"God pity me! He was my friend,
 And this his welcome natal morn;
 Yet there he lies so cold and still,
 And I lie here — alone, forlorn,
 And watch the day grow red, —
 The dreary day! O! piteous stars,
 Bear to his rest your hero Mars,
 But look across the azure plain, —
 Look back, and tell me once again,
 Is my brave hero dead?"

1866.

I thought you dead : it was a dream !
 Fate had a bitterer lot in store :
 You to live on, estranged and cold,
 I to exist, yet *live* no more.

Another natal morn has dawned ;
 I watched the stars at break of day,
 As far behind the western steeps
 They faded into misty gray,

And spoke not. Only in my heart
 There rose a faintly murmured prayer :
 "God bless my friend ! though friend no more,"
 And silent passed into a tear.

Is that not genuine poetry? It has the clear Greek directness which Mrs. Browning knew so well how to use upon occasion. Jean Ingelow has been praised of late years for poorer things than this; and Tennyson has published many inferior, even since he has worn the laurel.

I offer another poem which has been greatly admired, though I myself consider it inferior to a dozen others I could quote. My friend, the late Mr. Timrod, once said of this poem—*Jean to Jamie*—and his was a gentle heart to feel these things: "If simplicity and pathos be poetry, then this is poetry of the highest stamp. The verses flow with the *softness of a woman's tears*."

There is poetry in this appreciative sentence. I give Miss Dargan's poem entire:—

I.

What do you think now, Jamie,
 What do you think now?
 'Tis many a long year since we parted,
 Do you still believe Jean honest-hearted,—
 Do you think so now?

II.

You did think so once, Jamie,
In the blithe spring-time;
"There's never a star in the blue sky
That's half sae true as my Jamie," quo' I,—
Do you mind the time?

III.

We were happy then, Jamie,
Too happy, I fear;
Sae we kissed farewell at the cottage door,—
I never have seen you since at that door,
This many a year.

IV.

For they told you lies, Jamie,
You believed them a'!
You, who had promised to trust me true
Before the whole world,—what did you do?
You believed them a'!

V.

When they called you fause, Jamie,
And argued it sair,
I flashed wi' anger — I kindled wi' scorn,
Less at you than at them — I was sae lorn,
I could na do mair.

VI.

After a bit while, Jamie,
After a while,
I heard a' the cruel words you had said,—
The cruel, hard words,—sae I bowed my head,
Na' tear, na' smile,

VII.

And took your letters, Jamie,
Gathered them a',
And burned them one by one in the fire,
And watched the bright blaze leaping higher —
Burned ringlet and a'!

VIII.

Then back to the world, Jamie,
Laughing went I;
There ne'er was a merrier laugh than mine,
What foot could out-dance me, what eye outshine?
"Puir fool!" laughed I.

IX.

But I'm weary o' mirth, Jamie,
'Tis hollowness a';
And in these long years sin' we were parted,
I fear I'm growing aye colder-hearted
Than you thought ava!

X.

I have many lovers, Jamie,
But I dinna care;
I canna' abide a' the nonsense they speak,—
Yet I'd go on my knees o'er Arran's gray peak,
To see ye ance mair!

XI.

I long for you back, Jamie,
But that canna be;
I sit all my lane by the ingle at e'en,
And think o' those sad words, "It might hae been,"
Yet never can be!

XII.

D'ye think o' the past, Jamie,
D'ye think o' it now?
'Twad be a bit comfort to know that ye did—
Oh, sair would I greet to know that ye did,
My dear, dear Jamie!

Miss Dargan is a native of Fairfield District, South Carolina. Her education was very carefully conducted; and her talents, especially in music, very early showed themselves. She was almost a prodigy in music,—being able to play upon the piano

some quite intricate pieces at an age so tender that she found some difficulty in reaching the instrument. She wrote verses full of strange fancies before she entered her teens. Since the war she was engaged in teaching music for one year, in Florence, Alabama. She is to-day resident in interior Georgia.

SAMUEL D. DAVIES.

In Dr. SIMMS's book of war-poetry is a poem entitled *An Evening Visit to the Lines around Petersburg, September, 1865*, that reflects credit upon its author, Mr. Davies, a young lawyer of Petersburg, Virginia.

Mr. Davies was born near Petersburg, on the 21st of March, 1839, finished his elementary education at William and Mary College, in Virginia, and is at present practicing law. He was always passionately fond of studying the languages, and has pursued with success his studies in Greek, Latin, French, and German, and has devoted some attention to Italian. When the war opened, he threw down his Blackstone to take up the sword. He entered Confederate service as a Lieutenant of Infantry, and did service in Lee's Army of Northern Virginia; was twice wounded; served on the staffs of Generals Pettigrew and Archer; and fought gallantly throughout the war. He is still unmarried.

He wrote numerous articles, and some poems, for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, of Richmond, among which we may mention *Fine Arts at the South*, *Satirical Romance*, *Novels and Novel-writing*, and a *Review of Tindhäuser*; several for the *Crescent Monthly*, of New Orleans,—one on *Subjective and Objective Poets*; and one on *Literary Ambition*. He has also written for other periodicals. With his culture, tastes, and energy, he gives promise of valuable contributions to our Southern literature.

His chirograph indicates a rapid mind, a hopeful temperament,

and ample capacity for labour, with composure and the genuine literary fire.

I give the *Evening Visit*, of which I made mention above, as fairly illustrative of Mr. Davies' style :—

O Silence ! Silence ! now, when night is near,
 And I am left alone,
 Thou art so strange, so sad, reposing here,
 And all so changed hath grown,
 Where once I ~~knew~~ so much of busy life,
 Through day and night in toil or deadly strife.
 If I *must* weep, oh, tell me, is there not
 Some plaintive story breathed into my ear,
 By spirit-whispers from thy voiceless sphere,
 Haunting this sacred spot ?
 Unto my soul more sweetly eloquent
 Than words of love on sculptured monument,
 Out speaks yon crumbling parapet where lies
 The broken gun, the idly rusting ball, —
 Mementoes of an ill-starred enterprise !
 Rude altar reared for costly sacrifice !
 Vast work of hero-hands, left to thy fall,
 Where are they now, that peerless brotherhood, —
 Who, marshalled here
 That dreadful year,
 In pain and peril still undaunted stood,
 When death rode fiercest on the battle-storm,
 And earth was strewn with many a glorious form !
 And where are they, who when the strife was done,
 With kindly greeting round the camp-fire met,
 And made an hour of mirth from danger won
 Repay the day's stern toil when the slow sun was set ?
 Where are they ? Let the nameless graves declare,
 In strange, unwonted spots, now frequent seen :
 Alas ! who knows *how much* lies buried there :
 What worlds of love, and all that might have been !

The rest are scattered now — I know not where —
 And life to each a new employment brings ;
 But still *they* seem to gather round me here,
 To whom these places were familiar things : . .

Though sundered wide by mountain and by stream,
 Once brothers—still a brotherhood they seem;
 More close united since a common woe
 Hath brought to common hopes their overthrow.
 Brave hearts and true; in toil and danger tried,
 I see them still, as in those glorious years,
 When strong and hopeful, battling side by side,
 All crowned their deeds with praise—and some with tears.

'Tis done! the sword is sheathed, the banner furled;
 No sound where late the crashing missile whirled.
 The dead alone are on the battle-plain,
 The living turn them to life's cares again.

O Silence! blessed dreams upon thee wait;
 Here thought and feeling ope their precious store,
 And memory, gathering from the spoils of fate
 Love's scattered treasures, brings them back once more.
 So would I often dream,
 As up the brightening stream
 Of olden time thought leads me gently on,
 Seeking those better days—not lost, alas! but gone!

GEORGE L. L. DAVIS.

The Librarian of the Maryland State Library has written a volume on the *History of Maryland*.

CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D.

Dr. DEEMS, to-day pastor of the Church of the Strangers, in New-York City, is a native of North Carolina. He is universally appreciated, as one full of charity, geniality, and learning. He has published:—

1. *Sermons to Young Men*. These, I believe, were Univer-

sity sermons, delivered originally before the students of the State Institution at Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

2. *The Home Altar*. An Appeal in behalf of Family Worship, with Prayers and Hymns, and Calendar of Lessons from Scripture, for family use. It contains an arrangement for Scripture readings, for ten years. This work appeared in 1867.

DR. DEEMS was for a while editor of *The Watchman*, a religious-literary weekly, of New York.

CHARLES DELÉRY, M.D.

Dr. DELÉRY was born in Louisiana, January, 1815. His parents were of French origin, having emigrated originally to Canada. After a preparatory course of studies looking to his profession, he was sent, in 1829, to the Medical School of Paris; from which, after the regular course, both in the classics and in medicine, he returned home in 1842, a graduate in medicine. For twenty-five years he has enjoyed the position of an accomplished physician, a man of science, a gentleman of culture, and a valuable citizen. He now holds the office of city coroner, one to which physicians of high standing only are ever chosen in New Orleans. He has written a great deal for the newspapers, generally upon practical subjects in which lay some benefit to the community, such as hygiene, rather than upon the stormier issues of politics. His published works are:—

1. *Essai sur la Liberté*,—written, as are all his works, in the French language. Published in 1847. This brochure is of far more weight than size. Its epigraphs give us the key-note of the author's idea of liberty. They are, first, *La liberté sans ordre est un libertinage qui attire despotisme*, from Fénelon's *Essai sur les Devoirs de la Royauté*; and second, *Une nation n'est véritablement libre que lorsqu'un n'obéit qu'aux lois*, from Beaumarchais's *Mémoires*.

2. *Études sur les Passions, suivies d'un Aperçu sur l'Éduca-*

tion q'il convient de donner au Peuple. 1849. This small volume the writer calls an *opuscule*—a *tractate*. It discusses the relations of the passions to the duties of life,—especially the social and political duties,—and demands attention to the true principles of education.

3. *Quelque Mots sur le Nativisme.* 1854. This is a political tractate upon the political issues of that day—Native Americanism and Immigration. It was translated into English—the only one that has been of all his works.

4. *Fievre Jaune.* 1859. This is a treatise upon the epidemic of 1848; and is the author's first essay in the line of his profession.

5. *Confédérés et Fédéraux—Les Yankees Fondateurs de l'Esclavage aux Etats-Unis et Initiateurs du Droit de Sécession.* 1864. This political argument appeared during the war, and discusses the two prominent issues of the contest.

6. *Mémoire sur l'Epidémie de Fievre Jaune qui a régné à la Nouvelle Orleans et dans les Campagnes.* 1868. This is the largest publication of our author; and contains, besides the discussions and views of the writer upon the epidemic, a large collection of statistical information upon the disease; and matters incidental to it, or to its treatment, causes, and cure. The work shows much learning and careful research.

Besides these, Dr. Deléry delivered the inaugural address before the Medical Society of New Orleans, in February, 1859, which was published in pamphlet.

Dr. Deléry's style is French,—direct, clear, easy, and *coupé*. The tone is always earnest, and therein elevated. As a writer, he is esthetical in an eminent degree, devoted to the beautiful and the good, as well as to the useful.

His chirograph indicates these qualities of mind, and is, for a French hand, unusually round and upright. Compactness, neatness without punctiliousness, and with absolutely no flourish or display, appear in his chirography. There is no *niceness*, but a neatness that is barely less.

MAXIMILIAN SCHELE DEVERE, LL.D.

Prof. DEVERE is a native of Sweden, and was born near Wexio, on Wednesday, the 1st of November, 1820. He was educated, I believe, in Germany; and very early in life entered the military service of Prussia, but was soon transferred to the diplomatic service of the same power. He emigrated to the United States, and in 1844 was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres in the University of Virginia, a position which he has continued to hold with ability to the present day. He has written:—

1. *Outlines of Comparative Philology*, — with a Sketch of the Languages of Europe, and a Brief History of the Art of Writing. This is an admirable work, and is used as a text-book in the University of Virginia. It is a duodecimo, and was published in New York, in 1853.

2. *Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature*. This is a pleasant and instructive series of scientific but not technical papers upon subjects in natural history and philosophy, chiefly in the department known as *minute*. It is a duodecimo, and appeared in 1856. New York.

3. *Studies in English, or a Glance at the Inner Life of our Language*. This is a book ably written, though small compared with the vastness of the subject, — consisting of discussions in that field of English Philology into which we have gone in the works of Purley, Trench, Marsh, Swinton, and others. Published in New York. 1867.

4. *Grammar in French*. 1867.

5. *First French Reader*. 1867.

6. *Second French Reader*. 1867.

In addition to the books he has written, Prof. De Vere has contributed some valuable papers to our literature in the form of articles published in the British quarterly reviews, in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, *Putnam's Magazine*, *Harper's*

Monthly, and other first-class periodicals. His series of papers in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, called *Glimpses of Europe* in 1848, are said to have been remarkable for political insight and vivid colouring.

Prof. DeVere's chirograph is in an eminent degree neat and esthetical. As to nationality, it is more English than German. It impresses one as that of a man of careful and nice culture, fastidious taste, persistent energy, and a vast reverence for antecedents and hereditary rights.

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON, M.D.

Dr. DICKSON is justly conceded to be the most accomplished *littérateur* in the learned profession of medicine, south.

He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, about the year 1797.

His academical education was received at the Charleston College,—at that time merely a first-class high-school, which was under charge of Dr. Buist, Judge King, and Dr. Hedley.

His collegiate education he received at Yale College, of which he entered the Sophomore class in 1811, and graduated in due course in 1814. Upon graduation at Yale, he entered immediately upon the study of medicine in the office of Dr. P. G. Prioleau, at that time the most eminent physician in the South.

In 1817, and the two following years, he attended lectures in the University of Pennsylvania, in the days of Chapman, Physic, and Wistar,—when these and like lights made that University the first of its kind in America. In 1819 he received his diploma and returned to his native city, and entered at once upon a largely successful practice.

In 1823 he delivered a course of lectures on Physiology and Pathology, before the medical students of the city. It was

about this time that he began to agitate the matter of establishing a Medical College in Charleston. In the Medical Society of the city he was the mover of a petition to the Legislature of the State for a charter to establish a Medical School. The petition prevailed, and the school went into operation immediately—in the year 1824. He was elected without opposition to the Professorship of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine, which chair he held until 1832—eight years—when he resigned it.

In 1833 he was appointed to the same chair in the Medical College of the State of South Carolina, then recently established by the Legislature, which position he held consecutively for fourteen years.

In 1847 he was called to the New-York University to fill the chair made vacant by the death of Prof. Revere. After three years' labour there, he returned to his former professorship in Charleston, and continued to fill the same with great distinction for several years.

Since the war, in which he lost all his property, he has been called to the chair of the Practice of Medicine in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, where he continues the work of his lifetime, associated with such men as Meigs, Dunglison, and Pancoast.

During the year 1868, he contributed some striking and suggestive papers on the *Correlation of Forces*, to Lippincott's *Magazine*, which present the progress of physical science in that department with great force and fairness.

Dr. Dickson's published works are:—

1. *Dengue: its History, Pathology, and Treatment*. This work, I believe, was published in 1826 or 1827; when that disease was prevailing, or beginning to prevail, in the West Indies and in the Gulf States of the Union.

2. *Essays on Pathology and Therapeutics*,—being the substance of a course of lectures delivered in the Medical College of South Carolina. Two volumes, octavo. Published in 1845.

3. *Essays on Slavery.* 1845.

4. *Essays on Life, Sleep, Pain, &c.* A duodecimo, published in Philadelphia, in 1852.

5. *Elements of Medicine.* A compendious view of Pathology and Therapeutics. An octavo, published in Philadelphia, in 1855.

A New York journal, upon the occasion of Dr. Dickson's removal from that city to Charleston, makes this general estimate of his literary character: "Dr. Dickson, we believe, is one of the most classically elegant writers upon medical science in the United States. He ranks with Chapin and Oliver Wendell Holmes in the grace of his periods as well as in the thoroughness of his learning and the exactness and acuteness of his logic. Like Holmes, too, he is a poet, and generally, a very accomplished *littérateur*."

This is high praise, but not too high,—is rather under than over the mark.

It may be considered a fact noteworthy in this connection that Dr. Dickson delivered the first Temperance Lecture ever listened to south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The following poem is quoted manifestly not as a fair specimen of Dr. Dickson's poetry, but as an interesting production,—one that gathers its main power from its *entourages*. The person who gave it to the public makes this note, explanatory: "To appreciate it properly, it must be remembered that the author is the oldest lecturer on Medicine in the United States, and is now over seventy years of age, with a large family. He lost all of his acquired wealth in the late war, and now lives upon his salary. He has been in the chair of Practice of Medicine for over fifty years, first at Charleston, then at New York, and now at Philadelphia."

The poem is entitled *Ha til mi tulidh*—the Celtic emigrant's mournful refrain [*We return no more*] as he leaves his native hills forever, which is imitated as the echo-line in this poem, which I quote entire:—

Farewell to all I have loved so long,
Farewell to my native shore;
Let me sing the strain of a sweet old song,
"I return, I return no more."

It breaks my heart from friends to part,
And mine eyes, mine eyes the tear-drops pour,
While mournfully I repeat the cry,
"I return, I return no more."

Though here I breathe in ample space,
And gather with fuller hand,
Naught can efface one single trace
Of my own dear distant land.

With many a beat my pulses throb,
And mine eyes, mine eyes the tear-drops pour,
While wearily I repeat the cry,
"I return, I return no more."

When others sleep I wake and weep,
To think of joys long past,
And wish and pray for the happy day
That shall bring repose at last.

Sad memories fill my soul with gloom,
And mine eyes, mine eyes the tear-drops pour,
While wearily I repeat the cry,
"I return, I return no more."

A. W. DILLARD.

About five years ago a story appeared in the *Gulf City Home Journal*, a literary weekly of Mobile, which attracted a good deal of attention, and much favourable criticism. The story that ran through a considerable number of issues, was entitled *Rose Al-laine, or the Veil Lifted*, and was written by Mr. Dillard,—popu-

larly known, I believe, in his region as Judge Dillard. *Rose Allaine* was said to be in the style of Mr. Dimitry; and as being in a healthy vein, vigorous, "overflowing with sympathy for erring humanity, and replete with quaint, quiet, inoffensive humour." To be compared favourably to Mr. Dimitry is itself praise of no ordinary kind.

Mr. Dillard was born at Tuscumbia, Alabama, on the 22d of April, 1827; and since 1834 has lived in Sumter County, of that state. He received his education partly at Centre College, Kentucky, and partly at Jackson College, Pennsylvania. Spent a year at editing. In 1856 was elected Judge of Probate of Sumter County, and held the office for six years. Has written a good deal in politics, being a conservative and anti-secession partisan. Was a delegate to the Democratic Convention in Charleston, in 1860. Has written some critiques upon *Thomas Carlyle, Byron, Poe, and Meek*; numerous articles upon general subjects, as the *Jews, Dreams*, and literary topics generally; and quite a number of tales, of which we recall the *Mountain Robber*, a story of horrors and psychological mysteries. Has written for the *Southern Literary Messenger, New-York News, Field and Fireside*, and most of the southwestern literary newspapers. He has a story now ready for publication. With a large family, in times like these, Mr. Dillard has but little leisure for literary diversion. He is at present living at Livingston, the county seat of Sumter, Alabama, practicing law.

CHARLES DIMITRY.

If I were called upon to indicate that one of our Southern journalists — journalists by profession — whose prospects of ultimate high literary success appear to me the fairest, I should indicate Charles Dimitry. It may be necessary, for the careless reader's sake, to call attention to the fact that I regard *literature*

and *journalism* as by no means identical. I expect Mr. Dimitry's success to be literary rather than journalistic.

The following *resumé* of an analysis of Mr. Dimitry's literary character, by a northern poet and journalist, is given as fair and discriminating:—

"Mr. Dimitry has literary talent of a singular and commanding order; and, should he succeed in getting a commission in the literary army at all, will not rank less than a brigadier-general. Three qualities as a romanticist he has, which are qualities indispensable to him who would write a good novel, viz.:—

"1. An unusual capacity for continuous and thoroughly modulated construction. In other words, in the invention and control of the elements of plot he possesses that subtle capacity which enables him to manage the details of a story, and to imbue them with peculiar interest.

"2. An ability for imaginative colouring, and a peculiarly subtle control of its various shades, from the warmth of passion to the gloomy Gothicism of despair.

"3. Considerable analytic ability, especially of the introspective sort, which enables him to judge minutely of the effect of a given colour upon the imagination and heart of the reader.

"In his style there is a dash of Dickensism, which is unpleasantly suggestive; and in his titles he is a trifle Miss Braddonish—by which we mean sensational. In fact, in the phrase *Guilty or not Guilty*, which was the name of his first novel, and in the *Alderley Tragedy*, which was the name of his second, there is a hint of the Braddon way of doing things."

Mr. Dimitry has written the following novels:—

1. *Guilty or not Guilty*. 1864. Published in serial.
2. *Angela's Christmas*. 1865. Also a serial.
3. *The Alderley Tragedy*. 1866. Published in *The Field and Fireside*, newspaper.
4. *The House in Balfour Street*. 1869. This is a story of London life, tragic, passionate, but a little dreamy,—reminding one, by some vague temper pervading it, of Hawthorne and

Dickens, at one and the same time, while it is utterly unlike both. There is as much of the poet as of the romancist in it. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, I should be puzzled to pick out three other American writers who could produce as fine a novel.

These are all distinctly able, and all clearly above the range of the popular novels of the day. There is nothing commonplace, or flimsy, or feeble, about any of them.

As a journalist, I believe Mr. Dimitry has been quite successful; and he has been connected with the editorial management of some prominent Southern periodicals, and is now among the fraternity in New York.

As a poet, our author has done some handsome things. In his line, *Farewell, ma mie, since part we must*, and *Viva Italia*, are sprightly and spirited;—a bit French, it is true, but well in their way, notwithstanding. I offer, as a poem of more vigour than either of those mentioned, *Who Shall Be Our Standard-Bearer?*—which is a later production, and one whose subject is not devoid of popular interest, at least in the South:—

I.

Brothers! when our cannons rust are,
And our children's children dust are,
Who shall pierce the tears and laughter
Of the days to come hereafter,
With the memory of his story?
Whose the triumph and the glory
Of the man who bore the standard,
Chiefest, in the struggling vanguard,—
Who was greater, purer, rarer,—
Who shall be our standard-bearer?

II.

Who was he who, great as good,
In the breach supremely stood,—
A simple man, a soldier true,
When around his country's shrine
Gathered threat'ning war, and drew
'Gainst our waiting stalwart few
Half a hundred thousand men?

Southward poured from hill and glen
Rank on rank, and line on line,
Till the cloud of havoc grew
Black in heaven's sight, and burst
In a storm of guns accurst
Where the swarming hosts came down
'Gainst the fair, beleaguered town.
Then our greatest soldier came
At the setting of the sun,
Pierced the doubtful battle's flame,
And with devastating blow
Struck the hostile standards low,
And each broken regiment
Back through midnight chaos sent,
Red with blood and pale with shame, —
So the stubborn field was won !

III.

Ye saw him, mountains of Luray,
When banded battle spent its pride
In one long week of dolorous fray
Against his slender ranks in vain,
Till, like a lion, galled, at bay,
Vexed by the hunter's cries and stir,
He turned and poured the bloody charge
Of dauntless men at Winchester,
And as the tempest lifts the main
Swept Port Republic's flaming marge,
And northward ever, and afar,
Rolled back the wreck-encumbered tide
With storm of swift, disastrous war !

IV.

A day of rest — a time of pause !
And lo ! once more the menaced cause.
Called unto him, her chiefest son,
From warring Richmond, where the brunt
Of battle shook the city's front !
Then, answering, came our trusted one
From Shenandoah's rocky glen,
Articulate in roar of gun,

And cheers of greatly-daring men,
And roll of fierce, avenging drums,
And din of clamorous war, that filled
With sudden fear the hostile rank ;
Till higher, higher, higher thrilled
The peal of battle on the flank,
And seaward swept the foeman down,
And jubilant grew the rescued town,
While all our soldiers with acclaim
Threw up their caps with fierce hurrah,
And cheered and blessed his simple name,
Crying, "Behold ! our greatest comes !
Our chiefest chief—our Joshua !"
And later—when Manassas' Plain
The hurly-burly felt again,
And rush of charging squadrons knew,
And saw once more the bleeding rout—
His loud defying bugles blew,
And long victorious flags threw out,
Before the walls of Washington !

V.

Again, O trusty chief ! awake
Thy cannons for thy country's sake !
By Rappahannock's furrowed heath,
Above the bleak December snows,
Anon the countless standards rose
And charge-compelling trumpets' blare
From Falmouth fed the hungry air,
The while, on every windy slope,
Our guns gave greeting to the foe
And swept the surging ranks with death !
Then rose in wrath our country's hope,
And bared his strong right arm to slay,
And where the battle's hottest breath
Gave fiercest warning of the fray
Smote, with a sudden, desperate blow,
The circumventing ranks, and lo !
The storm of conflict passed away !

VI.

Who saw him at the last?
When Rappahannock's ruined fane
The loud artillery shook again?
Who saw him, when he passed,
Grave and calm and resolute,
Through the tangled Wilderness,
Foeward, while the sullen roar
Of distant guns the May wind bore.
An hour within the jungle mute—
An hour of terrible pause! while he
Prayed unto God for victory
And all his arms that day to bless,—
Then gave the foeman to the sword;
And through the covert's mazes swept
With battle's multitudinous clang,
And where the hostile columns crept
An avalanche of fire poured,
And shoreward hurled th' invading power!
And all that desperate, turbulent day,
Rose with the greatness of the fray,
Until that dark, calamitous hour—
A bleeding country's doom and knell—
When ambushed tongues of flame out-leapt,
A sudden murderous volley rang—
And lo! in Victory's arms our standard-bearer fell!

VII.

Beat, funeral drums—
For our mighty captain comes,
Dead, and lowly as the least he led!
Weep, beleaguered town,
For thy tower shaken down,
And thy steadfast, firm protector dead!
Good he was and great!
Well he loved his State,
And in his heart did ever wear her!
Wherefore shall she pray
For his rest alway—
Her leader and her great sword-bearer!

VIII.

Brothers ! when our cannons rust are,
And our children's children dust are,
He shall pierce the tears and laughter
Of the days to come hereafter
With the memory of his story,
And the fullness of our glory !
He was greater, purer, rarer, —
He shall be our standard-bearer.

New York, August, 1867.

Washington, D. C., is the birthplace of Mr. Dimitry. He is a son of Professor Alexander Dimitry, formerly of Louisiana, and now resident in Brooklyn, New York. Our author is a graduate of Georgetown College. The name and nationality are Greek.

I have never met Mr. Dimitry; but the northern journalist from whom I quoted above, says of him :—

“Mr. Dimitry is about five feet seven, and of full habit. Has a large, well-developed head, dark eyes and expressive, a face slightly *joufflu*, a rather angular forehead, and a straight nose. Walks firmly, and with a sort of straight-ahead gait. Converses generally—judging from a brief acquaintance—in a rather earnest, quiet way, and in low tones. Is [1867] twenty-nine years of age, and unmarried. Dresses neatly and rather stylishly, and in manners is a gentleman of the bluest blood.”

Mr. Dimitry uses his pen—as he does most things—with niceness. His manuscript, especially his epistolary style, is faultlessly neat, legible, graceful, and uniform,—qualities which are a part of the man himself. It also indicates resolute will, capacity to resist depression, great memory, consistency, clearness of thought, taste for music, little care for the flurry of notoriety, but a pervading aspiration and hope. His “copy” is not quite so scrupulously prepared, but always easily legible, and punctuated as he desires it to be printed.

MRS. ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

Mrs. DINNIES, now a resident of New Orleans, is a native of Georgetown, South Carolina. Her father, Judge Shackelford, moved, while she was an infant, to Charleston, where her education was completed.

In 1830 she married John C. Dinnies, Esquire, of St. Louis, Missouri, where she lived until a few years before the late war, when she moved to New Orleans.

As a writer, Mrs. Dinnies has generally appeared in the periodical press under the pseudonym of *Moina*. She has contributed to most of the leading literary periodicals of the South, both weekly and monthly. Her series in the *Catholic Standard*, a weekly edited by her husband, entitled *Rachel's What-Not*, attained a favourable popularity; so also did a series called *Random Readings*, in the same.

In 1847 she published her only volume thus far—*The Floral Year*,—a collection of one hundred poems, arranged in twelve bouquets, for the different months of the year. The edition was soon exhausted, but no subsequent one has been brought out. At the opening of the War of Secession, she was making ready a collection of her miscellaneous works, verse and prose, for publication; but the war cut short the labour, and it so stands to-day.

The poem by Mrs. Dinnies that has touched most hearts by its natural and genuine pathos, its simplicity, and its truthfulness, is *The Wife*. I give it as characteristic of both harp and heart:—

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
 And borne the rich one's sneer, —
 Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
 Nor shed a single tear;
 I could have smiled on every blow
 From life's full quiver thrown,
 While I but gaze on thee, and know
 I shall not be "alone."

I could—I think I could—have brooked,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see from day to day
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slow, and meek;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel I'll be "alone;"

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heavenward trust, they say
Earth may not claim thee longer;
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break when thou art gone;
It must not be; we must not part;
I could not live "alone."

In a similar vein is *Wedded Love*,—a poem of more energy
and more art:—

Come, rouse thee, dearest, 'tis not well
To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood.
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills,
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The landmarks Hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee now ; I know thy mind,
 And would its strength awaken ;
 Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind, —
 Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken t
 But rouse afresh each energy,
 And be what heaven intended thee ;
 Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,
 And prove thy spirit firmly great ;
 I would not see thee bow below
 The angry storms of earthly woe.

Full well I know the generous soul
 Which warms thee into life, —
 Each spring which can its powers control
 Familiar to thy wife ;
 For deemest thou she had stooped to bind
 Her fate unto a common mind ?
 The eagle-like ambition nursed
 From childhood in her heart, had first
 Consumed with its Promethean flame,
 The shrine — then sunk her soul to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
 That fetters now thy powers :
 Shake off this gloom — Hope sheds a beam
 To gild each cloud that lowers ;
 And though at present seems so far
 The wished-for goal — a guiding star,
 With peaceful ray would light thee on,
 Until its utmost bounds be won ;
 That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove
 In fond, undying, wedded love.

Different from these, and a gem in its way, is the *Greek Slave*. The poem is introduced by a quotation from Norman's Pamphlet, giving this explanatory note of the legend, so to speak, of Powers' Greek Slave : —

“A Grecian maiden, made captive by the Turks, and exposed at Constantinople for sale. The cross and locket visible amid the drapery, indicate that she is a Christian, and beloved.”

This is Mrs. Dinnies' poem : —

Move gently, gently, — Galatea lives !
Again hath Genius waked to life the stone !
Art, with creative touch, here beauty gives,
And matchless grace and purity are shown !
Mark the expression on her brow and cheek,
And start not if those parted lips should speak !

Gently, aye, gently, in her presence move ;
A sacred thing is sorrow such as hers !
For, though her Christian faith its depth reprove,
Its hushed emotion every feature stirs.
The swelling nostril, and the lip's slight curl,
Betray thy struggles, hapless captive girl !

Thy faultless figure in its perfect grace,
Charms but a moment as we lift our eyes
Up to the holier beauty of thy face,
Where the sad history of thy young life lies ;
Engraven on each lineament serene
Is what thou art — what once thy fate has been.

Beloved — how deeply, let thy beauty tell !
Wooded — as fair maids are ever wooed and won !
Torn from thine early home, where loved ones dwell,
And placed in chains for men to gaze upon !
Deep is thy grief, young girl ! but strength is given
To bear its burthen by thy trust in heaven !

Yes ! strength is given by that faith divine,
To thy proud spirit, to sustain its woe,
And through thy lovely features still to shine,
Veiling their beauty in its own mild glow ;
While every shade seems so instinct with life,
We deem thee living — like Pygmalion's wife.

MRS. SARAH A. DORSEY.

Along with Mrs. Preston of Virginia, and a few—I feel constrained to say a *very* few—others, who have not received some inspiration from Plutus as well as Minerva, stands Mrs. Dorsey of Louisiana. She was born to affluence, was educated and has lived in the same style, until the war somewhat diminished the means at her command. The wealthy in the southwest know how to live *en prince*; and no less to seek and enjoy the advantages of culture than those of ease or enjoyment. Mrs. Dorsey—*née* Ellis—is a daughter of Mr. Thomas C. Ellis, of Natchez, and was born upon her father's plantation, near that city. She was tenderly and carefully educated; has been a student all her life; has travelled a good deal; mingled much in society; and is an adept of the harp and the pencil. In 1853 she became the wife of Mr. Samuel W. Dorsey, of Louisiana, the eldest son of Chief Justice Thomas B. Dorsey, of Maryland.

Mrs. Dorsey began her literary career by writing for *The Churchman*, of New York. She received from that journal the *nom de plume* of *Filia Ecclesiæ*, and retained that of *Filia* in many of her subsequent writings. She was one of those practical Christian slave-owners, who illustrated the precepts of the creed in her relations to her slaves. Since emancipation, her former slaves remain with her, and she continues to teach them every Sunday, as before. She has written several serial stories for periodicals, among which are *The Vivians*, for the *Church Intelligencer*, *Chastine*, and *Agnes*. Her graver works are:—

1. *Recollections of Henry Watkins Allen, Brigadier C. S. A., Ex-Governor of Louisiana*. This volume appeared in 1867.

A Southern periodical says of it: "This work presents the most accurate account of the late war in the Trans-Mississippi Department that has been given to the public from a Southern point of view."

A Northern book-notice contains this commendatory language:

"This is a charming volume, bearing on every page evidence of having been written by a woman of generous feeling, true refinement, and thorough culture. The friends of Governor Allen may be thankful that the task of doing justice to his motives and honour to his memory was undertaken by such competent hands — by one to whom it was in reality a labour of love, who possessed the ability as well as the will to do it justice, and who knew the character of the man as well as the deeds of the soldier and the governor. Mrs. Dorsey possesses all the requisites for a biographer, — thorough knowledge and warm appreciation of her subject, combined with a power of portraying character, and of carrying with her the sympathies of the reader, and retaining them to the close. Governor Allen is a flesh-and-blood likeness, not a coldly accurate, inanimate portrait, the features perfect, but the expression wanting. No one can read the "Recollections," without having before his mind's eye a correct idea of the warm-hearted, clear-headed, liberal-minded governor of Louisiana, whose principles had all the warmth of feeling, and whose impulses all the strength and permanence of resolves. It is evident that the biographer has not 'made up' her subject, for though she does justice to his virtues and talents and his many admirable and lovable qualities, she does not pass over his mistakes of judgment nor errors of action. Indeed, so far is this from being the case, that his very foibles and peculiarities are made known to the reader, as well as his habits of thought, his religious views, his literary tastes, his political convictions, his mental and moral idiosyncracies."

When the Troy (New York) *Daily Times* said of this biography, "The book is a thorough exhibit of Southern spirit," it gave an admirable touch of description; for Southern spirit beams out in every lineament of the man represented, and in every impulse of the heart that tells us about him. The book was written at Governor Allen's dying request.

2. *Lucia Dare: A Novel. By Filia.* 1867. This is a war-novel, and as such depended a good deal upon the opportuneness

of its appearance. Even that failed to make it a decided success. A notice-writer says of it: "It shows cleverness, it has vivacity, it contains incident, and is intelligent and readable." There is pith in this sentence. The female characters are drawn with decidedly better touches than the male. Of these, *Lucia Dare* is perhaps the tamest, while *Louise Peyrault*, and *Grace Sharp*, and *Padine* are vivid; and *Jennie*, the negress, is a portraiture that future times will probably preserve when Jennie's race shall have passed from the land they now occupy.

3. *Agnes Graham*. This novel appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in 1863; or an abridgement of it appeared there, and the complete work is soon to appear in book form from a publishing-house of New Orleans.

MRS. FANNY MURDAUGH DOWNING.

One of the best results—I believe the very best result, if not the only good one—of the war of secession was its influence in awaking and developing dormant genius. Many, roused by the stringent necessities incident to such times, have bestirred themselves to think, to create thoughts, and to give utterance to them. Many have "learned in suffering" what they "taught in song." Many sprang at a bound from the nothingness of ordinary life to the sphere of the aspiring and the gifted.

Among those who sprang into public favour, under the operation of these causes, I think the subject of this sketch one of the most noteworthy. The contrasts in her life between luxury and the trials incident to such a war, and between the unawakened dreamy ease of peace and happiness and the positiveness of a genius fully aroused, are in every sense striking and significant. Although as a girl she was known to be possessed of abilities sufficient to warrant success in literature, no occasion of demonstrating those abilities had ever arisen. It was late in the autumn

— on the last day of October — of 1862, that she, then a wife and a mother, wrote her first poem — a little song called *Folia Autumni*. There was merit in this first effusion; and, in the dozen scores of poems produced since then, there are few that are not well done, many that are striking, and some, as I shall show, that are brilliant. I regard her chiefly as a poet, though she has wrought in prose as well, and rather more voluminously; still, that which mainly entitles her to a place among our Southern writers is her verse-writing.

The most noticeable of Mrs. Downing's works are these: —

1. *Nameless*. A novel, published in Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1865, and had only a fair success, labouring under the disadvantage of being published in the South. The story is one of English life, and the interest is well sustained, though there are many evidences of haste in the preparation of the work. Indeed, I am advised that the whole book was substantially written — made ready for the press — in about a week. As a first attempt, it was adventurous, and the wonder is that it was not a signal failure.

2. *Pluto: the Origin of Mint Julep*. A story in verse, "being the sad story and lamentable fate of the fair Minthe," — published, or rather printed, in 1867. This poem appeared under the masculine authorial *nom de plume* of Frank Dashmore. It is a playful effusion, marked by unmistakable ability, and full of fine hits, sly humour, and playful fancy, with no want of genuine fire. It is a species of *melange* humour, in which the burlesque and mock-heroic prevail, which has been compared to the Rev. Mr. Barham's celebrated *Ingoldsby Legends*. But the style and tone vary from scene to scene. A few verses will serve to illustrate this matter of style: —

It chanced, as his Majesty wandered, one day,
Through his realm, in a listlessly loitering way,
That he came to a ferry,
From which a grim wherry
Crossed over Cocytus, a river so very

Peculiar, that really, believe it who can,
 It was wholly a river and partly a man !
 It was certainly water,
 And yet had a daughter,
 So fair and so lovely, that every one thought her
 A goddess, and numberless suitors had sought her
 With patient persistence, which certainly ought to
 Have melted her heart, and induced her to leave
 Her watery old father, whose name means "to grieve."
 King Pluto had heard of the fame of this maid,
 And though an old gentleman, sober and staid,
 "Very married," besides, had no business to know
 Any charms in black eyes, or in shoulders of snow.

The venerable and lore-logged names of the divinities of classic mythology are manipulated with a levity and a skill that reminds one sometimes of Jerrold's *Heathen Mythology*.

3. *Perfect Through Suffering*. A tale in prose, published serially in *The Land We Love*, during the year 1867. In point of merit as a novel, it ranks far above *Nameless*, — and this superiority comes mainly from the greater care given to the work — the finer effort, and more time taken in its preparation. I presume it will be reproduced in book form soon.

4. *Florida*. A tale of the Land of Flowers. This is a serial story, written for the *Southern Home Journal*, and is probably the author's best novel. Indeed, everything she writes indicates a steady advancement in the maturing of her powers — this remark applying with perhaps more force to her verse than to her prose.

As already stated, I regard Mrs. Downing as more than all things else, a poet ; and I shall give a few specimens to illustrate the opinion.

Of Mrs. Downing's minor poems, the *Legend of Catawba* is the longest, and in point of merit ranks high. It is, however, a legend — a narrative — and as such can hardly rank with the best poetry, however good in itself. One other point militates against its taking the first rank among her poems — that it is a

supernatural story, and an impossible legend. Still, it is rich with the sweetest of poetry, and redolent of the true aroma of genius and feeling. Touches of playful fancy sparkle here and there, with the happiest effect always. This compliment to "Eve's stately daughters," is happily suggestive and gracefully turned :—

And with their soft and starry eyes
Uplifted to the beaming skies,
Drew angels from their home above
To one more sweet — the heaven of love !

Egomel Ipse is a psychological poem, full of the mad unrest of the thoroughly awakened soul, — the soul thrown back upon itself, and into its very self-presence, with questions of life and death. A few stanzas will give the spirit of this Browning-like poem :—

Every human soul, they cry,
Bears God's image, clear and plain.
Can a creature such as I
Kindred with Jehovah claim ?

I, whose dim uncertain sense
Scarce knows mortal day from night,
Partner of Omnipotence,
Portion of Eternal Light !

Maker ! make my knowledge more,
Or my cravings somewhat less ;
Give me from Thy boundless store
Nothingness or rich excess !

Clear these burning doubts for me,
Shrive me that those doubts arise ;
Father ! if a part of Thee,
Raise me to my native skies !

I would sound their fathoms deep,
 I would to their centres go ;
 Though with knowledge sorrows creep,
 Though with wisdom wrestles woe !

.
 If a mortal pining moan
 For soul-satisfying bread,
 And receive a flinty stone
 From the cheating world instead,

Wilt Thou hold him all accurst,
 If he fling it down in wrath,
 And with frantic footsteps burst
 Into wisdom's secret path ?

Does a sin in knowledge lurk ?
 Must one never dare to look,
 Lest men impious hold his work,
 In creation's sealed book ?

Reverently I lift its seals,—
 Shrinkingly my shoes remove ;
 Lo ! the glowing page reveals
 But Thine image and Thy love !

By the light that love evolves,
 All earth's glimmering haze grows bright ;
 Error into truth resolves,—
 Faith is changed to perfect sight !

There is much of this philosophy—the perfect-through-suffering theory of the uses of adversity, and the large faith in God that hushes every moan of human complaint under the outcry of Hope and Trust,—there is much of this philosophy, I say, in Mrs. Downing's poetry. There is much of the wild and passionate heart-uttering of Owen Meredith in these poems. These two points—and both are strong ones—are illustrated in *We Will Wait*, which I give entire, notwithstanding its length, because of its inseparable unity :—

WE WILL WAIT.

Within a chamber, which the rarest taste,
Conjoined with antique art and wealth, had made
The fitting shrine of a divinity,
A lovely lady sat, on whose broad brow
There beamed a beauty not expressed by words
Of our poor human language. Such a look
As souls may wear when purgatorial fires
Have burned away the many stains and soils
Of earthly errors, and upon them dawns—
Their pangs still unforgotten—all the peace
And bliss of heaven. She had suffered much;
Her life the reproduction of an oft-told tale,—
High birth, fair face, and gifted nature linked
To poverty. A castle, scarcely fit
For human habitation, and some rare
And costly jewels formed her worldly dower
And wealth. She loved, and was beloved by one,
Who matched her nature as deep answereth deep.
They were the halves of a once-severed soul,
Which fitted to each other would have made—
Indissolubly strong—a perfect whole.
It might not be—such wealth of happiness
Is not for mortals! Duty barred their bliss
With adamant chain of filial love,
And she with woman's wondrous strength,
Made sacrifice not only of herself,
But herself's dearer part—the man she loved!
She wedded one she loved not, save with love
Which women give to those whose names they bear,
Simply because they bear them,—due respect,
And calm and kindly feeling, whose sole fault
Was lack of love. He, material wholly,
Neither looked, nor cared for more. He was content
To own her beauty, and to know his name
Derived new lustre from her sharing it;
For she was pure as her own bosom, or
The spotless emerald which adorned her robes,
When, with her peers of England's high-born dames,
She stood before her sovereign, and bowed down

In loving homage, o'er that royal hand
 Than which a nobler one was never owned
 By crowned queen or woman ! Full of years,
 Her lord was gathered to his fathers, mourned
 With pensive sadness, — no parade of grief.
 He blessed her as he died, and left her young,
 And rich, and beautiful. She had all gifts,
 Except the one worth all, — that one was lost !
 So knowing but too well, the happiness
 She craved so keenly never could be hers,
 She meekly took the lot in life God gave,
 And used it nobly. Sitting now alone,
 With scarcely conscious fingers she removed
 The close-sealed stone beneath whose clinging clasp
 The fount of memory slumbered. With a gush
 The bubbling waters from their prison burst,
 And with their mighty volume washed away
 Her cares and sorrows, bringing up so clear
 Her life's brief spring-time with its gleam of joy,
 That though the present was not all forgot,
 Its power to sway her vanished, and her past
 Came back before her with such magic force,
 That in her thoughts she was once more a girl,
 And lived the story of her loving o'er
 In burning words like these: —

The snow has wrapped the earth as in a mantle,
 The midnight winds are moaning low and deep,
 And I within my locked, luxurious chamber,
 Tryst with the sheeted ghosts of memory keep.

This soft white cloak, above the frozen landscape, —
 The weary moon's pure beams of pale gold, —
 Are fitting types of my enforced existence,
 Lit by the star of duty, clear but cold.

I sit alone with listless hands laid idly,
 Void of all purpose, on my torpid breast ;
 I wonder if its throbs would rise so calmly,
 If God had sent a baby there to rest !

A tiny thing, with clustering chestnut ringlets,
And eyes—not black, but mellow, golden brown;
It might have been—if now such thoughts are sinful,
God, and the angels help me crush them down!

Best as it is!—yet sometimes thoughts rebellious,
Break through the surface of my iron will,
Recounting all the sweets life has denied me,
And making them by contrast sweeter still.

They do not last, those human vain repinings,
Though long the shadows which they cast remain,
A strength comes with them, product born of suffering—
Faith is the opiate heaven applies to pain!

Here gazing deep into the glowing embers,
Watching the wierd, fantastic shapes they cast,
I see, as if within a magic mirror,
The saddest evening of our buried past.

Do you remember it, my spirit's darling?—
That autumn evening when the sun sank low
Into a sea of crimson-crested cloudlets,
And earth, and air, and heaven flamed all aglow

With fire drawn from the inmost depths of nature,
Though cold, and pale, and faint its radiance seemed
To that transcending, opalescent glory,
Which in our panting bosoms flashed and beamed;

When the wild love so long walled in and fettered,
Burst all its barriers, and with torrent strong,
Rushed, surged, and eddied in ecstatic passion,
And whirled us in delirious bliss along.

Have you forgotten the close-wooded thicket,
Whose tall pines darkled on the scarlet sky?
How you besought me to explore its shadows,
How trembling, I refused, not knowing why?

I know well now ! It was our guardian angel,
Who speeding swiftly from some crystal sphere,
Whispered a word of softly solemn warning
To my unconscious, half-reluctant ear.

We lingered, wandering through the quiet village
Till evening merged in twilight dusk and chill,
And your dear hands, which held my own so fondly,
Clasped me in close caresses fonder still.

Returning thence, we reached the narrow foot-path,
Along the craggy hillside rudely thrown,
Where you released me with a mournful whisper,
"We part, my own love, — each must walk alone."

Ah! darling, those sad words were too prophetic
Of our dark future, with its woes and strife;
Not only on the rugged hill-side parted,
But severed from each other through all life!

As on we crept, in words as soft and soothing
As mothers use when suffering babes they tend,
I tried to tell you that our hopeless loving
Must have, in its beginning, and its end.

Even as I spoke, my fluttering scarlet mantle
Was pinioned down by two strong arms above;
Then came a wild, sharp moan, a frantic pressure,
And then the first sweet kiss of perfect love.

Another, and another, till I pleaded
All faint and frightened, white as ocean's foam,
Till clinging to you in my sudden weakness,
We reached the ruined castle I called home.

Within its lonely moss-grown porch we cowered,
While passion, like a tropic tempest, spurred control;
And in fierce gusts of varying bliss and anguish,
Raged on resistless through each frenzied soul.

Half crazed with pain, then thrilled with fond emotion,
Despair and love by turns possessed each heart ;
While with a stroke by which two lives were murdered,
We struck the blow that wrenched our love apart.

No tears—our woe lay far beneath their sources ;
No weak regrets, nor stooping to repine :
Our life, our love, ourselves, with strength unearthly
We laid with conscious hands on duty's shrine.

But ere we bound the victims to the altar,
Or sacrificial fire above them flamed,
We gave our love for one brief, glorious moment,
The rights which trampled nature loudly claimed.

One wild embrace, one quick, convulsive pressure,
Two souls, united in one clinging kiss,
Beneath the influence of whose blinding sweetness,
Our spirits soared in ecstasy of bliss.

I gave that kiss, my darling, thrilled with pity,
And love, and pain, well knowing while we live,
That to your lonely, ever-yearning spirit
That little kiss was all that I could give.

No words were uttered, for all words were useless ;
Our raptures ran beyond all human ken ;
Each fathomed to the plummet's utmost sounding,
Through depths of feeling never reached till then, —

And never since, — be sure of that, beloved ! —
The thought falls soft as dew on sun-scorched flowers ;
Whatever joys may have been taken from us,
Whatever blessings, this the best, is ours.

Each one to each was what no other had been,
Nor ever could be. Each to each revealed
The deepest mysteries of our complex natures,
Henceforth from others thrice securely sealed.

Eyes gazed in eyes and read supernal secrets,
 Soul unto soul celestial knowledge brought;
 We reached the utmost bound allotted mortals,
 And revelled in a realm past human thought.

All in ~~one~~ moment of material measuring,
 Though centuries of feeling filled its space;
 That ~~attribute~~ of our grand Source was granted,
 That ~~much~~ in common with aërial race!

I broke the spell: "All now is over, darling."
 And you replied in hoarse and hollow tone:
 "All but the right of loving—that is ours!"
 "And heaven!" I whispered. Then you stood alone.

Alone with your great sorrow! God is gracious!
 I trust His gentle angels brought relief;
 I hid myself within my close-locked chamber,
 And wrestled in a woman's weakness with my grief.

Then laid it in its grave—heaped stones upon it;
 Encased my features in pride's iron mask,
 Rang for my maid, and seeming just awakened,
 Impatient bade her hasten to her task.

She did it well. The mirror's polished surface
 Gave back a woman men call wondrous fair,
 Decked in a robe of fashion's costly shaping,
 With diamonds glittering over breast and hair.

They gleamed and glowed with flashing scintillations
 Of crimson flame, so rare and highly prized;
 I looked upon them in their mocking splendour,
 And thought them tears by suffering crystallized!

Oh! what a theatre this hollow world is,
 And with what matchless skill we women play!
 I joined my guests, the very queen of pleasure,
 And led the revel, gayest of the gay.

You found me centre of a brilliant circle,
And told in courtly phrases, brief and few,
Your sudden summons and enforced departure,
Then bowed, held out your hand, and said adieu.

Within your outstretched palm my fingers nestled,
As light as snow-flakes, for an instant's space.
I said "*Bon voyage*, — we shall miss you greatly;
Good-by, Lord Manfred," — smiling in your face.

Smiles on the velvet lips so late your playmates,
Smiles in the liquid eyes you called your stars, —
Bright, beaming smiles of one who knew no sorrow,
And all the while beneath my bosom's bars,

My torn and tortured heart was moaning fiercely,
Like some caged creature stung with lash and thong;
And as you vanished through the curtained doorway,
One struck the prelude of a promised song !

Sublime in strength, I sang the *Miserere*,
And singing, grasped my silk-draped side so tight,
Clutching and wringing with such cruel pressure,
That livid bruises stained its surface white.

Ere many days, by aid of cooling unguents,
The black bruise faded from the tender skin;
Long years have passed, but never balm, nor healing
Has soothed the blacker bruise that lies within !

God loves us all, His weak, created children,
Helps us to seek the right and shun the wrong;
Tempers earth's plowshares into heaven's falchions,
And out of suffering makes us grow so strong !

You went into the world, and on Fame's temple
Engraved your name in letters deep and clear;
I did my duty and fulfilled my mission
With equal strength in woman's smaller sphere.

Each stands a conqueror in life's bitter battle;
 The years fling laurels as Time speeds them on,
 And none suspects that 'neath the glistening garland,
 We wear an ever-pointed crown of thorn.

God knows it all ! He with supreme compassion,
 Will one day bid the constant torture cease,
 And to our bound and sorely stricken spirits,
 Will utter welcome mandate of release.

Oh, darling, then with seraph spring exultant,
 Our souls' with earth's transgressions all forgiven,
 Shall claim each other, and in endless union
 Prove the full meaning of what we call Heaven !

Mrs. Downing is intensely Southern in her feeling, as well as in her genius; and by this I mean no vague generality—I have a specific and definite idea, as all who study carefully what she has written will see. The direct utterance of this feeling has found vent in many poems, especially in those that touch upon the distinguished state prisoner for several months held in Fortress Monroe. These fervid outbursts of indignant and outraged feeling were characteristic of the poet as a Southron; and the utterance of such feeling, clothed in drapery so tropical, points out the Southern genius, with its whole-souled, unreserved frankness, and incautious expression of the ruling impulse.

I can not refrain from quoting *Sunset Musings*, one of Mrs. Downing's early poems, as I have given nothing in the same vein. That it is a gem in its way, no genuine lover of such sentiment will for a moment fail to see. It is the meditative heart in accord with sympathetic Nature :—

Love of mine, the day is done,
 All the long, hot summer day;
 In the west the golden sun
 Sinks in purple clouds away.
 Nature rests in calm repose,
 Not a zephyr rocks the rose,—

Not a ripple on the tide;
And the little boats, that glide
Lazily along its stream,
Flit like shadows in a dream.
Not one drooping leaf is stirred—
Bee, and butterfly, and bird,
Silence keep. Above, around,
Hangs a stillness so profound
That the spirit awe-struck shrinks,
As of Eden-days it thinks,
Half-expectant here to see
The descending Deity.

Love of mine, when life's fierce sun
To its final setting goes,
All its long bright journey run—
Varied course of joys and woes, —
May there fall a soothing calm,
Bringing on its wings a balm
To our hearts, which aching feel
"Here each grief has set its seal!"
May a stillness soft as this,
Wrap our souls in purest bliss,
Till the worry and the strife
Of this fever we call life,
With its pain and passion, cease,
And we rest in perfect peace!
Love of mine, may we behold,
Eden's visitant of old,
As our last breath dies away
By us, at the close of day!

The minor poems would make a handsome volume, of convenient size; and it is to be hoped that that addition will ere long be made to our literature.

Mrs. Downing is the second daughter of the late John W. Murdaugh, Esquire, of Virginia, who represented his county—Norfolk, I believe—many years in the Virginia legislature. The family has produced some of the finest legal ability in that state.

James Murdaugh, her uncle, has been justly pronounced one of the ablest library lawyers in Virginia. Her education was very carefully conducted by Mr. Henry Robinson, widely known in the Old Dominion as a thorough and conscientious educator of youth.

Miss Fanny Murdaugh became Mrs. Downing in 1851, while yet in her teens. She became the wife of Charles W. Downing, Esquire, then Secretary of State, at Tallahassee, in the Land of Flowers. She has lived several years in Charlotte, North Carolina, where she now resides.

She is devoted to painting, music, and the fine arts generally. This follows almost necessarily from the degree of sentiment, taste, and culture indicated by the position she has taken as a *littérateur*. She is thorough, and does nothing and feels nothing by halves.

In society she is brilliant, *prononcée*, and a universal favourite; eminently fitted by culture, tastes, and extraordinary gifts of conversation, especially of repartee, to be the leader of the *ton*—the queen of society—that she is universally in her circle conceded to be.

In the difficult and womanly art of letter-writing, she has, I risk nothing in venturing the opinion, no superior outside of the confessed classics in that department of literature.

With a fine knowledge of the ancient classics, she never appears pedantic; and with a ready knowledge of some of the modern languages, she does not obtrude mere learning upon her friends and admirers.

Her character is eminently feminine—womanly to the last analysis.

In person Mrs. Downing is small, elevated in bearing, and in every sense a woman of mark. Her small person, vivacity, black eyes, and luxuriantly abundant black hair, go far to suggest the idea of her being French, especially when taken in connection with her aptness at *bon-mot* and repartee; but yet she is English in descent, and tenacious of English feelings and habits of thought.

MRS. KATE A. DUBOSE.

Mrs. DUBOSE is a native of England, having been born in the year 1828, in Oxfordshire. While she was an infant the family emigrated to America, settling first in Georgia, and then in Beaufort District, South Carolina. At the age of twenty she became the wife of Mr. Charles W. Dubose, a prominent lawyer of Sparta, Georgia, where they now reside. Their residence is known as Willow Cottage—a synonym thereabouts for a cosy and elegant home.

Mrs. Dubose has written for many periodicals—stories and poems—sometimes under the *nom de plume* of Leila Cameron, but generally under her own name. Her mind is eminently religious, and this element pervades nearly every piece she has ever published. She wrote a prize poem for the *Orion Magazine* (Georgia), called *Wachulla*, it being a description of that famous fountain in Florida. She has published but one book—*The Pastor's Household, or Lessons on the Eleventh Commandment*; published in 1858. She wrote another, but the manuscript was lost during the war. *Alone*, will illustrate her poetic style:—

Alone, alone !

In the still eventide and early morn,

My spirit breathes the self-same mournful tone

When thou art gone !

From the old elm

The mock-bird pours the song we loved to hear,

But now his notes my spirit overwhelm, —

Would thou wert near !

Linger not long !

The loved one longs to meet thy dear caress ;

No voice like thine has power, in all the throng,

Her heart to bless !

Do not the flowers
 Fold up their heart-leaves when the day is done,
 And, sadly drooping, through the darkened hours,
 Mourn for the sun ?

So I for thee,
 Who art *the* sun that gilds my earthly lot ;
 No beauty brightens the dull world to me
 Where thou art not !

I miss thy voice
 In that still consecrated hour, when we
 Were wont, to Him who makes the earth rejoice,
 To bend the knee !

In those bright bowers
 Where birds of Eden swell their tuneful notes,
 And on the air, perfumed with fadeless flowers,
 Their music floats ;

In that fair clime
 The loved ones never part ; and there, my own, •
 May we forever feast on joys divine, —
 No more alone !



CYPRIEN DUFOUR.

This Franco-American writer is a distinguished lawyer of the Crescent City.

The only work of his I have before me is his *Esquisses Locales*, — a series or collection of sketches of New-Orleans celebrities, political, editorial and literary, — mainly the first, — which appeared in 1847. It embraces forty-eight sketches ; and while the name of M. Dufour does not appear on the title-page, it is on all hands conceded to be his, and is constantly spoken of as such.

In his *Lettre d'Envoi*, the author, addressing his publisher, thus speaks of his material : “ Ces esquisses, au fond, je vous

le dis sans fausse modestie, n'auront pas grande portée. Elles n'ont d'autre mérite que celui d'être saisies à vol d'oiseau dans quelques moments de loisir. Si elles ont un but, ce ne peut pas être grand'chose — probablement quelques reflets de vérité, voilà tout. Elles auront, par exemple, la prétention d'indiquer les qualités sans flatterie, comme les travers sans méchanceté. Elles vous feront peut-être sourire, mais sans blesser personne. Fugitives comme l'image d'un corps qui passe devant une glace, vous aurez la bonté de n'y voir rien de plus. Vous souvenez-vous de ce que dit un poète contemporain, je ne sais où, à propos d'une de ses œuvres : *Ce n'est rien, c'est une fantasia!* Eh bien ! c'est cela."

Of himself, in the same *Lettre*, he says, "Il est inutile de me demander mon nom ; il est assez obscur pour demeurer inconnu. J'ai vécu dans l'ombre jusqu'ici ; souffrez que j'y reste. *Stat umbra!*"

CHARLES OSCAR DUGUÉ.

This Franco-American poet-editor was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, on Tuesday, the May-day of 1821. He was educated, as is usual with our wealthier French Creoles, in France, — the College of Saint Louis, in Paris, being his *alma mater*.

At the age of twenty-five he returned to the United States, and at once entered upon the practice of law in New Orleans, where he soon attained an enviable eminence.

He has published :—

1. *Essais Poétiques*. This is a volume of poems, mostly occasional, in which the sentiment and scenery are in a peculiar way Southern. Published, with a Preface by A. Rouquette, in 1847.

2. *Milo, ou la Mort de la Salle*. A drama founded upon incidents in the earliest history of the poet's native state. Published in 1852.

3. *Le Cygne, ou Mingo*. This is also a tragedy, of which the subject is drawn from local legend and history, having an Indian plot, in which Tecumseh figures, and of which Mingo, a celebrated chief, is the hero.

4. *Philosophie Morale*. This work was announced a year or two before the war, and was to be issued in both French and English, but I believe that it has not yet made its appearance.

5. Some *Brochures Politiques et Philosophiques*.

BALLARD S. DUNN.

In 1866, there appeared a small volume, making no claim to mere literary excellence, but depending for all its interest upon its facts, entitled, —

Brazil, the Home for Southerners; or a Practical Account of what the Author, and Others who visited that Country for the same Objects, saw and did while in that Empire. By Rev. Ballard S. Dunn, Rector of St. Phillip's Church, New Orleans, and late of the Confederate Army..

MISS ELIZA ANN DUPUY.

Although Miss Dupuy is intensely Southern in her sectional feelings, she is most widely known, of late years at least, as a writer for the *Ledger*, of which the circulation and character are felt to be mainly Northern. For a writer of tales to be a popular contributor to that journal supposes his being in no small degree sensational.

Mrs. Southworth and Miss Dupuy are the most noted of Southern writers that have been favourite contributors to the *Ledger*.

Miss Dupuy is a native of Petersburg, Virginia, and lived a while during childhood in Norfolk. She is of French descent,

her father being a merchant and ship-owner of Norfolk, descended from a Huguenot family. Miss Dupuy is a granddaughter of Captain Joel Sturdevant, who commanded a company in the war of the Revolution, and served with honour to its close, and is but very distantly connected with the old pirate who is known as Commodore Sturdevant.

Before the daughter had reached womanhood, Mr. Dupuy removed from Virginia, with his family, to Kentucky. It was there that Miss Dupuy wrote her first book, — *Merton, a Tale of the Revolution*, — in aid of her father's "efforts to retrieve their fallen fortunes."

Besides Kentucky, Miss Dupuy has lived in several more Southern States, especially Mississippi and Louisiana, where most of her works have been written. Her books are:—

1. *Merton, a Tale of the Revolution.*

2. *The Conspirator.* A tale of which Aaron Burr and his scheme are the main historical matters, inwoven with the story. It was first published serially in the *New World*, and later issued in book form by the Appletons, of New York. Many consider this the author's best novel.

3. *Celeste, or the Pirate's Daughter.*

4. *The Separation.*

5. *The Divorce.*

6. *The Coquette's Punishment.*

7. *Florence, or the Fatal Vow.*

8. *The Concealed Treasure.*

9. *Ashleigh: a Tale of the Revolution.*

10. *Emma Walton, or Trials and Triumphs.*

11. *The Country Neighbourhood.* This is a story said to be based upon actual life, and is of the style called "strong and spirited."

12. *The Huguenot Exiles.* This is probably Miss Dupuy's strong book. It deals with the legends of her family, and with the history of her own race and its romantic fortunes. A lady critic says of it:—

"It is full of scenes of most absorbing interest, while it exhibits the elegance of style and purity of diction which are among Miss Dupuy's characteristics as a writer. It embodies the history of the persecution which immediately preceded and followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, by which so many brave and noble subjects of Louis XIV. were driven from France, to seek in our western world 'freedom to worship God.' In this tale the author has gracefully interwoven the romantic history of her own immediate ancestor. As a historical novel, it may class with the best in our language." And that is saying a good deal.

13. *The Planter's Daughter*. A story of Southern life, of which the scene lies near New Orleans. The tale is in an eminent degree sensational, — in the style of Mrs. Southworth and Professor Peck, with an inclination in the direction of Miss Braddon. It is redolent of murder, madness, tears, robbery, revolvers, corpses, and confusions; and trips lightly through the mazes of guilt, blood-and-thunderous declamation, threats, stage love-making, and Italian gallantry. It is what Mr. Bonner might advertise as "a popular story, of thrilling interest."

14. A large number of serial tales and stories that have appeared in the *Ledger*, from 1860 to 1868; among which I recognize the following:—

Autobiography of a Skeleton. 1860.

Lost Deeds. By Anna Young. 1861.

Mysterious Marriage.

White Terror. 1862.

The Outlaw's Bride. 1863.

The Secret Chamber.

The Life Cruise. 1864.

The Family Secret. 1864.

Lady of Ashurst. 1865.

Fatal Error. 1866.

Evil Genius. 1867.

The Dead Heart. 1868.

It will be apparent, from this list of stories, published in Bonner's *New-York Ledger*, that the writer continued a favourite contributor to a northern periodical during the entire war. It will also be apparent that the stories, as far as depends upon their titles, are of the style known as sensational, or Miss Braddonish.

Miss Dupuy writes four hours in the mornings, and gives the afternoons to revisals. This great industry accounts for the large quantity of books she continues to throw off.



MRS. SUSAN BLANCHARD ELDER.

In the number of those whose muses for the most part have been silent in peace but vocal in war, is Mrs. Elder, of New Orleans. Though gifted for musical utterance by nature and culture, the allurements of domestic life too fully met the wants of her womanly nature, happy beyond the need of poetic utterance; but when war, with its many passions and many sufferings, came, there came to her the need of more constant writing. During the war, accordingly, she wrote very often for the local press,—both while still in the Crescent City, and after she was driven into exile by the exigencies of war.

Mrs. Elder is the eldest daughter of General Blanchard, of the Confederate Army, previously of the United States Army. While he was on duty at an extreme western military post, his first daughter was born. He, a few years after, removed to New Orleans, where the education of his children was conducted. While yet very young she was married to Mr. Charles D. Elder, of that city. She wrote essays, addresses, lyrics, petty dramas, and literary exercises of a light nature. The war roused her to graver themes. Exile into Mississippi and Alabama, during the greater part of the war, called forth frequent utterances of sentiments accordant to the harsher times in which her life was moving. She is still quite young; and with the new stimulus of

a desolated country, gives promise of more striking pen-work than the past has yielded.

Chateaux en Espagne is a pleasantly turned lyric of the times, and illustrates in some degree the general style of Mrs. Elder's versification, — though it wants something of that vivid and indignant tone that characterizes some of her war-songs, written upon special occasions :—

Our castles in Spain are proud and high,
With lofty spires and glittering domes !
We may often see, in the western sky,
The burnished roofs of those stately homes,
With their crimson banners flung out to cheer
Our weary hearts in their exile here.

All that was lost, in days now gone,
Is treasured up in our castle fair ;
Our faded crown and our fallen throne,
Our past renown and our valour rare,
Our ruined hopes and vanished dreams,
Take lasting shapes and unfading gleams !

Our gallant dead are restored to life,
By the balmy air of that Spanish land ;
Not ghastly pale from their glorious strife,
But laurel-crowned, in those halls they stand ;
While fretted ceiling and frescoed arch
Resound with the notes of their triumph-march.

The tender vows of the bridal day,
The light shut down 'neath the icy lid,
The golden tint of the hair now gray,
Are all in our Spanish caskets hid ;
With the generous hopes of our boyhood's time,
And the nobler deeds of our manhood's prime !

In our Spanish homes no oppression stalks,
To bow the head or to crush the heart ;
No skeleton freedom in manacles walks,
Bleeding with wounds from a venomous dart ;
But Liberty free, and unfettered, and proud,
Wears a heavenly robe, not a horrible shroud !

The future is dismal. Its clouds hang low,
 Darkening the present with shadows of gloom ;
 But over our Spanish possessions we know
 There's a golden glow and a tender bloom,
 And a halo of beauty surpassingly bright,
 In whose presence there enters no shadow of night.

If sorrow or shame, with want and dismay,
 Ever darken the South in her valleys so fair,
 Her children all know they have lands far away, —
 They all possess stately, proud "castles in air,"
 Which they never can lose by tyrannical power,
 And where Hope smiles serene through the gloomiest hour !

MISS LOUISE ELENJAY.

This lady is a Virginian. She is an invalid, unable to walk.
 The books she has written are these :—

1. *Censoria Lictoria of Facts and Folks.*
2. *Rising Young Men, and other Tales.*
3. *Letters and Miscellanies.*

In 1866 I find her among the contributors of *The Ladies' Home*, a literary weekly of Georgia, to which she contributed some earnest and sweet but sad verses, dated Pineland Place, Virginia. *No Room* is an illustrative example :—

Shut out from life's homes, crushed down in the crowd,
 Alone in life's haunts, alone in the inn ;
 Alone in my sorrow, and shunned by the proud,
 As if trace of deep wrong were a brand of dark sin.
 "No room" in the palace, the cottage, the hall ;
 No rest for my feet on the hearthstone I see,
 "No room" for the stranger, wherever I call,
 Will the "low, narrow house," have any for me ?

"No room" for my love in affection's fond fold,
 "No room" for my song in the world's maddening din ;
 "No room" in the world, — aye, the same world of old
 That found for the Master "no room at the inn."

"No room" for the Maker and Saviour of all,
 Who came to "his own" and they welcomed him not;
 "No room" but the stable, the manger, the stall,—
 Hast thou, lone and homeless, so lowly a lot?

Is it much for thee, then, to be as thy Lord?
 Say, "little of faith," is thy courage so small?
 Earth's "cup of cold water" may not win reward,
 But the thirst of His soul it mocked with the gall.
 The crimson-hued agony welled from his brow,
 Yet, "Father, forgive!" from His dying lips fall;
 And "a house not with hands," he is building it now,—
 Shame on thee, faint heart, thus to murmur at all!



C. S. FARRAR.

Among the thousand-and-one war-books since the war, is *The War, Its Causes and Consequences*; and C. S. Farrar, of Bolivar County, Mississippi, is the author.



GEORGE FITZHUGH.

In the great battle of the age on the question of Slavery, Mr. Fitzhugh stands—or, ten years ago, stood—one step in advance of the front rank in the Southern line of battle.

Mr. Fitzhugh's genius is polemic.

His organ of Destructiveness is large.

With an active and acute intellect, large stores of information, a proneness to paradox and a fondness for effects, he has given much thought to the subject of Slavery—not Negro Slavery, but Slavery in contradistinction to the universal-emancipation mania of the age. He has very properly linked the affiliated points of Slavery and Labour.

Slavery in general, and Negro Slavery in particular, have been

discussed from many points of view, — the Scriptural, theological, anatomical, ethnological, ethical, historical, judicial, politico-economical, sentimental, and necessitarian, — and by various writers ; such as Leigh, Gholson, Brown, Harper, Smith, Hammond, Dew, Stringfellow, Thornwell, Calhoun, Lyon, Middleton, Seabury, Hopkins, Fuller, Dickson, Adams, Cobb, Simms, Sloan, Holcombe, Bledsoe, and a host of other names, some great and some small, — not to mention poor old Billingsgate Brownlow, who made a book on the subject.

Mr. Fitzhugh has written two books :—

1. *Sociology for the South ; or, the Failure of Free Society.* 1854.

2. *Cannibals All, or Slaves without Masters.*

Both are able, in their way.

The *Sociology* is the superior of the two. It is a unique book, sagacious but eccentric and discursive, bold and novel, and in an eminent degree suggestive. It is extremist, but full of original and living thought, — no re-hash of former speculations.

The book is for Slavery, and against the cardinal principle of political economy, Free Trade.

The author quotes the leading defenders of Free Society to prove that the true ends of society are not attained nor attainable by it — that Free Society is a failure, a failure inevitable and fatal. He maintains not only that Slavery is right, but that Non-Slavery is wrong, — that nothing but Slavery can be right.

His argument is a species of *reductio ad absurdum*.

The author, of course, has a fling at the Declaration of Independence in its assertion of the equality of all men, — the perverted teaching imbibed by Jefferson from the vicious French school of Rousseau and Voltaire, who appropriated it by a similar perversion from the Roman Institutes (Inst. I. Tit. III. Dig. I. Tit. I. § 4.), which enounced the law of equality for a government whose principles and practice on the Slavery question were as well-defined and as pro-slavery as were those of Virginia or South Carolina. Mr. Fitzhugh annihilates the flimsy shadow of force

that ever seemed to inhere in this sophistical proposition. I mean flimsy only as it appears under his scathing analysis; for it has been a formidable stumbling-block in the way of slavery-advocates.

Our author has also a fling at the whole large family of modern social reformists—the Communists, Socialists, Proudhonists, Equalitarians, *et al.*,—and they falter and fall back before his effective fire.

Mr. Fitzhugh holds ground similar to that occupied by Aristotle, who knew nothing in especial of Negro Slavery. Our Virginian's territory is largely more extensive, however, than was that of the encyclopedian Greek. The Ancient saw but an island—an insular fact—while the Modern sees over the broad continent of nature.

This author's objections to Free Trade are distinct and broad. It stands in contravention of Nature's established laws. Let us hear him speak for himself:—

“Free trade occasions a vast and useless, probably a very noxious waste of capital and labour, in exchanging the productions of different and distant climes and regions. Furs and oils are not needed at the South, and the fruits of the tropics are tasteless and insipid at the North. It is probable, if the subject were scientifically investigated, it would be found that the productions of one clime when used in another are injurious and deleterious.” (*Sociology*, p. 18.)

However little this dictum may conform to the theories of commerce, there is no denying the fact that this reference to the laws of Nature—this deference to her suggestions and conveniences—is a growing fact; and is being made practical in domestic economy, in Pathology, and in Zoology so far as it relates to domestic animals.

It may be freely admitted that it is only a question of time; and that this principle is destined to be universally acknowledged, and to control the coming creeds in politico-economical philosophy.

In *Cannibals All*, Mr. Fitzhugh pushes his inquiries to a greater extreme upon the Slavery issue. He illustrates and demonstrates further what he terms the cannibalism of all society based upon anti-slavery principles; shows that slavery is based upon natural law, and how; and, spurning the co-operation of those who argue upon African inferiority, claims that Slavery has no necessary relations to colour.

This, however, the Scripture argument had done before.

But all agree in the superiority of Negro Slavery.

Mr. Fitzhugh thus stands clearly one step in advance of the front of the Southern line of battle in this great War of Slavery.

In this position our author's prominence is the more marked, in that he reaches the climax of demonstrations favouring African slavery, at a moment when the besom of Progress is just in the process of sweeping African slavery from the world.

The fates appear mightier than Mr. Fitzhugh's logic, or that of the host of pro-slavery sociological writers, — mightier also than the earnest and daring people who have bled so heroically in this cause, having, as they had, the world against them. Future times will keep these books as curious or monstrous things.

Mr. Fitzhugh is a resident, perhaps a native, of the city of Richmond; a lawyer by profession, retired from practice; about fifty years of age; having a family.

During the war, he wrote frequently for DeBow's *Commercial Review*, as he had done before that time; though his contributions were not confined to that periodical. He discussed freely the questions of the day in the Richmond daily papers. Since the war, we find him still vigorously discussing his favourite subjects of State economy and sociology. In DeBow's Review he gives us a thinking article on the Excess of Population and Increase of Crime; and numerous other articles exhibit him in his favourite light, — original, earnest, logical, and independent.

In person he is about medium height and size; possibly a shade below this; of dark complexion; a silent-looking man, of pleasant and impressive manner.

HENRY LYNDEN FLASH.

Several years ago—it may be ten—in some newspaper, probably the *Home Journal*, of New York, I chanced upon this little poem, called *Love and Wrong*, under the authority of Lynden Eclair:—

A scoffed-at prayer, the flit of a dress,
The glance of a frenzied eye,
A sullen splash, and the moon shone out,
And the stream went murmuring by.

And never again will I walk by the moon,
Through the oaks and chestnuts high;
For I fear to see the flit of a dress,
And the glance of a frenzied eye.

And some may laugh and some may weep,
But as for me, I pray;
For I know that a tale of love and wrong
Will be told on the Judgment-Day.

I was startled at the power of these three stanzas—at the condensation—the *multum in parvo*—the thrilling tact of telling so much in so very few words. It is true, there is too much of the melodramatic and spasmodic in the fiction of this *Love and Wrong*, but still there is power. Whoever has read the poem will never forget it.

I felt that, whoever he was, Lynden Eclair was a true poet. The name was evidently a *nom de plume*, and I awaited anxiously the name of the author.

The next I saw of Lynden Eclair was in the *Sunday Delta*, of New Orleans, during 1858, I believe, in a lyric called *Who Can Tell*, dated Mobile, Alabama. That poem is also brief:—

She lived a life of sin and shame,
Spurned by the fool, shunned by the good,—
A withered hope, a blasted name,
A blighted womanhood.

She died within a loathsome den,
Unwept-for to the grave was borne,
While sleek-cheeked, pious hypocrites,
Smiled with a smile of scorn.

And said, "This is the end of sin,
And Satan now has claimed his own."
Forgetting Christ, "He that is pure
Let him first cast a stone."

"Judge not, lest ye be judged," he said,
And e'en the thief upon the cross,
Gave up his life in penitence, —
A gainer by the loss.

And gentle Mercy pleads for all,
And she perhaps may dwell
Up with the singing hosts of heaven, —
Peace, bigot ! who can tell ?

This was so full of passionate earnestness, of Spartan pith, of dramatic life, and withal of catholic charity, that my interest in the anonyne and the puzzle increased.

I knew of no man in America who could approach the peculiar *verve* of these lyrics, except Stoddard, and had reasons for believing that it was not he. Aldrich might have conceived and even written them ; he could never have left them without some evidence of polish and of his patient retouching, — could never have left them in the Greek simplicity in which they here appear.

My mind at once turned to a transatlantic star, just then rising into view, from which alone, as I conceived, this peculiar light could come.

My mind fixed upon Owen Meredith — Bulwer *filis* — as the one living poet who might be the author of these poemlets, of such unique spirit and vigour, — of such concise, suggestive, and yet easy and nonchalant expression. I had read Owen Meredith's poems, from time to time, in the newspapers, of the day ; and about that time his poems appeared in an American reprint

of an English volume. This volume, in my view, placed Owen Meredith high among contemporary poets, — second, if not first, after Tennyson.

Imagine my surprise and pleasure, then, when a new poem came unmistakably from the same brain, and with it the identity of authorship, under the true name of Henry Lynden Flash; and with it came, too, the information that the poet was not only an American but a Southron. This new poem far surpassed both the others, and assured the author a more distinct and fixed elevation in the scale of poetic rank. It is called *What She Brought Me*, and needs no parade of its merits to give it currency from heart to heart, all over our beauty-loving land. I give it entire:—

This faded flower that you see
Was given me, a year ago,
By one whose little dainty hand
Is whiter than the snow.

Her eyes are blue as violets,
And she's a blonde, and very fair,
And sunset-tints are not as bright
As is her golden hair.

And there are roses in her cheeks
That come and go like living things;
Her voice is softer than the brook's
That flows from hidden springs.

She gave it me with downcast eyes,
And rosy flushes of the cheek,
That told of tender thoughts her tongue
Had never learned to speak.

The fitting words had just been said,
And she was mine as long as life;
I gently laid the flower aside,
And kissed my blushing wife.

She took it up, with earnest look,
And said, "Oh, prize the flower," —
And tender tears were in her eyes, —
"It is my only dower."

She brought me Faith, and Hope, and Truth,
She brought me gentle thoughts and love,
A soul as pure as those that float
Around the throne above.

But earthly things she nothing had,
Except this faded flower you see;
And though 'tis worthless in your eyes,
'Tis very dear to me.

I sincerely pity the man who does not find this an exquisite poem.

If a more exquisite lyric—exquisite in that its theme is the most essentially poetic of all themes, in its felicitous phraseology, its graceful and native pathos, its delicacy, and its dramatic simplicity,—if a more exquisite lyric, I say, has been written in America, I have not seen it. It is neither striking in the sensational way, nor markedly original,—but enough of both to give it high rank as a natural lyric.

In 1860 Mr. Flash published his poems in a small volume—just the time when the first mutterings of the cloud of war were heard, and in the thunder-storm that has succeeded, the book has been comparatively forgotten,—as have all things else than blood, horrors, and death.

The volume contains sixty-one poems, all lyrical; and is, I have not the least hesitation in saying, the best first-volume of poems ever published in America. I wish to vindicate my opinion in the safest way—by examples. With this view, I quote another poem in the vein of *What She Brought Me*, and well-nigh its equal in merit. It is called *The Maid I Love*:—

The maid I love has violet eyes,
And rose-leaf lips of red,
She wears the moonshine round her neck,
The sunshine round her head ;
And she is rich in every grace,
And poor in every guile,
And crowned kings might envy me
The splendour of her smile.

She walks the earth with such a grace,
The lilies turn to look,
And waves rise up to catch a glance,
And stir the quiet brook ;
Nor ever will they rest again,
But chatter as they flow,
And babble of her crimson lips,
And of her breast of snow.

And e'en the leaves upon the trees
Are whispering tales of her,
And tattle till they grow so warm
That, in the general stir,
They twist them from the mother-branch,
And through the air they fly,
Till, fainting with the love they feel,
They flutter down and die.

And what is stranger still than all
The wonders of her grace,
Her mind's the only thing to match
The glories of her face.
Oh ! she is nature's paragon, —
All innocent of art ;
And she has promised me her hand,
And given me her heart.

And when the spring again shall flush
Our glorious Southern bowers,
My love will wear a bridal veil, —
A wreath of orange flowers ;

And so I care not if the sun
Should founder in the sea,
For, oh, the heaven of her love
Is light enough for me.

Here we have invention and imagination, both legitimately and happily exercised ; but ideality is the halo that makes the poem glow with divine light. Exquisite is the adjective that tells how dainty and how true it is — to the heart that has yielded itself to the bewildering witchery that is the thesis of the poem.

The *Duke of the Old Regime* has been very much and very justly admired, though it is wholly unlike that which we have just read. In it we have something decidedly French—something of *méchanceté* and of dash,—irregular, frantic, exclamatory, but withal telling and thrilling. Instead of quoting the *Duke*, however, I prefer to give *At the Theatre*,—a poem in a kindred vein, less spasmodic, but equally suggestive :—

I entered the lobby, dreaming a dream,
As Marco, cruel and cold,
Pressed her snowy hand on the marble heart
That had just been bought and sold ;
But my spirit was off on a journey then,
To the happy days of old.

Step by step did it slowly go,
Down the silent yesterdays,
Till it came to a year that was bright with love
And all the months were Mays,
And it met a spirit purer far
Than those you see in plays.

The house was crowded then as now,
And some were pale with fear
As they watched the play, and in many an eye
Was a tender, pitying tear,
As Cordelia, dead in her stainless robes,
Was borne in the arms of Lear.

I turned away from the saddening sight,
 And staggered with surprise,
 As I met the wonderful light that flowed
 From Maud's immaculate eyes;
 Our hearts met then — they will meet again
 In the bowers of Paradise.

Twelve months of May, and then, alas!
 The blast came bleak and chill!
 It killed the rose upon her cheek,
 The lily pleaded still;
 In vain the prayer — she sleeps beneath
 The willow on the hill.

And while the actors play their parts,
 My soul takes up its woe,
 And with its burden travels back
 To the buried long ago, —
 To the happy dreamland of my life,
 Where roses always blow.

And now, while others watch the play,
 I visit my spirit wife,
 And pray that the Tragedy may end,
 With its pitiless pain and strife, —
 That my darling and I may meet again
 In everlasting life.

Though this partakes to some extent of the spasmodic school of poetry, yet they are few who will not recognize in it a power — a proof of *genius* — hardly to be surpassed in this vein anywhere, and to be found equalled *perhaps only in the poems of Owen Meredith, in English, and in the Chansons Déchaînées of Gustave Nadaud, in French.*

Mr. Flash was born about 1836 or 1837, in the West Indies, and is of English descent.

He is of the celebrated Wilberforce family, — the present Edward Wilberforce being a near relative. He was awhile, I believe, a student of Georgetown (D. C.) College, and received the after portion of his education somewhere in Kentucky. It was at an

early age that he removed to the United States, first residing in New Orleans, and later fixing in Mobile. In 1857 he spent the year in Europe, principally at Florence. Wrote verses at fifteen. Published his first volume, as already stated, in 1860; and in the same year went into the western-produce wholesale business, in Galveston, Texas. The war soon interrupted him in this useful and practical, but vastly unpoetical, pursuit; and he entered with spirit upon the theatre of war. He served in the Western Army; and being promoted to the rank of captain, he served upon the staffs of Generals Hardee and Wheeler, the latter being in the cavalry branch of the service. Late in the war we find him editing *The Daily Confederate*, in Macon, Georgia.

Since 1860 he has published in the newspapers some of his most popular poems. Among these are his tributes to *Stonewall Jackson* and *Zollikoffer*. His *Mocking-Bird* is a wierd, wild thing; less to the theme proper, it must be confessed, than are the poems of some who have essayed the same subject before him,—Rodman Drake, Albert Pike, Judge Meek, Miss Gould, F. Crosby, St. Leger L. Carter, Charles W. Hubner, and Richard Henry Wilde,—but Flash has produced, nevertheless, a telling and characteristic poem. The theme is the memory of a lost love under the directing influence of the “mock-bird’s capricious lay.” A stanza or two will illustrate the direction:—

He blesses my ear with the dove-like tones
I loved in the days gone by,
When all the sorrow my heart could hold
Came forth in a single sigh.

And I feel the touch of the hand I love,
The breath on my happy cheek,—
The bird stops short, and quirks him round
And giveth a piercing shriek

That tells a tale of a foundered ship
And all on board gone down,
Leaving one lover bearing a cross,
The other wearing a crown.

Poe's iterating Raven did not spring a mine of agonized memory with his "Nevermore," more startlingly than does this bird that quirks him round with a piercing shriek. And the art here is consummate. No one who reads the second of the above stanzas could doubt what bird was meant. This picturing power is true art.

Mr. Flash has written under several *noms de plume*, among which are Harold, Ding Dong, Lynden Eclair (Eclair—a fantastic translation of his name into French), and latterly, Harry Flash. This cause has prevented his being as widely known as he would have been, writing under his own name.

He writes with great ease, with great rapidity when in the vein; but does not elaborate or finish his poems. This is a grave misfortune. Without work—real earnest *work*—even Mr. Flash's fine genius will be unavailing towards establishing a great name. He has the genius. Let him *work*. The reward is sure. Without work, there is not the remotest chance for an enduring reputation.

One writer says of his facility in writing: "He has never written anything which was not finished at a single sitting, and has never been more than two hours writing anything he has ever published."

This statement is on the verge of the incredible. Yet it is gravely stated, and the authority seems competent. It speaks volumes for the genius of our poet. That genius is quick and concentrated.

In illustration of his wonderful improvisatorial powers, I give the following anecdote, which I have upon the very best authority. He wrote the poem *Park*, which is full of fire and genius, at the instance of his foreman, while he was editor of *The Daily Confederate*, in 1864, without having bestowed upon it a moment of thought. The foreman lacked about six or seven inches of having enough matter to fill the outside form. He went to Mr. Flash for copy.

"What kind do you need?"

"There is no poetry in to-day, sir; and you might give us a short piece. Besides, poetry can be set up quicker; and you would better write it yourself, sir, because the hands, late as it is now, like leaded copy."

"What shall it be about?"

"You have written about Zollikoffer, and about Jackson, and you might as well write about General Polk, who was killed the other day."

Thereupon Mr. Flash set to work, and in five minutes the poem was in the hands of the compositor, and in twenty minutes was being printed.

His power of antithesis is unequalled in the South. Rapid condensation, quick suggestion, and a masterly choice of expressive words, mark all he has written. In these qualities he stands nearer to Owen Meredith than does any other living poet, and nearer than he does to any other living poet.

The readiness of utterance of which I have spoken, has perhaps misled him in his estimate of the nature of inspiration and the function of poetic art. He may forget that no amount or degree of the former can replace the latter. As long as grammars and rhetorics are in use;—as long, that is to say, as embodiment in language is an *art*, proper,—so long will versification be an art worthy the culture of the finest genius. Without many years of patient study in this line, Tennyson could not now stand at the head of living poets. To art, Poe, the rarest poetic genius that America has the honour to claim, owes his position.

I throw out these suggestions for the reflection of those who may have acquired a reverence for inspiration, so called, and a contempt for the art of versification. Just as rationally may one have a contempt for architecture, and yet expect to have fine buildings.

It is high time that such stupidity be banished to Kamtchatka or the Feejee Islands, or to some other suitable locality.

Our poet is a trifle below medium height—maybe five feet

nine — and stands erect. Has black hair ; black, keen, piercing eyes, a strongly marked Roman nose ; a prominent and forcible chin ; and an expressive mouth.

LAMAR FONTAINE.

During the war I wrote a sketch of Lamar Fontaine, which was published in a Southern periodical, in January, 1866. In that sketch I assumed that he was the author of a poem then known by the title of *All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night*, because he had claimed it as his ; and the claim had not at that time been much discussed. One of my leading points was to elicit a discussion and settlement of the disputed authorship, the poem having been claimed by six aspiring poets, some North and some South.

The question has been “settled” more than once ; and yet I have not seen, side by side, some of the most telling points which I take occasion to present.

Upon the poem itself my sketch of Lamar Fontaine contains the following comment : —

“One important point towards the poem’s rapid success was its timeliness. Its scene is the edge of battle. It is tributive to the Unknown Dead, as worthy an altar as was the Unknown God of the Athenians ; and this feeling was then becoming well defined throughout our country, and is, at all times, essentially poetic. The incidents of the poem are romantic in the extreme, while its essential fact is in a high degree both tragic and heroic.

“Byron’s Dying Gladiator (Childe Harold, Canto IV. cxi.) is not superior in touching incidents to our Dying Picket. The rude hut by the Danube, the young barbarians all at play, and the Dacian mother, have less of pathos in them than have our Picket’s cot upon the mountain, the two on the low trundle-bed, and Mary, for whom a prayer had just gone up from a brave and suffering heart, — less of pathos, at least, to one who has trod the path of the picket, shared like dangers and exposures, and breathed like prayers for some Mary whom human probability left him no hope of seeing again in life.

"The poem was thus opportune; and it went to the hearts of our people.

"There are several points of carelessness—crudities here and there—in the structure of the verse, which detract from the poem as a work of art. The system is anapestic, and, in the main, regular. There are instances of the happy effect of irregularity, however, that are very striking; as in this verse, —

'His musket falls slack—his face dark and grim,'—

where the omission of a syllable (after *slack*) gives place for a pause of one syllable's time that is very effective. It is a fine touch of the happiest art. In the tenth stanza, the catastrophe in 'Ha! Mary, good-by!' is very fine. Its abruptness and its volume-in-a-word style are startling and suggestive. There is no cumber of words; but the bloody deed is dashed in all its ghastliness instantly at our feet. We hear the ebbing and splashing of his life-blood. We feel the warm current spiriting upon our feet.

"This is genuine tragic power.

"This is genuine tragic effect.

"The last stanza is the best in the poem; and the last verse is the best in the stanza. It is a complete poem in one single verse.

"The long silence, during which nothing has fallen from his lips, suggests the inquiry if the fountain of the poet's inspiration is sealed again.

"If this one poem is all that we are to expect, it will take its place among the mono-poems of literature, along with Woodworth's *Old Oaken Bucket*, Wilde's *Summer Rose*, Thomas's *Absence*, Key's *Star-Spangled Banner*, Hopkinson's *Hail Columbia*, Greene's *Old Grimes*, Pinckney's *Health*, Frisbie's *Castles in the Air*, Parsons' *Bust of Dante*, Palmer's *Ode to Light*, Ware's *Ursa Major*, and Norton's *Scene after a Summer Shower*, and, we may as well add, Wolfe's *Burial of Sir John Moore*, and Rouget de Lisle's *Marseillaise*.

"*All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night* stands among the fine poems that the war of secession has produced. I do not refer here to the inflated rant called *war-songs* that hold place in the corners of newspapers—the bombast and fustian done into rhyme by bellicose youths, who, from their safe positions out of the field, clamoured vociferously for black flags; who cried with a loud voice to our people of all ages, sizes, and conditions, to buckle on armour, to rush from the mountains and from the valleys, to bring spears, pitchforks, and even bare bodkins, everybody, from everywhere, with everything, to come, nor to stand upon the order of their coming, but come at once, and press on to the front,—who cried thus, but never pressed on to the front themselves. I do not refer to that kind of *war-songs*. But I mean to say, that *All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night* stands with such

poems as Thompson's *Battle Rainbow*, or his *Stuart*; Randall's *John Pelham*, or his *Fort Pillow*; Ticknor's *Knights of the Valley*, Flash's *Stonewall Jackson*, or his *Zollikoffer*; and a few others.

"Its popularity may wane with time; but it will be appreciated as a true poem as long as wars and the memories of wars continue — as long as hostile hosts send sorrow over civilized countries — as long as bloody deaths in distant lands break loving hearts at home."

Last year — 1868 — I wrote to Major Fontaine for such testimony upon the contested authorship as he might feel free to give me for publication; also, asking him for a genuine copy of the poem.

In his reply, dated *The Lodge, Bastrop County, Texas, May 24, 1868*, Major Fontaine writes:—

"Now the poem in question was written by me while our army lay at Fairfax Court-House; or rather, the greater portion, in and around that place. On the 2d day of August, 1861, I first read it to a few of my mess-mates, in Company I, 2d Virginia Cavalry. My captain's name was John D. Alexander, of Campbell County, Va. John Moon, P. Graham, Early, W. W. Williamson, and one or two privates from Companies C and G, whose names I have forgotten, were also present. During the month of August I gave away many manuscript copies to soldiers, and some few to ladies in and about Leesburg, Loudon County, Va. In fact, I think that most of the men belonging to the 2d Virginia, then commanded by Colonel Radford, were aware of the fact that I was the author of it.

"I never saw the piece in print until just before the battle of Leesburg [Monday, 21st October, 1861. — J. W. D.], and then it was in a Northern paper, with the notice that it had been found on the dead body of a picket.

"These are the facts and dates, Mr. Davidson. I wish that I could remember names more accurately, so as to give you a wider scope, from whence you could gain more information regarding the early history of the poem in question; but when I attempt to peer through the dim, shadowy veil, that hides the past seven years, and read the names engraven upon memory's tablet, I find the lines too indistinctly traced to be legible at this distant date. Mr. Graham, one of the gentlemen referred to, was a relative of Captain Alexander. Messrs. Moon and Early were cousins. Mr. Williamson was our orderly-sergeant. I believe they all reside near Campbell Court-House, Va., and I refer you to any of these gentlemen. . . .

"I was born on the wild prairies of this State, near Independence, Wash-

ington County. The place is now called Gay Hill. In 1840 my father moved to Austin, and was the private secretary of General Lamar, after whom I was named. In 1841 or 1842 we moved to Mississippi, and then again to Texas. On our return, I soon learned all the pastimes, etc., practiced by the wild frontier boys; and my delight was to slip away from home and live with the Indians. Among these latter I learned to hunt, and my fondness for it has never ceased."

[Here follows a record of Major Fontaine's war experience; which is highly interesting, but space will not permit its being given here. — J. W. D.]

"Since that time I have been endeavouring to eke out a living as a pedagogue, with a helpless wife and child dependent upon my daily labours, with poor pay, and a cripple too, for I received eleven wounds during the war, and have lost my right limb. Yes, trying to eke out an existence; and am a homeless wanderer around my own home, and an exile in my own native clime, — almost in sight of the very spot where I first beheld the light of day. . . . I have never yet tasted a drop of any kind of strong drink; and to that fact, more than any other, do I attribute my remarkable recoveries from serious wounds; and nightly I thank the Great I Am for having spared me through so many dangers, and ask daily for a pure and meek heart that I may bear my present lot as a true Christian and soldier of Christ should.

"My friends have often urged me to collect my poems, and publish them; and at one time I had several hundred pages prepared, but they were destroyed by those who have made such a total wreck of our once sweet sunny land, and I have never had the time or the means to collect them since; and were you to see my daily routine of duties, you would not wonder at my not writing.

"I hope the controversy between myself and others in regard to *All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night* will soon be forever settled. I wrote it, and the world knows it; and they may howl over it, and give it to as many authors as they please. I wrote it, and I am a Southern man, and am proud of the title; and am glad that my children will know that the South was the birthplace of their fathers, from their generation back to the seventh. Silver and gold I can not give them, but the pure blood of their Huguenot ancestry I have transmitted, pure and untarnished, into their veins.

"Enclosed I will send you a copy of the original poem, *All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night*, and one other piece. I would send you more, but they are non-come-at-able just now."

The copy of the poem mentioned as enclosed is as follows: —

[*From the Original Copy.*]

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT.

I.

All quiet along the Potomac, they say,
Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing, a private or two now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle.
Not an officer lost, only one of the men
Moaning out all alone the death-rattle.

II.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or in the light of their camp-fires gleaming;
A tremulous sigh, as a gentle night wind,
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.

III.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack, and his face dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep;
For their mother, — may heaven defend her!

IV.

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then, —
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

V.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree ;
The footsteps are lagging and weary ;
Yet onward they go, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark ! was it the night-wind rustled the leaves ?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing ?
It looked like a rifle ! " Ha ! Mary, good-by."
And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

VL

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river ;
Whilst soft falls the dew on the face of the dead, -
The picket's *off duty*, forever !

Near Seneca Island Falls, August 21, 1861.

Pursuant to Major Fontaine's information, I addressed letters of inquiry to the parties referred to ; and received answers from Captain Alexander and Mr. W. W. Williamson.

Captain John D. Alexander's letter, in reply, is dated *Campbell Clerk's Office, Campbell Court-House, Virginia, June 12, 1868*, and says :—

"Yours of the 5th inst., is just to hand in regard to the authorship of *All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night*. The first I heard of it was in the winter or fall of 1861, while I was in command of the cavalry stationed at Leesburg. Mr. Fontaine was then a member of my company, and I understood he was the author of it. All his mess say he certainly was the author, and of which I have no doubt.

"Messrs. Pugh, Magan, Wosedale, Moosman, and others with whom I have conversed, all agree that he is the author.

"I have been written to before, by others parties, on the subject."

Mr. Williamson's letter is dated *Warrenton, Fauquier County, Virginia, July 1, 1868*; and says:—

“I remember to have heard Mr. Fontaine read articles which he claimed to have written, but have no recollection of any particular piece. This, I think, was while our army was encamped about Leesburg, in the fall of 1861.”

I have also on hand two other poems received from Major Fontaine, *In Memoriam* and *Only a Soldier*, but both are infinitely inferior to *All Quiet*, and their insertion could not strengthen his claim to the latter.

I had some reasons for knowing that Mr. Chandler Harris, of Georgia, had taken an interest in this question; and I wrote him, asking the result of his inquiries. In his reply, dated *Forsyth, Georgia, June 8, 1868*, Mr. Harris says:—

“After a careful and impartial investigation of all the facts in my reach, I have come to the conclusion that Mrs. Beers, and not Mr. Fontaine, wrote the poem in question.

“In your sketch of Lamar Fontaine, published in January, 1866, I distinctly remember that you do not, except upon the strength of his own testimony, claim the poem for him; but, with evident design, you avoid saying that he wrote it.

“My reasons for believing that Mr. Fontaine is not the author of *All Quiet*, are several.

“1. The poem appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for November 30, 1861, as *The Picket-Guard*, over the initials of Mrs. Ethel Beers, of New York.

“2. It did not make its appearance in any Southern paper until about April or May, in 1862.

“3. It was published as having been found in the pocket of a dead soldier, on the battle-field. It is more than probable that the dead soldier was a Federal, and that the poem had been clipped from *Harper*.

“4. I have compared the poem in *Harper*, with the same as it first appeared in the Southern papers, and find the punctuation to be precisely the same.

“5. Mr. Fontaine, so far as I have seen, has given elsewhere no evidence of the powers displayed in that poem. I, however, remember noticing in the *Charleston Courier*, in 1863 or 1864, a ‘Parodie’ (as Mr. L. F. had it) on Mrs. Norton's *Bingen on the Rhine*, which was positively the poorest affair

I ever saw. Mr. Fontaine had just come out of a Federal prison, and some irresponsible editor, in speaking of this 'parodie,' remarked that the poet's Pegasus had probably worn his wings out against the walls of his Northern dungeon. . . .

"You probably know me well enough to acquit me, in this instance at least, of the charge of prejudice. I am jealous of Southern literature, and if I have any partiality in the matter at all, it is in favour of Major Lamar Fontaine. I should like to claim this poem for that gentleman—I should be glad to claim it as a specimen of Southern literature; but the facts in the case do not warrant it."

I may add, that I have a copy of *Harper's Weekly* of November 30, 1861, containing the poem in question, under the title of *The Picket-Guard*, signed "E. B."

Dr. A. H. Guernsey, editor of *Harper's Magazine*, wrote to Mr. Harris a letter, dated *Franklin Square, New York, March 22, 1868*, in which he says:—

"The facts are just these: The poem bearing the title *The Picket-Guard*, appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for November 30, 1861. I send you a copy of the paper of that date, which will establish this fact. It was furnished by Mrs. Ethel Beers, a lady whom I think incapable of palming off as her own any production of another.

"Several persons have at various times claimed the authorship of the poem. Among these I have before heard the name of Mr. Fontaine. Beyond this, I know nothing of that gentleman. If he can show the publication of the poem at an earlier date than November, 1861, he makes out a fair case against Mrs. Beers. If he can not show this, but still claims to be the author, those who know him will place such value upon his assertion as their knowledge of his character warrants. Of this character I know nothing,—good, bad, or indifferent.

"You are quite at liberty to make any use you please of this note."

I give the conflicting testimony for what it is worth.

Who wrote *All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night*?

Who wrote *The Picket-Guard*?

Is the poem Northern?

Or Southern?

Written by a woman?

Or a man?

HENRY S. FOOTE.

Mr. FOOTE appears as the author of two books :—

1. *Texas and the Texans; or the Advance of the Anglo-Americans to the Southwest.* This is a duodecimo in two volumes, first-published in 1841, and republished in 1852.

2. *War of the Rebellion: or Scylla and Charybdis*,—consisting of observations upon the causes, course, and consequences of the late civil war in the United States. The epigraph of this work—published by the Harpers, in 1866—is a pithy extract from Virgil :—

“*Et pater Anchises: Nimirum haec illa Charybdis;
Hos Helenus scopulos, haec saxa horrenda, canebat.
Eripite, O socii! pariterque insurgite remis.*”

Whether the author conceives himself to personate *Pater Anchises*, or *Helenus*, or one of the *socii*, is not very apparent.



WILLIAM HENRY FOOTE, D.D.

The Reverend Doctor FOOTE appears as the author of two works, namely :—

1. *Sketches of North Carolina, Historical and Biographical, Illustrative of the Principles of a Portion of her early Settlers*, an octavo, appeared in New York in 1846, from the press of Robert Carter. It was an 8vo. of 557 pages.

2. *Sketches of Virginia, Historical and Biographical*, an 8vo. of 568 pages, was published in 1850, by Morris, Richmond. A second series, containing 596 pages, appeared in Philadelphia in 1855.

Dr. Foote is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Romney, Virginia. He is an old man, and twenty or thirty years ago

was, I am informed, resident in North Carolina. He is a venerable and somewhat eccentric man. Two additional volumes of manuscript are on hand, and will doubtless be given to the public in a few years.

The titles of Dr. Foote's works convey a very correct idea of their contents, and the information embraced is extensive and curious.

MRS. SALLY ROCHESTER FORD.

Mrs. Ford—*née* Rochester—is a native of Kentucky, and was born at Rochester Springs, in Boyle County, of that state, in 1828.

In both her personal and literary character, Mrs. Ford is eminently religious and preëminently Baptist.

In 1848 she became the wife of the Rev. S. H. Ford, a Baptist preacher, of Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Ford, shortly after their marriage, became proprietor of *The Christian Repository*, a religious monthly, and Mrs. Ford contributed largely to it. In it she commenced a serial story—*Grace Truman*—that made great reputation for the magazine, and no less for the author. It appeared in that serial way in 1855 and 1856; and was envolumed the following year.

Mrs. Ford's works are these:—

1. *Grace Truman, or Love and Principle*. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, in 1857, and had a decided success. It was religious, denominational, controversial, and therefore very popular within a limited circle. A critic says of it: "As a lucid and forcible presentation of distinctive tenets, it has, and must ever hold, an important place in religious literature." The distinctive tenets referred to are those of the Baptists. The sales of the book reached thirty thousand in three years.

2. *Mary Bunyan, the Dreamer's Blind Daughter: a Tale of*

Religious Persecution, — appeared in 1860. Mrs. Freeman says of this book that the author “traces, with graphic power, the persecution and intolerance by which the author of *Pilgrim’s Progress* was prepared for his immortal work.”

3. *Romance of Freemasonry*.

4. *Raids and Romance of Morgan and his Men*, appeared in 1864, while the fame of the great guerilla was fresh, and about the time of — but I believe just before — his death. It was in May or June, I think, that General Rosecrans, of the Department of the West, issued orders forbidding the circulation and sale of this book in the Northern Army, then occupying Tennessee.

WILLIAM S. FOREST.

The work upon the strength of which I introduce this writer is : —

Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Norfolk and Vicinity, including Portsmouth, and the Adjacent Counties, during a period of Two Hundred Years ; also Sketches of Williamsburg, Hampton, Suffolk, Smithfield, and other Places, with Descriptions of some of the principal Objects of Interest in Eastern Virginia. This volume, of which the title takes one’s breath away, was issued by a Philadelphia publishing-house in 1853. The character, scope, and importance of the work appear in the following extract from a notice of that day : “Local chronicles and collections, like the one before us, are the best sources of authentic history. They provide the details which the historian condenses into symmetrical narrative, and which he weighs separately, and groups together with judicial circumspection. They are, accordingly, in a very high degree valuable to the student. They constitute, apart from this, a very interesting study for those who like to dwell upon the birth and growth of places, whose small begin-

nings are particularly grateful, as remembrances, when one beholds a great city, with its towers and its temples, spreading and stretching away on every hand, in search of continued resources for life, and in proof of still advancing prosperity. Norfolk, in our American chronology, may be considered an old city. It is the fault of its own people that it has not become a more imposing one. Its natural advantages are rivalled by few. Its connection with the sea is immediate. Its access is easy. Its harbour is magnificent. It occupies a central position between North and South, on the Atlantic, and might have drawn boundless tribute from both sections. It has slept above its treasures. But the sleep, we are told, is broken, and this volume shows us that her citizens are bestirring themselves. Mr. Forest has done his work with industry and a praiseworthy patriotism. His book is full of interesting details, showing the gradual progress of the city and surrounding country, from infancy to strength and power. In this progress, he gives us many curious and instructive narratives. He does not confine himself to the physical history of the region, but includes the personal and intellectual in his researches. We have, accordingly, a sketch of the literature of Norfolk in these pages, and brief biographies of its great men. The volume is a valuable contribution to our historical annals, which will make its way into our libraries. It deserves to do so."

MRS. L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

The *nom de plume* of Mrs. French's maiden days was *L'Inconnue*; and her biography-sketchers have most studiously avoided telling us what was that maiden name.

She was born on the eastern shore of Virginia. Left an orphan at an early age, she was sent to her maternal grandmother's, in Washington, Pennsylvania, to be educated.

In 1848 she had finished her education, and returned to her father's home in Virginia; but during the same year she went to Memphis, Tennessee, as a teacher, and taught with success for several years.

In 1852 she became associate editor of the *Southern Ladies' Book*, published in New Orleans.

In 1853 she was married to Mr. John H. French, of McMinnville, Tennessee. The very romantic circumstances leading to and attending this marriage are to be found detailed in the magazine biographies of our author.

She has written:—

1. *Wind-Whispers*. Published in 1856. This is a volume of poems, in the author's younger style,—inartistic, irregularly musical, gushy, and earnest. A lady critic, speaking of the poetry of this volume, has happily said: "We sit down to analyze it, and find ourself floating away on a tide of rippling rhyme—forgetful of all but the delicious motion, and the silvery tintinabulation."

2. *Legends of the South*. These legends are in verse, and some of them are said to be finely imaginative and graphic.

3. *Istalikxo, the Lady of Tala*,—a tragedy in five acts, of which the scene is in Mexico; the time, before the Spanish discovery; the characters, the mysterious Tezcucons. The critics—those disagreeable people—say that some passages in this drama resemble things in *Ion* and in *The Lady of Lyons*. But then the same critic who said that spiteful thing quoted the following gem, which is equal to some of the finest things in either of the great dramas mentioned. The heroine with the unpronounceable name has just said "I wish," and then hesitated, when her prince-lover says:—

Thy wish? Oh tell me, love,
Hadst thou thy dearest wish, what would it be?
A throne, an empire, nations at thy feet,
Gold like the sands upon the beaten shore,
Honour, or Fame to sound thy gentle name
Down ages yet to come, — which should it be?

Izta. Not one of all these ! I *would be best loved*
Of all that have been, or shall ever be !

Prince. Why, that's a woman's wish, and well fulfilled
Long ere 'twas uttered, when I show the world
Its ruling empress —

Izta. Stay ! I crave not that :
The empire I would have is one sweet home
With two hearts dwelling in it : I'd not seek
To sway but one, for that is all the world !

That is as handsome a piece of love-making as you will find even in the old dramatists — those “grand old masters” of rhetorical sentiment.

In addition to the editorial labours above mentioned, Mrs. French has edited *The Crusader*, a periodical devoted principally to woman-literature, at Atlanta, Georgia ; and she was associate-editor with Dr. Powell, in his *Ladies' Home*, a literary weekly, published in 1866, at Atlanta.

I present one of her legends as a pretty fair specimen of them all, as to style, tone, art, and range of imagination. It is entitled *The Legend of the Lost Soul*, and is prefaced by the following introductory note from Herndon : —

“After midnight I was lulled to sleep by the melancholy notes of a bird, called ‘El Alma Perdida,’ or the Lost Soul. Its wild and wailing cry, from the depths of the forest, seemed, indeed, as sad and despairing as that of one without hope. The story in the Inca language runs somewhat thus : An Indian and his wife went out from the village to work their chacra, taking their infant with them. The woman went to the spring to get water, leaving the man in charge of the child, with many cautions to take good care of it. When she arrived at the spring she found it dried up, and went further to look for another. The husband, alarmed at her long absence, left the child and went in search. When they returned, the child was gone ; and to their repeated cries, as they wandered through the woods in search, they could get no

response save the wailing cry of the little bird, heard for the first time, whose notes their anxious and excited imagination syllabled into *pa-pa, ma-ma* (the present Quichua name of the bird). I suppose the Spanish heard this story, and with that religious poetic turn of thought which seems peculiar to this people, called the bird *The Lost Soul*."

I give the poem entire :—

Ha ! what a frenzied cry
Up the lone forest-aisles comes sadly wailing,
Now quick and sharp, now choked with agony,
As sight and sense were failing.

The far stars coldly smiled
Down through the arches of the twilight wood,
Where sire and mother sought their child,
In the dark solitude.

And low the phantom wind
Came stealing o'er the hills with ghostly feet,
But paused not in its flight to bear one kind,
Soft echo, shrill and sweet.

O'er them the giant trees,
All proudly waving, tossed their arms on high,
Yet no loved baby-voice from 'midst of these,
Answered their broken cry.

But one sad piping note,
That strangely syllabled a blended name,
As seemed its cadences to fall or float,
From boughs above them came.

The mother started wild,
As that strange sound the forest foliage stirred,
Then hastened to the sire — she knew her child,
In that lone spirit-bird.

No word the father spake ;
His face was ghastly, and its haggard lines
Lay stern and rigid, like some frozen lake
O'ershadowed by its pines.

Shuddering, she strove to speak,
Once more in nature's strong, appealing tones,
To supplicate her child, — there came a shriek
That died in heavy moans.

The night came down ; afar
Was heard the hoarse, deep baying of the storm,
And thunder-clouds around each captive star
In black battalions form.

Now, all the mighty wood
Has voices like the sullen sounding sea,
While onward rolls the deep majestic flood
His surges solemnly.

The massy foliage rocks,
Slow swaying to the wind ; and, falling fast
Embattled oaks, that braved a thousand shocks,
Are bending to the blast.

And crimson tropic bloom
Lies heaped upon the sward, as though a wave
Of summer sunset streams within the gloom
Had found a verdant grave.

Down came the rushing rain,
But far, perchance where thunders never roll
The bird hath flown, the parents called in vain,
Upon the wandering soul.

Then feebly 'mid the maze
Of 'wilderling storm, their feet the cabin sought,
Oft turning back to search, with blinded gaze,
For that which now was not.

True, true, — the tale is old,
And full of sorrow the tradition hoary,
Yet, daily life's unwritten annals hold
A sterner, sadder story.

Oh, hear ye not the cry,
That every hour sends up where thick life presses,
That shrieks from lowest depths to God on high
From life's great wildernesses?

It is the cry of Woman,
And hers the *really* lost and wandering soul,
Seeking, amid the god-like, yet the human,
To find her destined goal,

Like glacier of the North,
Her pure and shining spirit braves the sea
Of Life and Action, drifting, drifting forth,
On waves of Destiny.

"Deep calling unto deep ;"
How raves the ocean by the tempest tossed !
Perchance her onward course the soul may keep,
Perchance 'tis wrecked or lost.

Perchance some other heart
In pride of Being, standing firm and free,
May call, "Oh, seeker of the better part,
Come, wanderer, to me !"

Alas ! that dulcet tone
Is but the hollow music of a shell
That mocks the ocean ; yet, the pilgrim lone
It wins as by a spell.

The dream, the dream is past ;
Perchance some careless word, some fancied wrong,
The soul is driven forth, — oh, woe the last !
The weaker by the strong.

From her closed lips a moan
Goes up, yet seems it her unspoken prayer
Falls back again upon her heart, alone
To sink and perish there.

And then her spirit pants
Beneath the heat and burden of the day,
Still struggling on amid the vulture wants
That make her heart their prey.

Still, in its source of pain,
Clinging most fondly; and, in holy trust,
Pouring its worship in a worse than vain
Idolatry on dust.

Like the great organ rocks
That rise on Orinoco's distant shore,
She sends rich music o'er the wave that mocks,
Yet answers her no more!

From the still firmament
A star drops, sparkles, and almost before
The eye can note, is gone, — with chaos blent,
Its brilliancy is o'er.

And thus with thee, unknown,
Unrecognized, and lost in earthly clime,
Thy ~~wildered~~ soul may wander, and alone
Go from the shores of Time.

Yet, far in yon blue dome,
Where dwell the spirits of the dear departed,
There thou art known; and they will welcome home
An angel, broken-hearted.

Then courage, weary one!
Work while thou may'st; for though thy spirit, riven,
Is fading like a fountain in the sun,
Exhaled, it reaches Heaven!

RICHARD FULLER, D.D.

The Reverend Doctor FULLER was born at Beaufort, South Carolina, in 1808. He practiced law with fine success for several years; but then turned his labours to the ministry, as a Baptist preacher. He is at present resident in Baltimore, Md., where, since 1847, he has been connected with the Seventh Baptist Church, in that city. He stands probably at the head of thinkers and workers in that denomination, south. His works are:—

1. *Sermons*. This volume was published several years ago—before the war—and had fine success as a denominational work. Dr. Fuller has now ready for publication—and will shortly publish—three other volumes of *Sermons*,—making his works of this class four volumes.

2. *Correspondence with Bishop England, upon the Roman Chancery*. A duodecimo; was published in Baltimore.

3. *Correspondence with Dr. Wayland, on Slavery*.

4. *Letters*.

5. *An Argument on Baptist Close Communion*. A duodecimo, published in Richmond, in 1849.

6. *The Psalmist*, with Supplement. This is a joint compilation for denominational use, made by Dr. Fuller and Rev. J. B. Jeter, and was published in Boston. It is the hymn-book now in general use in the United States, and has been adopted by the Baptists in London and some of the British Provinces.

RICHARD FURMAN, D.D.

Among the men of eminent learning and piety in the Baptist denomination, the Rev. Dr. FURMAN stands high. He is a native of South Carolina, born in 1816, has devoted himself since his graduation to the work of the ministry, and is to-day a resident of the town of Sumter, in his native state.

Dr. Furman has published but one book, — *The Pleasures of Piety, and Other Poems*, — which appeared in 1859. In this volume are several poems devoted to local scenery: one of the best of this class on Table Rock, a spot of awe-inspiring beauty in the Blue Ridge, near the northern boundary of the state.

I present as a specimen of the verse-style of our author some *Lines written during a Storm at Sea*, — actually so written, I am assured: —

Oh, who can fancy or portray
The unskilled mariner's dismay,
 When, roused from ocean's sleep,
The troubled spirit of the storm,
With giant pace and horrid form,
 Marches across the deep!

The whisper of the sleeping surge,
The low wind's melancholy dirge,
 Are hushed in its long howl;
The stars are from the concave driven,
Extinguished in the light of heaven,
 Before its gathering scowl.

The waters mount, and rave, and roar,
Lashed from Atlantic's farthest shore,
 Into a dazzling foam;
The shrill blast whistles in the shrouds,
Collected are the flying clouds,
 And darker grows the gloom.

As some aerial being glides
From wave to wave, in stately strides,
 So moves our gallant sail;
Now furrows deep the heaving main,
Now stems the tide with jarring strain,
 And bends before the gale!

The tempest blackens, and from far
The loud winds wail; no friendly star
The dread abyss illumines, —

The waves reared from the deep profound,
In undulations roll around,
Like a wild waste of tombs.

Now, borne as on an eagle's wing,
The crested spray aside we fling,
And to the concave steer;
And dashing on in heights sublime,
As if loosed from the shores of time,
We cleave the yielding air.

Around our tempest-battered bark,
With voice and step of thunder, hark !
How Boreas wildly raves !
And, stalking o'er the dismal waste,
Drives, foaming with tumultuous haste,
A bellowing herd of waves.

With keel erect and steady shrouds
We steer majestic through the clouds, —
Then, swift as lightning's glare,
From our bleak height in fury hurled,
We seem to sink beneath the world,
And seek another sphere.

The parted billows round us close,
A boiling torrent o'er us flows, —
Hope for a moment dies;
But soon emerging from the gloom,
We startle from our liquid tomb,
And scale again the skies.

Great Ruler of the stormy sea,
In this dark hour we look to Thee,
Our Saviour and our God !
Thy people's prayer is ever heard, —
Oh calm with one controlling word
The waves which thou hast trod !

But if thy wisdom has decreed
A sepulchre in ocean's bed,
Be this one favour given, —
May we, of thy dear smiles possessed,
In triumph hail the shores of rest,
And anchor safe in heaven !

Besides his poetical productions, which have not been eminently successful in a literary sense, Dr. Furman has published in pamphlet form several Sermons, Literary Addresses, etc. The title of his volume of poems has done a great deal to deprive them of popular appreciation. *Pleasures of Piety* is not an attractive title for the Many. It sounds like preaching; and disperses the multitude of readers who might have read with pleasure and profit the same matter under another name.

JAMES MCFADDEN GASTON, M.D.

Dr. GASTON is a native of South Carolina ; a graduate of the State College at Columbia, and of the Medical College at Charleston. He practiced medicine before the war for several years — ten or more — in Columbia, and stood in the front rank of his profession. He contributed occasionally to the medical and scientific journals of the day; and paid some attention to *belles-lettres*, writing verse sometimes. During the war he was a Division Surgeon in the Army of Northern Virginia. At the close of the war he went to Brazil in quest of a future home for himself and family.

The only volume that Dr. Gaston has thus far published is an account of that tropical region. It was published for the author in 1867, and is entitled *Hunting a Home in Brazil*; and gives a lively but practical account of that country, with special reference to its being a home for the Southern immigrant. It lays no claim to merely literary excellence, though it is written in a

healthy, vigorous, and earnest style, that reflects credit upon the learned author.

Dr. Gaston is now in Brazil, with his family; and the probability is that he will make it his permanent home.

CHARLES E. ARTHUR GAYARRÉ.

The principal of Mr. GAYARRÉ'S published works are the following:—

1. *An Historical Essay on Louisiana.* Two volumes, 12mo. Written in French, and first published in 1830.

2. *Histoire de la Louisiana.* In French. Two volumes, 8vo. Published in 1846. This work is made very valuable as a source of historical information, by a liberal use of original documents, which the author collected during a sojourn of several years in Europe, spent partly in France and partly in Spain. It begins with the discovery of Louisiana, and comes down to 1769, when the Spaniards took final possession of the colony. Of this work a French critic of that day wrote: "Le style est d'une clarté continue d'une simplicité si modeste qu'on dirait par momens qu'il évite l'élégance comme un écueil; les dates y sont échelonnées avec une rare précision, et les évènements se développent avec une loyale impartialité. Tout y est énoncé nettement, modérément, avec goût, avec sincérité. J'avoue que ces qualités ont leur valeur et que l'oeuvre qui les possède restera toujours."

3. *Romance of the History of Louisiana.* In English. Published in 1848. This is a charming book to read, in which Indian legend, adventures, myths, and personal sketches alternate with graver historical points, in such style as to relieve the reader from everything like monotony. It is legend, romance, yarn, and history, aptly blended.

4. *Louisiana: its History as a French Colony.* First and second series. Published in 1851 and 1852. Two octavo volumes.

5. *History of Louisiana*. In English. This is our author's *magnum opus*, and comprises three large octavo volumes, of which two were first published in 1854, and the third since the war. The first volume deals with the French Domination; and the second with the Spanish Domination, coming down to 1803. The third, devoted to the American Domination, brings down the history to the year 1861,—the commencement of the war of secession. This work is not a translation of the author's history previously published in French, and mentioned above; but is an entirely different affair, of different cast, and far more extensive. It goes far towards placing—if it do not distinctly place—the author at the head of the list of historical writers of the South.

6. *The School for Politics: a Dramatic Novel*. It might with equal propriety have been styled a prose-drama. The design is to satirize the political morals and manners of its day,—to expose and rebuke the frauds and petty vices of the mere politician in America. The scene is Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana; and the characters are the governor, senators, and representatives, and politicians in general, of that state. The author disclaims striking at any party or individual; and forestalls any surmising in that direction by denying all personality in the work. It was published in 1855.

7. *Philip II. of Spain*. This biographico-historical work appeared in 1867, with an Introductory Letter by George Bancroft. The book is, as the author claims it to be, “a philosophical retrospect of what was most memorable in Spain during that period, as it was shaped by the controlling mind at the head of affairs.” I shall quote a passage or two from this book, as illustrative of the author's style.

8. *Two Lectures on the Influence of the Mechanic Arts*.

9. *Dr. Bluff in Russia*. A comedy.

10. Several separate *Brochures*,—articles, essays, addresses, and papers on various subjects; such as a pamphlet on Livingston's Criminal Code of Louisiana, in 1825; an Address to the

French Chambers on the Revolution of 1830; an Address to the people of the state (Louisiana), upon political frauds in elections and similar abuses, in 1853; a Lecture on Oaths, Amnesties, and Rebellion, delivered in New Orleans in January, 1866; the Anniversary Address before Dolbear Commercial College, in February, 1867; and some others.

Mr. Gayarré's labours have been almost exclusively in the domain of history; either direct history or politics, political economy, and politico-historical biography,—all historical in their nature.

As to historical matter, Mr. Gayarré's theory is that the "best way to narrate events faithfully, and to convey impressively a correct idea of the moral tone and of the manners of society, at any particular epoch, is to borrow the very language of those who have described them as witnesses, and frequently as participators in what they recorded." Availing himself largely of this theory, he has often abridged his own labour; but at the same time has presented us with a depository for reference more valuable than most historical compositions are. His discussion of the Spanish intrigues in the West with General Wilkinson and others, to sever the union of the states, between the years 1786 and 1792, is full of vivid interest and startling but well-sustained conclusions.

As to style, our author is always earnest, sometimes florid, and too often careless. He handles antithesis with the hand of a master. The following, selected from *Philip II. of Spain*, is a fine illustrative example in point. It is a parallel between Philip and his father, and both Plutarch and Macaulay have done worse:—

"The singularity of a self-deceiving hallucination is no argument against the possibility of its existence, and no refutation of the deductions which we have drawn. If they are correct, Philip was a monster, but a monster unconscious of the whole extent of his wickedness.

"He had begun his reign as the most powerful sovereign of

Europe, by the vastness, variety, and wealth of his dominions, as well as by his political and family connection. His marriage with Mary of England had given him, through her, considerable influence in that kingdom; and, if he had not inherited the imperial sceptre of his father, he may have consoled himself with the reflection that it had fallen into the hands of his uncle, Ferdinand. Philip had always entertained the most profound veneration and admiration for his father, and felt for him all the love of which his nature was susceptible. The reproaches of filial ingratitude, addressed to him by some historians, are not correct, and it is now demonstrated that he seldom ceased to be guided by the advice of the hermit of Yuste, which he even frequently sought with due deference. The policy and designs of Charles were, after his death, fully adopted and continued by his son, but with such difference in the ways and means as necessarily resulted from their opposite dispositions. Both had talents of the highest order, a cool judgment, a far-reaching perspicacity, and a clear insight into men and things. Both constituted themselves the representatives of Catholicity and of religious unity. But here ended the resemblance; if there was similarity of purpose, there was dissimilitude of action; and it could not be otherwise. Charles was a native of Flanders, where he had been educated. As such, and in his habits, tastes, and predilections, he was uncongenial to the Spaniards, whose language he did not even speak. By them he was looked upon as a foreigner, to whom, by the accident of birth, they unfortunately owed allegiance. He, on the other hand, did not love Spain; like William of Orange, the Batavian restorer of the liberties of England in a later age, he never could divest himself of his early partialities; while Philip, who was as intensely Spanish as any of the most idolized heroes of Castile, where he was born, was disliked by his Flemish subjects, whose idiom he did not even condescend to know; and yet Philip, although a Spaniard, was as cold-blooded and phlegmatic as any Fleming, while Charles, a Fleming, had all the vivacity and warm impulses

of the Spanish temperament. It had the appearance of a capricious freak of nature, or it looked as if their cradles had been accidentally misplaced; perhaps it was providential; for if Philip had been like Charles, it is probable that the events which led to the independence of the Netherlands would not have taken place, at least under his reign. Charles would not have remained in Spain, like Philip, as motionless as an incrustation in the Escorial, when threatened with the loss of those provinces. He would have gone in person to remove their discontents. He was free, open, and captivating, in his manners; he adapted himself, when he chose, to localities and nationalities; he was, as it were, a cosmopolite. Philip was repulsive, sombre, taciturn, fond of isolation, and destitute of human sympathies. Charles was a meteor, which warmed the atmosphere through which it winged its course. Philip was an iceberg, which would have congealed even the gentlest tropical waves. The Emperor was an ambulatory statesman, who seemed to draw inspiration from the perpetual motion in which he rejoiced; the King, equally as politic, was a fixture in his own cabinet, and the sluggishness of his body seemed to impart more restless activity to his mind. Charles was indefatigable in all corporeal exercises, as befitted a fearless knight, a skillful warrior, who delighted in danger and in the clash of arms; Philip, physically indolent, was so averse to the stern joys of martial life, that his courage was even suspected. Charles was ambitious of governing the world, and would have wished, if possible, to have been present, at the same time, in all its parts. He seemed to have thought that the imperial purple required of him the ubiquity of God. But, if the father held the sword with the ever-ready hand of the hero, the son, who never drew one from its scabbard, and for whom it was a useless appendage, had a scribe's passion for wielding the pen, and aspired to rule Europe from the cell of the monastery. Charles dictated laws in person to every country in Europe which he had inherited or conquered; Philip sent them from his writing-desk. The Emperor issued, face to face with his enemies, those mandates

which intimidated them. They saw the flash of his eye, the motion of his lips; they heard the deep intonations of the Cæsar's voice. The King, like one of the hideous idols of India, hidden from the sight of his subjects in a sanctuary, terrified the earth by decrees which came from an invisible source. The father was the lightning, shooting from one extremity of the horizon to the other, and striking with Olympian power and majesty. The son was a grim-looking engine, riveted to one spot, but flinging afar its missiles of death. The father, like the gods of Homer, seemed in a few strides, to overcome distance by land and sea. The son, relentless and fixed as fate, in the gloom of his half-royal and half-monkish residence, ran his finger over a map, and marked the spot where desolation was to alight. Wherever there was a grand public assembly in Europe, a diet, a congress, or a council, there was Charles. Personating the genius of diplomacy, Philip sent abroad his ambassadors, and those agents of his subtle mind and iron will felt that their master, wrapped up in mystery and seclusion in his impenetrable retreat, knew more than they did of the business which they had to manage, and of the men with whom they had to deal."

Has either Plutarch or Macaulay done better?

In his legends, Mr. Gayarré is eminently pleasing, and wields a genial and playful pen, that suits the lightness of his subject, with wonderful skill; as in the myth of the Pascagoulas—the supernatural disappearance of that whole people with the lingering, mystic music, that the boatman hears of still, peaceful nights, "even unto the present day." That exquisite legend owes its tangible form to Mr. Gayarré's facile and versatile pen.

Charles E. Arthur Gayarré was born in Louisiana, on Thursday, the 3d of January, 1805. His name and family are identified with the history of his native State, from its earliest stages, and through its numerous mutations of authority. On the paternal side, the family dates back to Don Estavan de Gayarré, the great *contador*, or royal comptroller, who came to America with Ulloa, the first Spanish governor of those immense colonial pos-

sessions, as one of his chief ministers of state. He was educated at the College of New Orleans, where, as a student, he was distinguished for his attainments. His law studies were pursued in the law office of William Rawle, Esquire, Philadelphia, where he was admitted to the bar, in 1829. The next year he returned to New Orleans, and made his debut as an author, by publishing his *Historical Essay on Louisiana*, in French, mentioned above. The same year—1830—he was elected to the Legislature of Louisiana.

In 1831 he was appointed Deputy Attorney-General.

In 1833 he was appointed Presiding Judge of the City Court of New Orleans.

In 1835 he was elected to the United States Senate; but ill health prevented his taking his seat. Instead, he made a health tour to Europe, where he spent seven or eight years, returning to New Orleans in October, 1843. These years in Europe were spent in study, in making historical collections, and in pushing forward historical investigations, in both Spain and France.

In 1844 he was again elected to the Legislature of Louisiana, where his efforts were directed, with his characteristic zeal, and with important results, to a reduction of the State debt. He was reëlected, upon the expiration of his term, in 1846; but receiving the appointment of Secretary of State, he preferred that office to a seat in the Legislature, and continued in the secretariat seven years. It was during this period that he prepared some of his most careful works. The State Library owes its existence to Mr. Gayarré's labours during this period.

In 1869 he is an eminent lawyer of New Orleans; a somewhat eccentric student of books, and devoted to literary pursuits; a gentleman of the old school, affable, courteous, and engaging as a conversationist; a thinker of the old *régime*; a conservative in politics; a good listener, but a better talker, in society; and is deservedly the pride of his circle of admirers, which is very large.

In 1857, M. Dufour, in his *Esquisses Locales*, thus characterized some of the personal traits of Mr. Gayarré: "Je crois pouvoir dire que je n'ai jamais vu son goût en défaut; il y a dans toute sa personne un cachet de distinction auquel il paraît tenir beaucoup. Il est essentiellement un homme de salon; la politique n'a fait ici aucun tort au monde. Il cause mieux qu'il ne parle; ceci n'est point un paradoxe, je vous l'assure. On rencontre bon nombre d'hommes publics chez lesquels il est facile d'observer le phénomène — la parole aisée et brillante dans un cercle s'amollit et succombe souvent à la tribune. M. Gayarré possède la causerie française, vive, déliée, colorée; mais ici comme ailleurs, s'il faut en croire la renommée, il ne suivra jamais les élans de l'esprit jusqu'en ses hasards. Les hommes de cette nature sont rarement mal; ils plaisent presque toujours; mais ils n'étonneront jamais."

Mr. Gayarré's physiognomy is striking; French, but thoughtful; severe, but genial. His forehead is large, and very full in the region of what the phrenologist calls Comparison, Memory, and Human Nature.

His chirograph is not careful nor elegant, nor very distinctly legible. It is eccentric, showy, and indicative of sensitiveness, impatience, fervour, and irregular activity of mind. It is direct, honest, and *prononcé*; and wants repose.

BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE, PH. D.

Dr. GILDERSLEEVE is the Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Virginia. He is the author of—

1. *Outlines of Latin Grammar*. Published in 1867.
2. *A Progressive Latin Reader*. Published at the same time that the *Outlines* were.

MRS. CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN.

Mrs. GILMAN — *née* Caroline Howard — is a daughter of Mr. Samuel Howard, a shipwright of Boston, Massachusetts; and was born in that city on Monday, the 8th of October, 1794. Her father's death left her an orphan at the age of three. Her mother moved into the country; and thus, in the country or in the country-towns of her native state, our authoress spent the early years of her life. She was precocious. In her naïve sketch of her own life, which was published in Hart's *Female Prose-Writers of America*, and reproduced in part by the Duyckincks in their *Cyclopedia*, and by Mrs. Freeman in her *Women of the South Distinguished in Literature*, and by several others, — she informs us that she remembers her own baptism, which occurred when she was *five weeks* old; and gives us details — mentions the cold November morning, the north aisle of the church, the minister bending over her in his bush-wig, and touching his finger to her befrilled little forehead, and so forth, and so forth.

This is perhaps the most wonderful instance of infant memory on record.

She wrote verses at ten.

Her first published verses — *Jephthah's Rash Vow* — appeared when she was sixteen.

She was a restless, reading, pious, poetical young lady.

In 1819 she married the Rev. Samuel Gilman, afterwards for many years pastor of the Unitarian Church in Charleston, South Carolina; and moved with him to that city; and that city has been her home since that time.

In 1832 she commenced the publication of *The Rose-Bud*, a weekly for children, — the first juvenile newspaper, it is said, ever issued in America. This sheet was developed into *The Southern Rose*, and had its days of usefulness and influence.

Mrs. Gilman's published works are:—

1. *The Ladies' Annual Register for 1838.*
2. *Ruth Raymond; or, Love's Progress.*

3. *The Poetry of Travelling in the United States.* 1838.
4. *Recollections of a Housekeeper.*
5. *Recollections of a New-England Bride.*
6. *Recollections of a Southern Matron.*
7. *The Rose-Bud Wreath.*
8. *Verses of a Lifetime.* 1849.
9. *Mrs. Gilman's Gift-Book of Stories and Poems for Children.* 1850.
10. *The Humming-Bird.*
11. *The Little Wreath.*
12. *Oracles from the Poets*,—a fanciful diversion for the drawing-room. 1852.
13. *Sibyl; or, New Oracles from the Poets.*
14. *Oracles for Youth.* 1854.
15. *Stories and Tales for Children.*
16. *Tales and Ballads.*

17. Besides these works, — original, collected, or compiled, — she has edited a very curious and interesting book of *Letters from Eliza Wilkinson, during the Invasion of Charleston.*

It will be apparent that she has directed her genius mainly to the entertainment and instruction of children. An odour of youth pervades all that she has written, — an odour also of hymnology, catechism, and Sunday-Schools.

The following rhymes, entitled *The Plantation*, are illustrative of our author's verse-style, and are, as far as I can judge, a fair specimen of her art, range, and sphere as a verse-writer. I give the piece entire:—

Farewell awhile the city's hum,
Where busy footsteps fall,
And welcome to my weary eye
The planter's friendly hall.

Here let me rise at early dawn,
And list the mock-bird's lay,
That, warbling near our lowland home,
Sits on the waving spray.

Then tread the shading avenues
Beneath the cedar's gloom,
Or gum-tree, with its flickered shade,
Or chinquapin's perfume.

The myrtle tree, the orange wild,
The cypress' flexile bough,
The holly with its polished leaves,
Are all before me now.

There, towering with imperial pride,
The rich magnolia stands,
And here, in softer loveliness,
The white-bloomed bay expands.

The long gray moss hangs gracefully,
Idly I twine its wreathes,
Or stop to catch the fragrant air
The frequent blossom breathes.



Life wakes around, — the red bird darts
Like flame from tree to tree,
The whippoorwill complains alone,
The robin whistles free.

The frightened hare scuds by my path,
And seeks the thicket nigh,
The squirrel climbs the hickory-bough,
Thence peeps with careful eye.

The humming-bird, with busy wing,
In rainbow beauty moves,
Above the trumpet-blossom floats,
And sips the tube he loves.

Triumphant to yon withered pine
The soaring eagle flies;
There builds her eyry 'mid the clouds,
And man and heaven defies.

The hunter's bugle echoes near,
And see, his weary train
With mingled howling scent the woods,
Or scour the open plain.

Yon skiff is darting from the cove,
And list the negro's song,
The theme—his owner and his boat —
While glide the crew along.

And when the leading voice is lost,
Receding from the shore,
His brother boatmen swell the strain
In chorus with the oar.

Past the age of three-score years and ten, this venerable lady still retains much of that vivacity which characterizes so much of her writing. She is resident in Charleston, sometimes spending the summer season in the mountains.

HARRY GILMOR.

Major GILMOR is the author of *Four Years in the Saddle*, which gives in its title the scope of the subject-matter—four years of cavalry service in the Confederate cause. He is a Baltimorean. His book gives us the man.

F. R. GOULDING.

The Rev. Mr. GOULDING stands at the head of the class of writers for youth. It is his specialty, and he excels in it.

He was born on Friday, the 28th of September, 1810; received his academical education at Lexington, Georgia; graduated in the University of Georgia, at Athens, in 1830; and completed his institutional course by graduating in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina, in 1833.

The failure of his voice has debarred him the privilege of labour as a preacher; and thus it comes that he is a writer of books. He has lived a good deal of his life at Macon; but at this time he dates from Rosswell, Cobb County, Georgia. His works are:—

1. *Robert Harold, or the Young Marooners on the Florida Coast*,—which was published by the Martiens of Philadelphia, in 1852. It was reproduced by three publishing-houses in Great Britain, in 1853; and by three others since that date. During the first year of its appearance in London (Nisbet & Co.), Edinburgh, and Glasgow, thirteen thousand copies were sold. During the war the work, revised and enlarged, was republished in Georgia; and from this edition the successors to the Martiens have published—in 1866—an edition under the title of *The Young Marooners of the Florida Coast*. Thirteen thousand copies of the American editions have been sold. I mention these items because they indicate the popularity of the book. It is a fiction of stirring adventures, excitingly interesting to boys and youth of the go-away-to-sea style. A friend calls it “A Crusoe book for boys, and the best of its class.”

2. *Little Josephine*,—a small Sunday-School volume,—was published by the American Sunday-School Union of New York, in 1844.

3. *Marooner's Island, or Dr. Gordon in Search of His Children*,—a tale for boys,—appeared serially in *Burke's Weekly for Boys and Girls*, in 1867; and was to be put into book form early in 1869, by a Philadelphia publishing-house.

4. *Frank Gordon; or When I Was a Little Boy*,—appeared serially in the *Riverside Magazine*, of New York, and is expected in book form. If the foregoing stories were juvenile, this one is *juvenilior*.

5. *Fishing and Fishes*, is another serially-issued work, to be embooked soon.

6. *Life-Scenes from the Gospel History*, is a religious work, soon to be published in book form.

ALEXANDER GREGG, D.D.

During the last months of 1867 there appeared from this writer a *History of the Old Cheraws*, containing an account of the Aborigines of the Pee Dee, — a section of eastern South Carolina, — the first white settlement, their various fortunes, the Revolution, and later history of the section; covering eighty years — 1730 to 1810 — with sketches of individuals and families.

The Right Rev. Alexander Gregg, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Texas, is a native, I have been informed, of Cheraw District, South Carolina. He was formerly rector of the Episcopal Church, in the town of Cheraw.

His work is one of rare research and curious interest. The scope and design of the book are thus given by Bishop Gregg himself, in his preface: —

“Though in the main a local history, and for that reason chiefly interesting to those who, by nativity or descent, are more immediately connected with this portion of Carolina, there is yet of necessity a close and continuous connection throughout with the history of the State at large, — a history which, except by the aid of such detailed accounts of particular localities, can never be fully written. Much, therefore, of general interest, will be found in the following pages, more especially in the period which immediately preceded the Revolution, and during the progress of that eventful conflict.”

HUGH B. GRIGSBY.

This writer, who is the author of *The Virginia Convention of 1776*, was recently a resident of Charlotte Court-House, Virginia.

MISS CAROLINE GRISWOLD.

Miss GRISWOLD has been known for five or six years as an occasional contributor of lyrical poems to the press of the South, especially that in South Carolina, at the metropolis of which State — Charleston — she at present resides. She is the youngest daughter of the Rev. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, and, I presume, was born in New-York City ; but has chosen the South as her home, it having been that of her mother, — *née* Miss Myers, of Charleston, — who was a Jewess. Her sister, Mrs. Hartley, is also said to be distinguished for her mental gifts. Miss Griswold has been described as “of middling size, having brilliant black eyes, and black hair ; animated and engaging in style.”

As a writer, Miss Griswold has produced several tales of vivid interest ; but she is best and most favourably known as a writer of verse. I give *Twilight Musings*, as fairly illustrative of her style, and of her theory of beauty : —

I.

It is the twilight hour, — the day has reft
The glowing radiance from the summer sky,
But dearer, lovelier beauties still are left
To cheer the heart and chain the wandering eye.

II.

Where the resplendent orb in beauty gleamed,
Float clouds of crimson edged with paly gold,
And through the curtain bright the sunlight seemed
To flash a richer glory than of old.

III.

Beauty hath power the wayward heart to quell
And gentler feelings to that heart restore,
While memory comes obedient to the spell,
Bearing the garlands that we loved of yore.

IV.

Garlands of gentle smiles and loving words,
Woven by lips all cold and silent now, —
Lips, that to others weave their greetings fond, —
Lips, that to others breath affection's vow.

V.

And must it ever be? Must hearts grow cold
That once responsive to our presence thrilled?
Must voices lose the tenderness of old?
For *us* their melody evermore be stilled?

VI.

No! 'tis not ever thus, — fond hearts and true
Still gently soothe the wearied one to rest;
Then peace, sad heart! thou bird of life be still!
Nor flutter wildly in thy shadowed nest.

VII.

Not always sad are these still twilight hours,
Visions of gladness come with beauty meet,
With a rich fragrance like the lovely flowers
A lavish Nature scatters at our feet.

VIII.

Bright dreams of joy, telling of love and truth
In the dim future, to our hopeful eyes,
Bidding the smiles of banished hope return,
Filling the heart with sweet and glad surprise.

Among Miss Griswold's lyrics are some songs that exhibit far more music than originality; but are very well as songs, which, to be popular, ought never to be too original. I give *To Whom?* as a fair specimen: —

My heart is full to-night, beloved,
Of murmuring deep and low,
Tears come like silent messengers
From the land of "Long-ago;"

They come with the thoughts of thee, beloved,
 Thoughts full of wild regret,
 Why can I not forget the past,
 Why can I not forget?

The night is very beautiful,
 The sky is clear above,
 And the golden stars look gently down
 With eyes of pitying love.
 'Twas such a night as this, beloved,
 The night when first we met,
 But oh, that time is over now, —
 Why can I not forget?

In the far-off land of Memory,
 The fearful echo floats,
 "Gone! gone!" but still my heart responds
 To Love's more silvery notes.
 We never more may meet on earth,
 Yet still I'll ne'er regret
 That dream so bright, so beautiful,
 No, no! I'll not forget!

The Beautiful Snow is sectional, of the times, and suggestive of tender and mournful feeling: —

I.

The snowflakes are falling swiftly,
 The children are wild with glee,
 As they dream of the merry pastime
 The morrow's morn will see,
 And faces are bright in their youthful glow,
 As they watch the falling, beautiful snow.

II.

Within that pleasant parlour,
 The mother alone is still,
 She feels not the snow that falls without,
 But her throbbing heart is chill,
 As she turns away from the fireside glow
 To look abroad on the beautiful snow!

III.

God help those eyes despairing,
That gaze at the snow-clad earth,
God pity the mad rebellion
That in that heart had birth.
The children are gone, and a sound of woe
Breaks through the night o'er the beautiful snow !

IV.

The woman's face, all ghastly,
Lies pressed to the window-pane,
But no sound of human anguish
Escapes her lips again ;
'Twas the cry of a woman's heart crushed low,
Whose hopes lay dead 'neath the beautiful snow !

V.

The firelight glanced and sparkled
In contrast to her gloom, —
It gilded the books and pictures,
And lit up the cheerful room, —
While, through the casement, its crimson glow
Threw a band of light on the beautiful snow !

VI.

She shrank from the mocking brightness,
That sought to win her there ;
Far better to watch the snowflakes
Than gaze at a vacant chair,
A chair that never again could know
A form *now* still neath the beautiful snow !

VII.

Many a night-watch had he known
And many a vigil kept,
While the snowflakes fell around him,
And all his comrades slept ;
For his heart was strong, in its patriot glow,
As he gazed abroad at the beautiful snow !

VIII.

He too had watched the snowflakes,
And laughed as they whirled him by, —
Had watched, as they drifted round him,
With bright, undaunted eye ;
But now there rests not a stone to show
The soldier's grave 'neath the beautiful snow !

IX.

The mourner's eye roved sadly,
In search of the vacant chair,
To rest in loving wonder
On a young child slumbering there ;
And she caught from his baby-lips the low,
Half-murmured words, " The beautiful snow ! "

X.

With a sudden, passionate yearning,
She caught him to her breast,
And smiled in the eyes, that in their calm,
Rebuked her own unrest, —
Eyes that had caught their kindling glow
From the father that lay 'neath the beautiful snow !

XI.

Again she stood at the casement,
And smiled at her baby's glee,
As he turned from the feathery snowflakes
Her answering smile to see —
Her little child that never could know
The father that lay 'neath the beautiful snow !

XII.

Ah ! many a widowed heart doth throb
In its bitterness alone,
And many an orphan's tears still fall
Above some honoured stone.
Fond hearts must bleed, and tears must flow,
For the loved and lost 'neath the beautiful snow !

MRS. LAURA GWYN.

A volume of miscellaneous verses, entitled *Poems, by Laura Gwyn*, was published about the year 1860. The poems are largely religious. Mrs. Gwyn is, I am informed, the wife of a Methodist preacher, and lives in Greenville, South Carolina. The following tribute to Father Ryan, who is the author of a collection of poems called *Sentinel Songs*, may illustrate Mrs. Gwyn's more recent Muse. It bears date of 1868 :—

You utter many thoughts, sweet bard,
That gentle hearts perforce must hold,
As misers treasure gems and gold,
Or saints their sacred relics guard.

Soft strains or high you pour at will
Along your harp of "solemn sound ;"
Prone to your touch our pulses bound ;
Beneath your burning words we thrill.

The bell-bird, sitting high and lone,
In the deep forest, poureth clear
Its toiling voice upon the air,
Till the far travellers catch its tone ;

And thrill to hear its wild notes swell,
And, hastening on with eager feet,
Thinketh its music, loud and sweet,
Chimes from some grand cathedral bell !

O minstrel of the iron Southland !
'Tis yours, through darkness wild and drear,
Full many a weary soul to cheer,
With pipings sweet and chantings grand !

To you a glorious task belongs, —
O crown the deeds of warriors brave !
O guard the hero's grass-grown grave
With deathless sentinels of song !

MISS S. J. HANCOCK.

This lady—the author of a novel entitled *The Montanas*, which was published in 1868—is a native of Kentucky. She has written, I am informed, no other works

MRS. BELLE BOYD HARDINGE.

The notoriety attained by Miss BELLE BOYD during the war, as a Confederate partisan and a woman of spirit and daring, prepared the reading public to expect something piquant in her book,—*Belle Boyd, in Camp and Prison*,—published in 1865; and the expectation was hardly disappointed, though the work was not a very decided success, viewed either from a literary or from a sensational standpoint.

Mrs. Hardinge is a daughter of Dr. Boyd, of Martinsburg, Virginia; did good service for the South; was a prisoner of war, for months; married a Federal officer at the end of the war, and visited Europe. The last item of her is of her appearance upon the stage, in New York, with a view to adopting that as her profession. She appeared first in January, 1868; and about the same time was announced the fact that the Supreme Court of New York had granted her a decree of divorce from Mr. Hardinge.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Of our young writers,—writers of energy, hope, and ability, who promise to become men of mark in letters,—there are few, if any, who rank higher than Chandler Harris.

He was born in Eatonton, Georgia, on Tuesday, the 8th of December, 1846. He educated himself at the printer's case.

Wanting, doubtless, some degree of the polish of scholastic culture, he has an energy and a self-reliance thus developed, that will be worth more to him in the battle for fame than the most skillfully-adjusted academical armour. He practices law at Forsyth, Georgia.

Mr. Harris has written a good deal for literary periodicals in the South, for four or five years, both in prose and verse. Essays, sketches, and lyrics have appeared from his pen that would have done honour to older heads. He has in preparation a work to be entitled *Gems of Southern Poetry*, to consist of illustrative poems by the best Southern poets, together with biographical sketches.

As a poet, Mr. Harris has the true principles of the art poetic. He recognizes the twaddle about inspiration as twaddle, and looks to legitimate art to accomplish its own mission. This principle will be of infinite use to him as a critic, and no less so as a poet. I clip from the New Orleans *Sunday Times* the following little poem that very happily blends the conflicting voices of Hope and Memory; and the theme is tersely and musically expressed. It is called *The Old and the New*:—

I.

Clasp hands with those who are going,
Kiss the lips that are raised to be kissed,
For the life of the Old Year is flowing
And melting away in the mist.

II.

A shadow lies black on the water,
A silence hangs over the hill,
And the echo comes fainter and shorter,
From the river that runs by the mill.

III.

Greet the New Year with music and laughter,
Let the Old shrink away with a tear!
But we shall remember hereafter
The many who die with the year.

IV.

Ay ! we shall regret and remember
Mary, and Maud, and Irene,
Though the swift-falling snow of December
Lies over them now as a screen ;

V.

And the alternate sunshine and shadow
Sweep over their graves with a thrill, —
Irene lies asleep in the meadow,
And Mary and Maud on the hill.

VI.

Clasp hands with those who are going,
Kiss the lips that are raised to be kissed,
For the life of the Old Year is flowing,
And melting away in the mist.

In a gentler vein is *Agnes*. It has the playful tenderness of Timrod, and something of the graceful antithesis of Flash in it:—

She has a tender, winning way,
And walks the earth with gentle grace,
And roses with the lily play
Amid the beauties of her face.

Whene'er she tunes her voice to sing,
The song-birds list, with anxious looks,
For it combines the notes of spring
With all the music of the brooks.

Her merry laughter, soft and low,
Is as the chimes of silver bells,
That, like sweet anthems, float and flow
Through woodland groves and bosky dells.

And when the violets see her eyes,
They flush and glow with love and shame,
Then meekly droop with sad surprise,
As though unworthy of the name.

But still they bloom where'er she throws
Her dainty glance and smiles so sweet,
And e'en amid stern winter's snows
The daisies spring beneath her feet.

She wears a crown of Purity,
Full set with woman's brightest gem, —
A wreath of maiden modesty,
And Virtue is the diadem.

And when the pansies bloom again,
And spring and summer intertwine,
Great joys will fall on me like rain,
For she will be forever mine !

JOHN E. HATCHER.

This rather eccentric poet, *littérateur*, and journalist, was born in Bedford County, Virginia. He began his editorial career in 1851, at Columbia, Tennessee, where he conducted, until the latter part of 1858, with an interregnum of a year or so, a weekly political and literary journal, one of the former editors of which was the lamented General F. R. Zollikoffer. In the winter of 1860 he was elected State Librarian by the legislature of Tennessee ; left Nashville on the fall of Fort Donelson, and moved South. Being unfitted, from physical causes, for the life of a soldier, did not enter the service at once, but joined the Army of the Tennessee, under General Bragg, at Chattanooga, and served as a volunteer on the staff of Major-General Alexander P. Stewart until after the battle of Missionary Ridge and the retreat to Dalton, when he went to Atlanta as one of the editors of the *Daily Register*, where he remained until the fall of that city. When the publication of the *Mobile Advertiser and Register* was resumed, in 1865, he became one of the editors, a position he now holds. Most of his rhymes are of a humorous character, written for the columns of the different newspapers with

which he has been connected, and published under the *pseudonym* of George Washington Bricks. Some of his earlier pieces, however, appeared originally in the *Louisville Journal*.

As a specimen of Mr. Hatcher's serio-sentimental verse, I present *Katie Lyle*, which has been set to music and published in that form, in *Mobile*. As a piano-piece it met, notwithstanding its length, with much favour : —

O Katie Lyle ! fair Katie Lyle !
Call from those lips that witching smile,
And hide those clustering curls that chase
Their laughing shadows o'er thy face !

O turn away that dimpled cheek,
Where Love and Mirth play hide-and-seek ;
Let those soft lashes veil thine eyes,
Wherein so much of mischief lies !

Yes, hide them all ! I will not yield
My heart on such unequal field ;
I will not risk a conflict in
A field where I can nothing win.

So frail mine armour, Katie Lyle,
I must not, dare not see thee smile,
Nor watch those clustering ringlets chase
Their laughing shadows o'er thy face.

I dare not let my glances seek
To kiss again that dimpled cheek ;
I dare not face the spell that lies
Within the depths of thy dark eyes.

I long have felt — I still must feel —
'Tis not for me to break the seal
Upon thy heart, and wake thee from
That dream wherein Love's voice is dumb.

Could I but hope there comes to thee
Sometimes a gentle thought of me,
O Katie Lyle ! this heart of mine
With all its wealth of love were thine !

But since I dare not hope that thou
 Wouldst heed my love or hear my vow,
 I'll mail my heart in triple steel,
 Nor fear the shafts I will not feel.

I will not feel! O lying lips !
 Full well ye know my spirit sips
 No sweets in life but such as rise
 From out the heaven of Katie's eyes !

Look into this heart, O lying tongue !
 Thou knowest full well that it hath flung
 Its last hope in the loving smile
 Or angry frown of Katie-Lyle !

'Twere vain, thrice vain to take up arms
 Against her all-subduing charms ;
 That proud heart never yet was born
 With strength to laugh their spell to scorn.

Then, Katie Lyle, dear Katie Lyle,
 Thy rose-hued lips may wear that smile,
 And still those clustering curls may chase
 Their laughing shadows o'er thy face.

My eyes shun not that dimpled cheek,
 Where Love and Mirth play hide-and-seek ;
 My heart still woos the wildering trance
 Born of thine eyes' electric glance.

As to his God the Brahmin kneels, —
 With more of fervour than he feels, —
 Here at thy feet I bend the knee,
 Sweet Katie Lyle, and worship thee.

In the Poësque vein, this stanza, from a poem of a dozen or so of stanzas, is full of strength : —

The Past ! where a merciless demon
 Each moment adds woe to my woe,
 And mocks at the wail of my spirit,
 And the weight of its burden of woe,
 Adds gloom to the night of my spirit,
 And mocks at the weight of my woe.

Mr. Hatcher's other style — the rollicking George-Lippard-and-Walt-Whitman-mixed style — requires, to be fairly presented, a longer extract than the present space permits. The title of one of the best of this kind is *A Poem (after the style of Warren, and also immediately subsequent to three bottles of champagne), by George Washington Bricks*; and the poem is very like the title.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

For many years Mr. HAYNE's fugitive poems have been seen, from time to time, in the first-class periodicals, North and South, principally the latter. He has contributed frequently to *The Southern Literary Messenger*, of Richmond. He has edited, or assisted in editing, *The Southern Literary Gazette*, a weekly, and *Russell's Magazine*, a monthly, both of Charleston.

He has published three volumes : —

1. *Poems*. Boston, 1855.
2. *Sonnets and other Poems*. Charleston, 1857.
3. *Avolio, a Legend of the Island of Cos, with Poems, lyrical, miscellaneous, and dramatic*. Boston, 1860.

His first volume contains one long poem, — *The Temptation of Venus, a Monkish Legend*. His third has *Avolio*, — a comparatively extended narrative poem, — as its leader. These two are the only long — and they are not very long — poems that Mr. Hayne has ventured upon; and for the sake of his reputation as a poet it is to be hoped that he will venture on no more of the kind. These are by no means failures, as that term is usually taken; but in success are far below what he should do, can do, and has already done. His narration of stories in verse is a little obscure and toilsome. He would better avoid them.

His *Ode* before the Carolina Art Association — a carefully-

elaborated poem of nine pages—is a fine thing. Some think it the best he has written.

Next in length are the miscellaneous poems of these volumes. These contain the gems of Mr. Hayne's genius. There are several that Tennyson might have written without damage to his reputation as the first artist among English poets. I shall present *The Village Beauty* as illustrative of his style. It is happily conceived, and the versification is fine :—

The glowing tints of a tropic eve
Burn on her radiant cheek,
And we know that her voice is rich and low,
Though we never have heard her speak ;
So full are those gracious eyes of light,
That the blissful flood runs o'er,
And wherever her tranquil pathway tends
A glory flits on before !

Oh, very grand are the city belles,
Of a brilliant and stately mien,
As they walk the steps of the languid dance,
And flirt in the pauses between ;
But beneath the boughs of the hoary oak,
Where the minstrel fountains play,
I think that the artless village girl
Is sweeter by far than they.

Oh, very grand are the city belles,
But their hearts are worn away
By the keen-edged world, and their lives have lost
The beauty and mirth of May ;
They move where the sun and starry dews
Reign not ; they are haughty and bold,
And they do not shrink from the cursed mart .
Where faith is the slave of Gold.

But the starry dews and the genial sun
Have gladdened her guileless youth ;
And her brow is bright with the flush of hope,
Her soul with the seal of truth ;

Her feet are beautiful on the hills
 As the steps of an Orient morn,
 And Ruth was never more fair to see
 In the midst of the autumn corn.

Dear Effie ! give me thy loyal hand,
 As soft and warm as thy heart
 And tell me again I may call thee mine.
 When the winter storms depart ;
 'Tis true that thou mak'st all seasons bright,
 But it is not fitter than we
 Should wed when the spring — thy sister — comes
 To be a bridesmaid to thee?

The buds will blossom as bloom our hopes,
 And the earth make glad replies
 To the music that moves our inmost souls
 With its marvellous harmonies ;
 And between the nature that glows without
 And the nature that thrills within
 The delicate morning of love shall close,
 And its bountiful noon begin !

The hiatus and the subsequent change of location are admirably well-timed, and tell very gracefully in the general effect. The rhythm is well suited to the subject. This blending of iambus and anapest is eminently musical when skillfully managed. In this Mr. Hayne excels.

Versification is purely an art. The twaddle about inspiration, as applied to it, died under the pen of Poe, and was so utterly stupid in itself that the only wonder is that it had not perished a century before. Mr. Hayne has devoted, be it said to his credit, careful attention, as an artist, to the great masters of versification ; especially, we feel safe in assuming, has he studied Tennyson, who has no superior in that subtle art.

The rhythm and melody of the following stanza are exquisite : —

Over her face, so tender and meek,
The light of a prophecy lies,
That hath silvered the red of the rose on her cheek,
And chastened the thought in her eyes.

And this, too, is dainty:—

And later still shall the churchyard flowers
Gleam nigh with a white increase;
And a bird outpour, by the old church towers,
A plaintive poem of peace.

And this:—

And the languid dirge of billows,
Lulls with opiate symphonies.

There is something Poesque in the following verses:—

How the holy story,
Her deep heart's mystery,
Like a chastened glory,
Beautiful to see,
Shone forth, softly, faintly,
With a radiance saintly,
From each pensive feature—
Oh, divinest Nature,
Once bound up in me!

There is a wail-like melody, that nothing short of the highest art could evolve from the subject, in this, which is one of the prettiest lyrics in these volumes:—

The winter winds may wildy rave,
Lost Edith, o'er thy place of rest;
But, love! thou hast a holier grave
Deep in a faithful human breast.

There, the embalmer, Memory, bends,
Watching, with softly-breathed sighs,
The mystic light her genius lends
To fadeless cheeks, and tender eyes.

There, in an awful, calm serene,
Thy beauty keeps its saintly trace ;
The radiance of an angel mien,
The rapture of a heavenly grace.

And there, O gentlest Love ! remain,
No stormy passion round thee raves,
Till soul to soul, we meet again
Beyond this ghostly realm of graves.

I submit the foregoing as illustrative touches of Mr. Hayne's style, and regard them as warranting, as well as detached fragments can do, my high estimate of his lyrics.

But Mr. Hayne plumes himself, I gather from his introductory essay in his second volume, upon his sonnets. He labours with painstaking ingenuity to elevate the strait-laced sonnet to a respectable place among the forms of poetic utterance. He points to Howard, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Milton, and to Wordsworth, the prince of sonneteers ; to Ghedino, Lazzarini, Casa, Bembo, Menzoni, and to Petrarch, the father of sonnets. This is all very well. These men have written sonnets—that is not to be denied—but good sonnets, with the best of them, have been in a minority preciously small. Mr. Hayne, however, follows up his desperate cause with a yet bolder ground of defence : “The sonnet addresses itself to the scholar.” This is intended to be conclusive on the question. The same, however, is true of the syllogism, and of a demonstration in geometry ; but it does not demonstrate that these also are favourable poetic forms. After all, Mr. Hayne's difficulty lies in the necessity of proof at all. If it were true, the world would not have required the proof. A man who needs to be told that a lily is beautiful will never see it, though the argument be strong as proofs of

holy writ. It is so with the world about sonnets. Sonnets may be very ingenious things, very clever things, very scholarly things, very funny things, if needs be ; but all these will never make them very poetic things. My objection to the sonnet is not that it is an artificial structure—all poetic forms must be so—but that it is uniform, while poetic thought is not so. And the thought that does not fit it becomes cramped as soon as put into such a Procrustean bed.

Mr. Hayne has written sonnets very much as clever as any in English. I neither except Stoddard, who has done well ; nor Boker, whose success is marked ; nor even Wordsworth, the Magnus Apollo of British sonneteers. Nor do I mean any very great compliment to Mr. Hayne, in these comparisons. His book will sustain my opinion. I give one, on *October*, as a specimen of the spirit he is capable of throwing into even a sonnet :—

The passionate summer's dead ! the sky's aglow
With roseate flushes of matured desire ;
The winds at eve are musical and low
As sweeping chords of a lamenting lyre,
Far up among the pillared clouds of fire,
Whose pomp in grand procession upward grows,
With gorgeous blazonry of funereal shows,
To celebrate the summer's past renown.
Ah me ! how regally the heavens look down,
O'ershadowing beautiful autumnal woods,
And harvest-fields with hoarded increase brown,
And deep-toned majesty of golden floods,
That lift their solemn dirges to the sky,
To swell the purple pomp that floateth by.

Mr. Hayne has an intense love of Nature ; a rich imagination, quick and bold ; limited power of narrative structure, and a true sense of the music of words. His study of Tennyson has been in the spirit of the true artist. In the glowing sensuousness of his imagery one is sometimes reminded of Alexander Smith ; but he

has a refinement and an art-finish that Smith could never have attained. His poetry is alive with pent passion, glowing yet repressed ; a tropical wealth of emotion, touched here and there with a dash of quaintness or a flaw of affectation. He is fervent, but sometimes feeble ; musical and dainty in phraseology ; full of earnestness, tenderness, and delicacy. Over some of his exquisite ideal poems there hangs a veil of mourning so vivid and startling, that in the complex beauty of sorrow one is puzzled, while charmed.

I have said that Mr. Hayne has an intense love of Nature. This needs qualification. His love is intense ; but it is for the grand and the picturesque that he loves Nature. He comes not to her universal vitality with the affection of a simple heart. He makes her useful in affording striking illustration and brilliant imagery ; but he does not seem to clasp her to his bosom with the fervid passionateness of a genuine child of Nature — of a suffering human that sighs out his sorrows upon her bosom, and finds a mediatorial love in her intimacy. Yet his love of Nature is intense and beautiful.

His *Ode to Sleep* has been admired in Europe as well as in America.

Perhaps Mr. Hayne's greatest fault, as an artist, is an affectation of quaint and dainty adjectives, upon which the changes have been already rung by Tennyson and T. B. Aldrich. These phrases will afford illustration of the fault I refer to : "Gray fleetness," "Starry sparkles of still bliss," "Innumerable grand imperial phantoms resurrectionized," "Charnel doom," "Adoration of benignant calm," "Troublous dreams," "The mazes of deep speech," "The emerald grasses," "The lush grasses," "A Poet's purple mood," "A purple-vestured mood."

Seizing a fault, as if it were an excellence, of the older English poets, Mr. Hayne indulges in this style of phrase : "O' th' nether earth," "O' th' treacherous elements," "I' th' name of mercy," "Virtue i' th' bud." This is pure affectation and poor English. It is confounding apocope with elision, and may have been ad-

missible—may have been esteemed an excellence—in the days of Shakspeare; but as English now stands, it reminds one of the courtiers of Alexander the Great, who carried their heads one-sided, because the king had that deformity.

In *Avolio and Other Poems* are some dramatic sketches. These are so spirited and well put that they make us regret that the author has not devoted more of his time to this species of composition. That inaptitude for ordonnance, however, which appears in his narrative poems may forbid his complete success in the drama.

During the War of Secession Mr. Hayne suffered ill health; still he wrote poems frequently for the newspapers. He raised some spirited war cries, in verse. Among these, perhaps the most noticeable, though far from the best, is his *Black Flag*. It is very fierce, sanguinary in fact. Hear his refrain:—

Then up with the sable banner!
Let it thrill to the War-God's breath,
For we march to the watchword—Vengeance!
And we follow the captain—Death!

The whole poem is in the same vein,—a style which is called the blood-and-thunderous. Among soldiers in the field this kind of song was known as *humorous* poetry. Another of Mr. Hayne's war-songs appeared in the *Charleston Mercury*, in March, 1862, just after the Confederates had suffered some reverses. It is dated at Fort Sumter, and this stanza will illustrate its spirit and style:—

Come! rush from the mountains, the lowlands, the valleys,—
Rush on, like the avalanche freed from its spell,
And lash the base cohorts, who throng to enslave us,
With stripes that shall give them a foretaste of hell!

The injudicious efforts of over-partial friends have done Mr. Hayne's true merits injustice, in their trying to foist upon the public mind the idea that he is distinguished for classical attain-

ments. A Northern weekly says, "His scholarship is evident on every page;" and a Southern daily says, "It will be readily conceived that he must be singularly at home in handling a classical subject." And, in fact, the choice of a *Legend of Cos*, as a subject, makes a good occasion for such adventurous compliments. The truth is, that Mr. Hayne is *not* singularly at home in the literatures or even the languages of Greece and Rome; but he *is* singularly at home in the classic works of *English literature* — back to, and including, the Elizabethan age. His study of these standards has been careful and fruitful. His attainments herein are rare for one of his age; and to overlook such culture in the effort to make him out a scholar in the classics of Greece and Rome is rank injustice to his true merit. Mr. Hayne's style shows careful and thorough study of the best models of the Undeiled; and in its vigour and spirit does honour to his talents. His English is remarkably fine, owing so little as it does to the dead languages.

Mr. Hayne was born in 1831; educated in Charleston, South Carolina, and has lived principally, if not exclusively, in that city. He is married.

In person he is below medium in size. Has dark hair and dark-hazel eyes. His style of conversation is impressive and entertaining. He emphasizes words markedly. His whole manner indicates the man of sensibility and culture.

His chirograph is striking. It is freely legible; English in general character, but more *prononcé* and emphatic than most English men write. It conveys an impression of rapid thinking and vivid conception, with the same touch of manner that runs through his writings. Enthusiasm, emphasis, a fervour that exhausts itself just short of brilliant power, correct taste, an ambition for effects, with want of perfect system, appear in the specimens of his chirography that I have seen.

HINTON ROWIN HELPER.

The title of *The Impending Crisis of the South*, and the name of Hinton Rowan Helper, are linked together and known from one end of the western continent to the other; and the eastern continent has read the book and heard of its author, through the German.

Mr. Helper is the author of *The Impending Crisis of the South*. What else of him?

I allow himself to answer the question in his own way.

In the first chapter of his last work — *Nojoke* — Mr. Helper says: —

“What matters it that my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and myself, were all born and reared in the good old North State? What matters it that my father, who never saw and scarcely ever heard of a railroad, a steamboat, or a telegraph, and who, without ever travelling more than twenty miles from home, owned land and slaves, and lived and died, on the eastern bank of Bear Creek, a small tributary of the South Yadkin, in the western part of North Carolina?

“What matters it that my father’s name (all except the surname) was Daniel? What matters it that my father, like certain other men, — of some of whom the reader has doubtless heard, — found a beautiful and bewitching blue-eyed damsel, fell in love with her, and got married? What matters it that my mother’s maiden name (all except the surname) was Sarah? What matters it, indeed, that my father wooed, won, and wedded Sarah Brown, — an endeared and honoured name, which, in these degenerate days of French folly, would be but too apt to lose, in some measure, at least, the Anglo-Saxon simplicity of its consonants, and to glide into the vowel-terminating appellation of Sally Browne?

“What matters it that, at intervals, respectively, of a year, more or less, jolly-faced Dame Nature, the great colonizer of the neighbourhood, brought and placed under the guardianship of my

good parents, seven children, five boys and two girls, all of whom, except the younger daughter, were named by my father, and she by my mother? What matters it that my parent's children's names (all except the surname) are thus recorded in a ponderous old Family Bible,—an excellent compilation of ancient writings, which, if a fact of this sort may be here stated, my father's youngest, and homeliest, and most mischievous son, has twice read regularly through, from Genesis to Revelation, inclusive, besides having perused some of the finer poems thereof, especially those by Job, David, and Solomon, at least three dozen times?

"*Horace Haston*, born January 27, 1819.

"*Henrietta Minerva*, born June 30, 1820.

"*Hardie Hogan*, born March 21, 1822.

"*Amanda Maria*, born November 22, 1823.

"*Hanson Pinkney*, born November 4, 1825.

"*Hampton Lafayette*, born October 8, 1827.

"*Hinton Rowan*, born December 27, 1829.

"What matters it, if, in these names, there is something of an alliterative ampleness of the aspirate H? May a man not have pet letters as well as pet pigs, pet pups, and pet parrots? What matters it that my gentle and revered mother pleased entirely her own fancy in the nominal distinction of one of her own children? Like some other ladies whom I have known, she was determined to have her own way,—once at least; she just would, and she would, and she did; and there was an end of it! And so, contrary to my father's suggestions, my second sister was not named Harriet, nor Hypatia, nor Helen.

"What matters it that this alliterative characteristic of my father's mind was manifested even in the naming of his negroes,—Judy, Jinsy, Joe, and Jack,—all of whom were as black as jet, and as ink-like in colour as the juice of Japan? I dare say, also, that my father's horses, on the one hand, and his dogs on the other,—although I am not now quite certain how they were called,—might have recognized their names in words of such

affinity of frame and pronunciation as Manser, Merley, and Moxon; Bender, Bouncer, and Bolton. In one case only, can I conceive it possible that my father would have manifested a desire to depart from his usual preference for alliterative appellations. Had he been the owner of apes, monkeys, or baboons, I have no doubt it would have been his pleasure to call them by such gimcrack cognomens as Vallandigham, Foote, Wise, and Buchanan.

"What matters it that my father died (somewhat suddenly, of a severe and unrelievable attack of the mumps) in the fall of 1830, when his youngest son, who had then been in the world but nine months, was still a close clinger to the breast, — a source of sweet solace and sustenance, which his elder brothers banteringly allege he did not desert until he was at least six years of age!

"What matters it that any of these things were as they were, or are as they are? Little significance, indeed, have any of the intimations, or statements of facts, here advanced. In contrast with public interests and requirements, mere personal considerations are, or ought to be, of but very small moment. With heraldry, pedigrees, and ancestry, I have, unlike John Chinaman, nothing to do. Ask a mandarin of Shanghai, of Canton, or of Peking, to lay before you the tree or diagram of his genealogy, and he will straightway prove to you, provided you will exercise full faith in what he says, that the venerated founder of his family was, tens of thousands of years before the days of Adam, a successful fishmonger, an expert knife-grinder, or a distinguished rag-picker, or something else equally honourable and aristocratic. We have no such ancient reckonings in the United States, and it is only by the aid of Pintoism and Munchausenism that they can count so far back in Europe.

"As a plain American republican, possessed of a moderate share of common sense, and very much like the generality of my fellow-men (my white fellow-men), I was, and am, and shall be, — and that's sufficient."

And then?

The place of Mr. Helper's birth is Davie County, formerly—at the time of his birth—known as Rowan County. Under the tutorship of the Rev. Baxter Clegg, at the Male Academy in Mocksville, he received a plain English education.

He has been rather an extensive traveller. In his twenty-first year,—in 1851, I believe,—he went to California, by way of Cape Horn and Valparaiso; spent nearly three years on the Pacific coast; and returned to his native state by way of St. John of the South, Lake Nicaragua, and San Juan del Norte.

In 1855 he made his *début* as an author. In a moment I shall take up the subject of his publications. Just here I prefer to continue the personal narrative.

In 1861 he was appointed United States Consul to Buenos Ayres, in the Argentine Republic, whither he repaired by way of Pernambuco.

In 1863, at Buenos Ayres, he married Miss Maria Louisa Rodriguez, a young lady of pure Spanish descent, who had received a five-years' education in one of the best French-English schools in New-York City.

After more than five years of service as consul at Buenos Ayres, after repeated applications to be relieved he positively refused to hold the position longer, resigned it unconditionally, and came home early in 1867.

He is to-day resident in the romantic village of Asheville, North Carolina, among the Blue-Ridge Mountains. The gossip of the newspapers is that he is about to establish a negro-extermination newspaper.

Mr. Helper's published works are :—

1. *The Land of Gold*,—a volume of three hundred pages, in which the author describes some of his impressions and experiences in our most westerly El Dorado. It was published in Baltimore, 1855; and had a fair but not extraordinary success.

2. *The Impending Crisis of the South*, was published in 1857; and up to the present time,—a space of, say, ten years,—more than one hundred and forty thousand copies have been sold.

The New York Weekly *Tribune* of the 4th July, 1857, contained an eight-column review of this work, — the longest criticism, I am informed, ever devoted to any book in a single issue of any American newspaper. The work was written against slavery, and in the interests of the white race. Many inferred that because it was against slavery and slaveholders, it must be in the interests of the negro. This point is made with characteristic force in his sequel, or pendant to this book, to be noticed next in order. This volume was seized by the radical party and used, as the phrase goes, "as a campaign document," by that party in its advocacy of Mr. Lincoln's election, in 1860. As a natural consequence, Mr. Helper became as odious at the South as he was famous at the North, — famous there, infamous here. But all this is a matter of politics rather than of literature, though it is strictly biographical, in that it throws light upon the subsequent book by the same author.

3. *Nojoke; a Question for a Continent*, — a pendant to *The Impending Crisis of the South*, — appeared in 1867. It is a duodecimo of 479 pages, well indexed, published in New York and London. Mr. Helper begins the preface of this book with these intelligible words: "Were I to state here, frankly and categorically, that the primary object of this work is to write the negro out of America, and that the secondary object is to write him (and manifold millions of other blacks and bi-colored caitiffs, little better than himself,) out of existence, God's simple truth would be told." That one sentence tells all that it is important to state here as characteristic of the work. The extract I gave at the outset of this notice, illustrates the author's style. He handles everything without gloves. His views are iconoclastic, and his spirit destructive. He praises and blames without reserve and without measure. He treads upon toes without begging pardon. There is, however, a manliness in this outspoken and fearless advocacy, that entitles the advocate to a measure of respect, even from those who take issue with every position he fights for.

4. *The Negroes in Negroland; the Negroes in America; and Negroes Generally*; also, the Several Races of White Men, considered as the involuntary and predestined Supplanters of the Black Races: a Compilation, by Hinton Rowan Helper, a Rational Republican. The title of this work gives its scope and temper. It is anti-negro in every sense. The statements of many travellers are given, under suitable headings, to show exactly what the negro race is. The testimonies thus quoted are those of the following travellers: Mungo Park, Denham, Clapperton, Lander, Livingstone, Barth, Lichtenstein, Du Chaillu, Caillie, Valdez, Bruce, Baker, Speke, Duncan, Wilson, Moffat, Reade, Richardson, Burton, Barrow, and several others. Besides these, several American writers are quoted; such as John Adams, Daniel Webster, Horace Mann, Theodore Parker, Samuel George Morton, William Henry Seward, Henry Clay, Thomas Hart Benton, Abraham Lincoln, Montgomery Blair, and Josiah Clark Nott. But the most significant writer is Thomas Jefferson, whose views are quoted upon the negro race, as written subsequent to the Declaration of Independence. The result aimed at—and, *par parenthese*, I may add, *reached*,—is that the black race is inferior to the white, not only in colour, but also in physique, in mind, and in morals. It is a neat duodecimo of 254 pages, published by Carleton, of New York, in the summer of 1868.

Mr. Helper is engaged upon yet other works, no doubt calculated to make their mark, as has everything he has thus far written; excepting, perhaps, his itinerary in the far west, which needed an occasion to become a sensation.

Mr. Helper's chirograph is neat, legible, and almost ornate. It indicates great persistence and coherency of purpose; some fondness for applause, with more of the absoluteness of Cromwell in it than is often found in the chirographs of civilians. It has the *fatality*, without the angular heartlessness of Stonewall Jackson's handwriting; but there is as little compromise in it. And that is saying a great deal for it.

DANIEL H. HILL.

General HILL is universally known as an officer in the Confederate Army; and since the war he has kept up the contest pretty effectively as editor of *The Land We Love*, a monthly literary magazine published at Charlotte, North Carolina. As he was a soldier unyielding in the field, so is he uncompromising at his desk, when he is dealing with fanaticism or radicalism. He is of the Old Roman style. His magazine, I am advised, is the most successful one ever issued in the South.

As an author, General Hill has produced these works:—

1. *Moses*.
2. *Algebra*.
3. *Sermons on the Mount of the Crucifixion*. Issued by Martin & Co., Philadelphia.
4. *Essays*, from the *Southern Presbyterian Review*.
5. *Essays*, from the *Quarterly Review*.

He was, before the war, the Professor of Mathematics in Davidson College, which position he resigned to establish a military school at Charlotte. He is a native, of South Carolina.

One who knows General Hill personally, wrote the following graphic sketch of his *personnel*:—

“Fancy a man in whom the grim determination of a veteran warrior is united to a gentle tenderness of manner, which would not be inappropriate to the most womanly of women. Light up his face with such a smile as always reminds one of soft moonlight falling on a common; affix a pair of eyes that possess the most indisputably honest and kindly expression; animate him with a mind, clear, deep, and comprehensive, and imbued with a humour as rich as it is deep and effective; infuse man and mind with a soul which, in its lofty views, compels subordination of the material to the spiritual, and holds a supreme trust in the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty,—is zealous in the discharge of

duty, and looks with scorn on all that is mean and sinful. Add to all these a courage which is indomitable, and a love of truth and honour which is sublime, and you have the earthly embodiment of D. H. Hill."

In the army I knew General Hill by reputation, as an austere man, eccentric, having no mercy upon skulkers and deadheads generally, a good fighter, and a writer of pointed endorsements and telling orders. He entered the army as a Colonel, and came out of it a Lieutenant-General. That fact gives a whole biography in itself.

THEO. H. HILL.

THEOPHILUS H. HILL was born on Monday, the 31st of October, 1836, near Raleigh, N. C. He received a fair academic education; is a lawyer by profession, practicing in Raleigh, where he at one time edited *The Spirit of the Age*. Is married.

He wrote verses very early in life. Has always written under impulse,—what is popularly known as inspiration,—irregularly, with no system or ultimate end in view. Has written, I am informed, a good deal in prose; but have seen very little of this. It is almost exclusively as a poet that I have known him. Early in the present year, he announced his purpose of collecting and editing a volume of North Carolina poetry.

A small volume of Mr. Hill's poems, entitled *Hesper and Other Poems*, appeared in 1861, and was, I believe, the first book published in the Southern Confederacy. A second edition of this volume appeared in 1863. It met the fate of all books, in the department of literature proper, published at that time. It was a collection of his early poems, full of fire, promise, haste, and crudeness. I find in most of the poems in this little volume, some distinct evidences of genius; and yet, there is not a single one that impresses me as being a full expression of what the author evidently has in him. A want of elaboration — of finish — appears

everywhere, and mars the happiest conceptions. No one poem stands out as a finished work. The poet neglected Horace's injunction to turn the *stylus* often and again—*sæpe iterumque*—and the result follows, of necessity.

These are my impressions of *Hesper and Other Poems*. In consideration for the author, however, I take pleasure in quoting a different opinion, from a high source. The Rev. Dr. Craven says of one of the poems in this volume: "The *Song of the Butterfly* is one of the finest poems of its kind in English literature." This is very high praise; and I quote the *Song* entire, to illustrate the reverend critic's opinion, and as a fair specimen of the style of the poet. It is divided into four stanzas:—

I.

Who is merrier than I?
 Quoth the golden Butterfly.
 In the shining court of May,
 Whose apparel half so gay?
 I reflect each sparkling hue
 Of her gaudy retinue.
 I have kissed the Lily's cheek,
 I have played at "hide and seek,"
 Blushing Violet, with you!
 Who is merrier than I?
 Quoth the golden Butterfly.

II.

I have flirted, too, with thee,
 Beautiful Anemone!
 And the blue-eyed Pimpernel,
 Is superlatively blest,
 Should I for a moment rest,
 Down in yonder grassy dell.
 Little does she dream that I
 From her soft caresses fly,
 But to breathe the sweet perfume
 Of the pale Magnolia bloom;
 Or to spend a listless hour

In the cool secluded bower
Of the pining Passion-flower !
Blither wooer who than I ?
Quoth the gandy Butterfly.

III.

When the shades of evening fall,
Like the foldings of a pall,—
When the dew is on the flowers,
And the mute unconscious hours
Still pursue their noiseless flight
Through the dreamy realm of night,
In the shut or open rose
Ah, how sweetly I repose !
Zephyrs, freighted with perfume,
Gently rock my cradle-bloom,
Myriads of fire-flies
From the dewy leaves arise,
And Diana's starry train,
Sweetly scintillant again,
Never sleep while I repose
On the petals of the rose,
Sweeter couch hath who than I ?
Quoth the brilliant Butterfly.

IV.

Life is but a summer day,
Gliding languidly away ;
Winter comes, alas ! too soon,—
Would it were forever June !
Yet though brief my flight may be,
Fun and frolic still for me !
When the summer leaves and flowers,
Now so beautiful and gay,
In the cold autumnal showers,
Droop and fade and pine away,
Who would not prefer to die ?
What were life to *such as I* ?
Quoth the flaunting Butterfly.

This is all pretty; so pretty, indeed, that one regrets to find evidences of carelessness. The Butterfly, in the first stanza, addressing the Violet, says, "with you"; and in the second stanza, addressing the Anemone, says, "with thee." This is too high a price for a rhyme.

Since the date of *Hesper and Other Poems*, Mr. Hill has written some of his best poems; and in this fact lie the clearest hopes of his future success. Among these latter poems are *Narcissus*, *A Gangese Dream*, *The Pit and Pendulum*, and *Sunset*.

Narcissus is an allegorical rendering of the familiar legend of Narcissus and Echo. The melody of verse is very fine, and we derive a lively pleasure from the entire poem. It is too long to give entire; and is so constructed that parts of it would give but an imperfect idea of the really fine poem it is, except as to the rhythmic melody in which the legend here floats.

I shall give a few selections from other poems in order to show the style of our author, and the character of his genius.

This extract from *Violets*, is full of happy hits of genuine fancy; and the melodious versification is well suited to the theme:—

In unfrequented places,
Where sunbeams cannot peep,—
Where Echo's faintest echo
Is lying fast asleep,—
These timid woodland graces
From dewy leaves arise,
Unveil their blushing faces,
Uplift their beaming eyes,
Less fearful in seclusion,
Of impudent intrusion,
Or surprise;
Yet each of these recluses
While budding into bloom,
Unconsciously diffuses
Sweet perfume;

And, ere they seem aware,
 The censers which they bear
 Reveal unto the air
 Where they dwell;
 And the breezes, as they blow,
 To and fro,
 In sweetest odour tell
 Of dingle and of dell,
 As yet unshone upon
 By the sun;
 They guide our eager feet
 To the shadowy retreat
 Of the Nun;
 All who love to stand
 Awhile on *holy* land,
 Who feel assured again,
 So long as these remain,
 That innocence on earth,
 Yet loiters, loth to fly
 To purer realms on high,
 Vaunts not her heavenly birth,
 Nor publishes her worth
 To gaze of mortal eye,
 But waits to drop in death,
 The masque,—the dark disguise,
 When with her parting breath,
 A radiant seraph flies.

Forty-two verses in one sentence may be more than most voices can compass readily. Where the verses are so short and so much depends upon rhyme, it is unpleasant to find such licences as *again* and *remain*; though there are just half a dozen other instances in this little volume in which the same pronunciation of *again* is forced upon us.

I do not deny the poet the privilege of resorting to allowable rhymes; but I object when the privilege is indulged in too freely. To accept a privilege of this kind is to acknowledge a want of art or to exhibit a deal of carelessness, both of which are reprehensible things in the artist. One concedes to an orator the

right, — the privilege, that is to say, — of recalling a careless word, and substituting a better, at once; but if he repeat the resort, times and again, one feels that, while he still *may* do so, he still *must* lose power as an artist. It is merely his misfortune. So it is with the poet who is forced by any circumstance whatever to resort to allowable rhymes, exceptional usages, poetical privileges, or any other licence in art. It is his misfortune; and the oftener he does so, the greater his loss. It follows, of course, that a great genius can afford these sacrifices better than others; but without them, even great geniuses would appear to far greater advantage.

This stanza, from *Taking a Snooze*, is slumberous, and very musical:—

The drowsy hum of the murmuring bees,
Hovering over the lavender-trees,
Steals through half-shut lattices;
As awake or asleep—I scarce know which—
I lazily lool near a window niche,
Whose gossamer curtains are softly stirred
By the gauzy wings of a humming-bird.

And this closing scene of the same is exquisite:—

All things are hazy, and dreamy, and dim,
The flies in lazier circles swim;
On slumberous wings—on muffled feet
Imaginary sounds retreat;
And the clouds—Elysian isles that lie
In the bright blue sea of summer sky—
Fade out before my closing eye.

This passage is as graphic as Tennyson's famous simile, and in that respect equal to it. I beg leave to quote this simile of Tennyson, which Edgar Poe has pronounced the best in the English language, or something to that effect. The Laureate says:—

Ah, sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

The following four stanzas from Mr. Hill's volume, are real poetry, of which the heart-melody is jarred in the subsequent ones, which we do not quote:—

Star of my soul! I saw thee rise
In trembling beauty o'er a sea,
A silent sea—the *past*—that lies
Asleep in Memory.

My spirit caught the hallowed beams
That fell on the enchanted air;
An unseen seraph in my dreams
Sealed thy bright image there.

Around me fell a golden glow
That flushed the amaranthine flowers,
Whose censers, swinging to and fro,
Perfumed the midnight hours.

For Hope, who long on wanton wing,
Coquetted coyly with Desire,
Now deigned to robe the meanest thing
In beautiful attire.

I remember no touch, in all misanthrope-poetry, to surpass this drop of bitter-sweet:—

Dawn brings no day, and Spring no bloom;
Earth seems a sad Sahara;
Till Hope returning, gilds the gloom
And leads to—wells of Marah!

Mr. Hill appears to have studied Edgar Poe very thoroughly, and with advantage, but occasionally there appear glimpses

of that prince of American geniuses, and these glimpses I object to. There is, in a great number of these poems, a certain suddenness in the evolution of the leading idea—a partial sacrifice of simplicity for startling effect—that is peculiarly Poesque. We find also a suggestion of the same poet in these heavy parentheses; as, in the opening sentence of *Horæ Halcyonæ*. Again: I have always felt surprise that Poe should use, as he does more than once, the quaint preposition *from out*. Following the same fancy, Mr. Hill says:—

From out his haggard eyes . . .
From out the dusk arise . . .
From out those treacherous seas.

This petting a word or phrase, whether it is Poesque or not, is objectionable. Still further; in such phrases as,—

Through the enchanted air . . .
 Glimpse of an enchanted isle . . .
 Enchanted realms of dreams . . .
 What sweet nepenthe . . .
 Through my lattice streaming . . .
 Their silvery, silken sails . . .

and so forth, the admirer of Poe will feel that there is something familiar to him.

All that I complain of in these remarks is, that Mr. Hill has too indolently—passively, as it were—adopted expressions and forms of utterance that arise in his mind, without exerting that mind enough about them to clearly distinguish between memory and impulse. This neglect may arise from a too reposing confidence in self, and a consequent disregard of the opinions of others; and can be corrected—I believe only—by severe and persistent pen-labour.

There are several other passages in these poems, here and there, that remind one of something that he has read, heard, or seen before. For example, when Mr. Hill says,—

Fairest flowers soonest die,

he uses a commonplace that several poets have used before him; and which Moore has made the most of.

Again, when Mr. Hill says,—

Then, sweet "Phantom of delight,"
Thou mayst wing thy wanton flight,
Bidding me "Good Night!" "Good Night!"
If that night—GOOD night can be
When I bid adieu to thee!

one naturally recalls the *Good Night* that kisses made so supremely *Good* for Anacreon Moore!

Once more, when one finds Mr. Hill singing,—

To my spirit thou dost seem
Like a sweet thought in a dream,

one can not well fail to recall "that most exquisite pant of the very soul of passion," Shelley's *Lines to an Indian Air*, which enjoys the distinction of having been pronounced "the most perfect thing ever written," in which occur these verses:—

The wandering airs, they faint
On the dark, the silent stream;
The champak odours fail,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.

Again, once more, and—not to grow tedious—finally, when we read in Mr. Hill's *Narcissus* about the

Forehead fairer than the sun
E'er before had shone upon,

every school-girl will remember *Annie Laurie*, of whom the legend is,—

Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.

Upon the whole, it appears to me that Mr. Hill has given evidence of genius, but that he has thus far been too careless and thoughtless of the gift he possesses,—too much wed to the old and long-ago-exploded theory about the inspiration of verse,—too ready to await the impulse of inspiration rather than to go to work like an artist to determine and develop his genius. The old theory of inspiration taking the place of art-culture is all bosh; and unless Mr. Hill relieve his mind entirely of it, his rank as a poet will unquestionably stand as it is.

In most that Mr. Hill has written there is a touch of sadness; and in too much that he has written is a tone of despair and bitterness towards life, something of the Poesque-Byronic misanthropy, that has so much romance and so little health in it.



HENRY WASHINGTON HILLIARD.

MR. HILLIARD is more noted for his versatility than for his thoroughness. He has been a lawyer, a professor, a legislator, a *Chargé d'affaires*, a congressman, a Methodist preacher, and a novelist.

He was born in Cumberland County, North Carolina, on Monday, the 8th of August, 1808. During his infancy his father's family moved to Columbia, South Carolina; and he graduated in the State College at that place, at the age of eighteen. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar, and devoted two years to that profession in Athens, Georgia. At that period—1831—he was elected professor in the University of Georgia, and held the position for three years. In 1838 he was elected to the Georgia legislature. Three years later he entered the field of diplomacy as *Chargé d'affaires* to Belgium, where he resided two years. From 1845 until 1851 he was a representative from Georgia in the Congress of the United States. He

was subsequently a Methodist Preacher, which profession he followed, with varied fortunes, for several years.

His literary productions are :—

1. *Speeches and Addresses*. An octavo, published in New York, in 1855. The main portion of this volume consists of his speeches delivered in Washington while in Congress; while the remainder are some literary addresses on various occasions.

2. *De Vane; a Story of Plebeians and Patricians*. A duodecimo of two sizable volumes. Issued early in 1866, from a New York press. There was an effort made to get this out early in the war, perhaps in 1861; but the war delayed it. The design of the book seems to be a defence—too much in the form of an *apology*, to suit the truer sensibilities of his Methodist friends—of the Methodist Church. A personal friend of the author says of the book :—

“The plot lacks ingenuity in its conception, and the style is, upon the whole, somewhat inflated. But the sentiments are pure and heavenly, and the discussions of literature and art exhibit the highest evidence of scholarship, and a ready appreciation of the true, the beautiful, and the good.”

I regard the opinion as tinged in the highest degree with the roseate tints of personal partiality.

JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.

HON. JAMES P. HOLCOMBE was at one time before the war Professor of Civil, Constitutional, and International Law, in the University of Virginia, his *alma mater*. He is a native of Lynchburg, Virginia; and was born in 1820. His education, after its academical stage, was received partly at Yale College and partly at the University of Virginia.

His published works are :—

1. *Selection of Leading Cases upon Commercial Law, decided*

by the Supreme Court of the United States. An octavo, 1847. New York.

2. *Digest of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, from its Organization to the Present Time.* Octavo, 1848. Philadelphia.

3. *The Merchant's Book of Reference for Debtor and Creditor, in the United States and Canada.* Octavo, 1848. New York.

4. *An Address before the Alumni of the University of Virginia.* Octavo, 1853. Richmond.

5. *An Address before the State Agricultural Society.* Octavo, 1858. Richmond.

6. *Literature in Letters.* Duodecimo, 1868. New York. This is a compilation of the famous letters of the world, mostly English, however, arranged under classified heads.

WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE, M.D.

Among the really progressive minds of the present day, Dr. Holcombe stands prominent. He is a native of Virginia, born at Lynchburg, in 1825; received his literary education at Washington College in his native state, and his medical education at the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. After graduation in medicine he practiced that profession for a number of years in conjunction with his father in Lynchburg. In 1850 he moved to Cincinnati; afterwards to the interior of the state of Louisiana; and finally, to the city of New Orleans, where he now lives.

In 1852 Dr. Holcombe gave up the practice of Allopathy in which he had been educated, and became a Homœopath. This transition from the one system to the other is graphically set forth and ably defended in a pamphlet published by him during 1867, entitled *How I Became a Homœopath*. He thus humorously introduces the subject and himself to his readers:—

"I am the son of a doctor. I was born and bred in a medical atmosphere. My father's office was the favourite place for my games, when a little boy, and for my reading and study, when a youth. The imposing shelves of imposing volumes, the big jars of hideous specimens preserved in alcohol, the pervading odours of paregoric and lavender, the bloody-looking map of the great sympathetic, on the wall, the long white skeleton grinning in the closet, and the mysterious box containing the detached bones of a baby's skull, made a strong impression on my childish imagination. The old brown saddlebags, with their incredible stores of vials and packages and pill-boxes, excited my special admiration. Physicians were, in my opinion, the wisest and greatest and best of mankind. I saw the whole faculty through the venerated form and character of my good father. We differ as much from our own selves at different times, as we do from each other. I have lived to question and scout the old oracles, to abandon the 'intensely respectable' path of routine, to discover in the old brown saddle-bags a Pandora's box of evils, and to see how much ignorance and mischief are sometimes concealed and consecrated by a medical diploma!"

That is to say, after years of study, patient experiment, cautious observation, aided by an acute and logical intellect, he saw reason to give up the dogmas of the old school of medicine, towards which all his prejudices and professional interests inclined him, and to adopt what he had proven to be truth, instead. When the conviction reached him, he honestly made the change, fearless of consequences, facing with manly firmness the scorn of many whose charlatanry his investigations had driven to the wall, and whose sneers he had learned to despise.

Equally independent, though in the face of far less bitter antagonism, was his hearty adoption of the beautiful truths of Swedenborg's divine philosophy, theosophy, and theology.

I have made these references to the opinions and professional tenets of our author, because they enter so intimately into the

very spirit and body of all that he has produced as a *littérateur*; as will appear in the list of his books given below.

Dr. Holcombe has written extensively for the periodical press. In *The New Church Herald* have appeared the principal of his Swedenborgian discussions. In *The North American Journal of Homœopathy* — of which he was for some years co-editor — have appeared the chief of his essays in medicine. His literary essays and poems have been published mainly in *The Knickerbocker Magazine* and *The Southern Literary Messenger*. He has issued, *en brochure*, *A Separate Nationality, or the Africanization of the South*, which is political; *Suggestions, as to the Spiritual Philosophy of African Slavery*, which is theo-philosophical; *Human Progress Since the Last Judgment*, which is Swedenborgian; and *What is Homœopathy?* and *How I Became a Homœopath*, mentioned above, which are medical.

As a poet, Dr. Holcombe deals largely in the recondite beauties of correspondence — a doctrine unfortunately not popularly understood; but one which, I venture the opinion in perfect confidence, no sane mind ever clearly understood without accepting as divine truth. It is, in character and origin, Swedenborgian; and an exhaustive definition of it must amount to a demonstration of the proposition already announced by such men as Cousin and Emerson, that the True and the Beautiful are one. This great truth pervades most of the poetry that Dr. Holcombe has published. Other doctrines of the New Church appear also; but that of correspondence is the prevailing one.

As an example of his verse-style I give *The Picture*, a poem graceful, correspondential, and in some sort German in its tone: —

I saw a lovely picture
In a gallery of art,
Which charmed me like an April rose,
And I wear it in my heart;

Not like the rose of gardens,
Which withers soon away,
But planted in my heart of hearts,
It never shall decay.

It was a blooming maiden,
So beautiful and pure,
'Twas mirrored from an angel's face
In a vision, I am sure.
A dove of heavenly plumage
Upon her bosom lay ;
I saw the spirit of the dove
Around her lips at play.

I longed to see the painter,
I longed to grasp his hand, —
I know there is a common ground
Whereon we two could stand.
I know he has been happy,
And his heart is full of love,
Or he never could have imaged forth
That maiden and her dove.

For as the dove resembles
The virgin's spotless thought,
So is this picture like the soul
From which it was outwrought ;
And of that glorious spirit
I catch a radiant part,
Which I have called a rose, and plant
Forever in my heart.

As poets in this peculiar field, Dr. Holcombe and Judge Requier stand together. They constitute the entire corps ; and are both honourable representatives of the art, and of the teaching, too.

The following are Dr. Holcombe's book-works :—

1. *The Scientific Basis of Homœopathy*. An octodecimo of 304 pages, published in 1855, in Cincinnati. This was the author's first book-announcement of his new-school doctrines in

medicine ; and is close and searching in its logic, lucid in style, and out-and-out Homœopathic.

2. *Yellow Fever and its Homœopathic Treatment.* ~~An~~ octavo of eighty pages. New York, 1856.

3. *Poems.* A handsome volume, beautifully printed by the Mason Brothers, New York, of 326 pages, and appeared in 1860, upon the eve of grand political events that swallowed up everything else except Radicalism and Lincolnism, and thus left the *Poems* no chance for popular attention, much less for popular favour. The literary work was deluged by the waves of political madness. The author proposes to republish a collection of his poems in a short time.

4. *Our Children in Heaven.* An argumentative work, unfolding the Swedenborgian idea of the Life after Death. This volume appeared early in 1868. A contemporary book-notice says of it :—

“A subject more widely interesting than that treated of in this book can scarcely be found. The question, ‘What becomes of little children when they die?’ is anxiously asked, every day, by an innumerable multitude of parents ; and strangely enough, it is among Christians, except where the light of the New Dispensation has dawned, that the least satisfactory answer is made to it. The heathen or Mahomedan mother is comforted by the belief that her departed darling is in a heaven of some kind, under the care of good angels ; but the Christian, in like circumstances, has nothing to rest upon but vague guesses and uncertain probabilities. The collected wisdom of the whole clergy of the Old School Presbyterian body, could affirm no more, in regard to this all-important point, than that the preponderance of their opinions was in favour of the final salvation of the little ones, but as to what become of them after death, where they were, and how long it would be before they would enter upon their happiness, they were silent. A similar ignorance is shown by the teachers of other denominations. They really do not believe in a future life, and when they are confronted with the quivering

agony of a bereaved father or mother, they have nothing to say. But the New Church assumes the task they thus acknowledge their inability to perform, and answers the tearful questionings of the mourner ; and every one who assists in making known its revelations on the subject, performs a service to afflicted humanity deserving of its warmest gratitude. This is what Dr. Holcombe has done, and we are happy to say, he has done it well. He evidently possesses, first of all, that important element of success, a community of suffering with those whom he addresses, and a practical understanding of their sorrows. It needs no averment, in explicit terms, to tell us, after reading his opening chapter, that he has himself felt the need of the truths he presents, and received consolation from them. His words come, not from cold intellectual knowledge, but from a conviction which goes to the heart of others as it springs from his own, — warm, living, and impressive. This same element, too, gives to the book, throughout, a glow of poetic beauty which is charming as a mere matter of external style, and must win for it a favourable attention, even among those who take no special interest in the ideas it conveys.

“The picture of a household in which a child lies sick, and of the scenes attending the final separation of its spirit from the body, is described in graphic language, and with an eloquence which we have seldom seen surpassed. So, likewise, the occupations of the little ones in the other world are portrayed with an air of truthfulness which carries its own evidence with it.

“The work opens, as we have said, with the description of the sickness and death of a child, and the grief of its parents, while, in answer to their anxious inquiries in regard to the fate of their darling, they are referred to the teachings of Swedenborg for light. This avowal, at the outset, of the source from whence the author derives his information, we regard as one of the most excellent features of the book. It directs the attention of those whose desire to know more respecting the New Church may be awakened by its perusal, to the fountain head, and thus does a greater good than merely to convey the limited amount of instruction

contained in its pages. Then follows a statement of the true doctrine of the resurrection of the spiritual body, of the nearness of heaven, of the education of infants there, their occupations, and many other equally interesting matters, which are presented in an attractive and intelligible manner, and can not fail, as it seems to us, to satisfy every one who will candidly consider the subject. In conclusion, the question of the Lord's permission of evil and suffering is discussed, and many valuable suggestions made respecting it. Altogether the book is a very satisfactory one, and the Philadelphia New Church Publishing Association, under whose auspices, we are informed, it is issued, deserve the thanks of their brethren for bringing it before the public."

5. *The Sexes*. A more charming book, if possible, than the preceding. 1869.

JOHN SAUNDERS HOLT.

Colonel HOLT is a native of Mobile, Alabama, where he was born on the 5th of December, 1826, the eldest of ten children. His father, Dr. David Holt, is a native of Bedford County, Virginia; and his mother—*née* Miss Julia White—was of Virginian family, but born in Mississippi. Soon after the birth of the subject of this sketch, his father moved his family from Mobile to the town of Woodville, Mississippi, where he still lives. John Saunders was educated principally in New Orleans, but went one year to Centre College, at Danville, Kentucky. In 1846 he went to Mexico, a private in Colonel Jeff. Davis's regiment—the First Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers—and remained in that country several months after the army was withdrawn. He received the commendations of his officers for his conduct in the Battle of Buena Vista. He studied law in Woodville, and received his licence to practice upon the day of attaining his majority. In 1851 he moved to New Orleans and practiced

law there until 1857, when he married and moved back to Mississippi. The next year he served one term in the legislature. He entered the War of Secession as a First Lieutenant of Artillery; and served faithfully throughout the war, during which he was for fifteen months a prisoner of war at Camp Morton, Indiana, and at Fort Delaware. He was specially exchanged during the summer of 1864, and served in the field again from that time until the surrender at Appomattox Court-House, at which he was present. Just before the close of the war he received an appointment as Judge of a Military Court, with the rank of Colonel; but he did not leave the field even to accept that position of distinction, though tendered by his former Colonel, the then President of the Confederacy.

After the surrender of Lee's Army, Colonel Holt returned to his home, above Vicksburg, on the river, and resumed planting. It was at this juncture that he betook himself to literary pursuits, in writing a series of fictions, pursuant to a design formed many years before, but which might never have been put into execution but for his changed fortunes. The family is one of position and ancestral distinction. His education embraces a school knowledge of Latin and Greek, with something of German, Italian, and Portuguese; while he speaks French and Spanish very well.

In becoming an author, Colonel Holt's design was to portray southern society as it existed for the fifty or sixty years previous to the war. In order to do this in the most effective manner, he created old Mr. Abraham Page, himself a Southern gentleman but a very old man, who should tell the various stories the author proposed to himself to write. This plot is given in the preface of *Abraham Page, Esq.*—the first in this series—but so adroitly worded as to have escaped the eye of one of the most careful critics of the day,—as I shall illustrate when I come to a special mention of this work. In addition to the artistic problem before our author—that of leaving a correct delineation of Southern society—he cherished, apparently, the hope of doing something towards lifting the fictitious literature of the day out of its slough

of sensation and meretricious melodramatic effects, by presenting specimens of more healthy narrative in more approved and undefiled English. Such should be the effect; for his English is forcible and his *ordonnance* free from the clap-trap dramatic tricks that make the fortunes of the thrilling-tale writers of the magazines.

Colonel Holt's works thus far offered to the public are:—

1. *The Life of Abraham Page, Esq.* This appeared in the spring of 1868, from the press of the Lippincotts, of Philadelphia. It is, as already stated, a pure fiction, given in the form of an autobiography. The *vraisemblance* of this personal narrative is so perfect that the reader is constantly impressed with the conviction that the biography is not a fiction at all. This complete success of art is proven by the following notice of it in *The Round Table* of the 30th of May:—

“The honest record of a good man's long but uneventful life, written without any apparent motive, save, perhaps, to preserve his memory in the hearts of his friends,—or to give expression to feelings for which there seems to be no other vent,—has an air of sincerity which will always serve to recommend it to readers who prefer truth to fiction, who desire to keep alive the remembrance of a period which has now but few living representatives, and to revive the buried thoughts and feelings of their earlier days through the medium of narratives in which they may trace some resemblance to familiar scenes within their own experience. The life of Mr. Abraham Page is that of a Southern gentleman, highly bred, honourable, courteous, and benevolent. It is marked by no stirring events, nor does it furnish even the slightest materials for history, for Mr. Page lived in peaceful times, and the great struggle between North and South only began as he was nearing the grave, when he was too old to aid the cause in the righteousness of which he firmly believed, except by giving such means as were his to command and by making his house an hospital for wounded and dying soldiers. Apart from a few remarks on the war then raging, the narrative is confined to

scenes occurring in private life, and the author dwells at length on social distinctions and the characters of men and women in the immediate society to which he belongs. He has, with the feelings natural to a man who can with truth boast that he was born and bred and always lived in a high class of society, an abhorrence of money-worshippers and *parvenus*."

This, while it pays, in its unconscious way, a high tribute to the art of the author, gives us a very fair idea of the tone, temper, and scope of the book. It had a fine success, and new editions—four at least—were called for within a few months. The English press has received it with favour.

2. *What I Know About Ben. Eccles*, by *Abraham Page*, appeared in 1869, from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. It is a strange story of monomania, love, and psychology; not a religious novel, but yet full of religious thoughts, and abounding in references to prayer. It is at least ethical. The author, who represents himself as the editor of the work, says of it, that, "it is more a psychological than a religious story." Its dramatic interest is limited; and, like *Abraham Page*, it derives its chief interest and value from its truthful delineation and evolution of Southern character, and the tone of Southern society. The eccentricities of the hero and the peculiarities elsewhere found in the book, are claimed by the author to be true to nature. He says, "Whoever knows human nature will find it normally, though peculiarly, developed in them." The book will hardly be popular in the sense in which we usually apply that to a novel.

3. *The Quines*. This is the third in the series proposed by Colonel Holt; and is, perhaps, ready for the press. It was in hand a few months ago, and to be given to the public at some early day.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

It was during the last disastrous days of the Confederacy — the army of Lee had surrendered at Appomattox, and the President and the government departments of the expiring *regime* were in hegira from Richmond southward, — that I first met the subject of this sketch. In the town of Greensboro', North Carolina, I was standing in front of the Cape-Fear Bank, just then the office of the Secretary of War of the Confederacy, when a gentleman on horseback rode up. He was a spare, slender man, of thin visage; of rather light hair; beard thin, and worn in American — full-faced — style; wearing spectacles; speaking in a soft, gentleman-like tone; of manner *empresé*, but refined and Southern. He appeared a little less than six feet in height, and wore the uniform of a Confederate captain.

The gentleman on horseback was named to me as Captain Hope, Assistant Quartermaster at that post.

Captain Hope, I immediately learned, was James Barron Hope, the well-known rising poet of Virginia, of whom I had known something for several years.

That was on Thursday, the 13th of April, 1865. We exchanged a few words of conversation, frequently interrupted. In five minutes he passed on; and in the earthquake of events that rushed and crashed over us that day and the next, I did not again enjoy an opportunity of seeing the poet captain.

Captain Hope is a native, I am informed, of the town of Hampton, Virginia; at least his early years were passed and his early education conducted there. He is a descendant from the historic family of Barrons; and his ancestors, on both sides, were distinguished in the early exploits of the Virginia navy.

He commenced literary pursuits when yet a boy. The first literary distinction he won was from a series of poems which he published in a Baltimore periodical, under the designation of *Poems, by the late Henry Ellen, Esq.*

In 1857 he published a volume, entitled *Leoni di Monota, and*

Other Poems. This was his first, and, thus far, his only volume, Its success was limited.

The most successful of his occasional poems was *The Charge at Balaklava*. The late novelist, G. P. R. James, Esquire, then British Consul at Richmond, was so delighted with this poem that he sent a copy to the Queen of England. It was graciously acknowledged by her; and, being published in that country, received many favourable notices from the press of the day.

He still writes for the press occasionally; though his time is much engrossed in editorial labours, he being editor of a daily newspaper in Norfolk, Virginia.

In 1866 he was engaged in the preparation of a work on *The Literati of the South*; but it has not yet appeared.

Among the minor poems of Captain Hope are several of genuine merit. The tone is often bold, passionate, and strong; while the style is elevated, sometimes strikingly forcible, and sometimes a little marred by too much of the declamatory. Touches of happily-put fancy abound; not always entirely original, but always gracefully rendered. As illustrative of my meaning in this connection I may quote his rendering of the often-used simile of the star and wave. In his *Evening*, Captain Hope says:—

All is quiet save the murmur
Of the tide upon the bar;
See each little breaker playing
With the image of a star!

This, in the material used at least, recalls Mrs. Welby's fairy-like conceit, in some lines which she calls *Musings*:—

The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

And this itself recalls a couplet in Colardeau's *Épître à M. Duhamel*, which runs in this wise :—

Chaque objet s'y repête et l'onde qui vacille
Balance dans son sien cette image mobile.

But then Colardeau appears to have had only *stars* in his mind—stars, minus the embracing, toying, and trembling, that is to say.

Perhaps the most vigorous, as well as the most ambitious, of Captain Hope's minor poems is *The Charge at Balaklava* :—

Spurring onward, Captain Nolan
Spurring furiously is seen;
And although the road meanders,
His no heavy steed of Flanders,
But one fit for the commanders
Of her majesty the Queen.

Halting where the noble squadrons
Stood impatient of delay,
Out he drew his brief despatches,
Which their leader quickly snatches;
At a glance their meaning catches:
They are ordered to the fray.

All that morning they had waited,
As their frowning faces showed:
Horses stamping, riders fretting,
And their teeth together setting,
Not a single sword-blade wetting,
As the battle ebbed and flowed.

Now the fevered spell is broken;
Every man feels twice as large;
Every heart is fiercely leaping,
As a lion roused from sleeping,
For they know they shall be sweeping
In a moment to the charge.

Brightly gleam six hundred sabres,
And the brazen trumpets ring ;
Steeds are gathered, spurs are driven,
And the heavens wildly riven
With a mad shout upward given,
Scaring vultures on the wing.

Stern its meaning : was not Gallia
Looking down on Albion's sons ?
In each mind this thought implanted,
Undismayed and all undaunted,
By the battle-fields enchanted,
On they ride upon the guns.

Onward, on the chargers trample,
Quicker falls each iron heel,
And the headlong pace grows faster ;
Noble steeds and noble master,
Rushing on to red disaster,
Where the heavy cannons peal.

In the van rides Captain Nolan ;
Wide his flying tresses wave ;
And his heavy broadsword flashes,
As upon the foe he dashes :
God ! his face turns white as ashes,
He has ridden to his grave.

Down he fell, prone from his saddle,
Without motion, without breath,
Never more at trumpet to waken —
He the very first one taken
From the bough so sorely shaken
In the vintage-time of Death.

In a moment, in a twinkling,
He was gathered to his rest ;
In the time for which he'd waited —
With his gallant heart elated —
Down went Nolan, decorated
With a death-wound on his breast.

Comrades still are onward charging,
He is lying on the sod;
Onward still their steeds are rushing
Where the shot and shell are crushing:
From his corse the blood is gushing,
And his soul is with his God.

As they spur on, what strange visions
Flit across each rider's brain;
Thoughts of maidens fair, of mothers,
Friends and sisters, wives and brothers,
Blent with images of others,
Whom they ne'er shall see again.

Onward still the squadrons thunder,—
Knightly hearts were theirs, and brave;
Men and horses, without number,
All the furrowed ground encumber,
Falling fast to their last slumber,—
Bloody slumber! bloody grave!

Of that charge at Balaklava,
In its chivalry sublime,
Vivid, grand, historic pages
Shall descend to future ages;
Poets, painters, hoary sages,
Shall record it for all time.

Telling how those English horsemen
Rode the Russian gunners down;
How with ranks all torn and shattered,
How with helmets hacked and battered,
How with sword and arms blood-spattered,
They won honour and renown.

'Twas "not war," but it was splendid
As a dream of old romance;
Thinking which their Gallic neighbours
Thrilled to watch them at their labours,
Hewing red graves with their sabres
In that wonderful advance.

Down went many a gallant soldier ;
Down went many a stout dragoon ;
Lying grim and stark and gory
On the crimson field of glory,
Leaving us a noble story
And their white-cliffed home a boon.

Full of hopes and aspirations
Were their hearts at dawn of day ;
Now, with forms all rent and broken,
Bearing each some frightful token
Of a scene ne'er to be spoken,
In their silent sleep they lay.

Here a noble charger stiffens,
There his rider grasps the hilt
Of his sabre, lying bloody
By his side, upon the muddy
Trampled ground, which, darkly ruddy
Shows the blood that he has spilt.

And to-night the moon shall shudder
As she looks down on the moor,
Where the dead of hostile races
Slumber, slaughtered in their places ;
All their rigid, ghastly faces,
Spattered hideously with gore.

And the sleepers ! ah, the sleepers
Made a Westminster that day,
'Mid the seething battle's lava !
And each man who fell shall have a
Proud inscription — BALAKLAVA,
Which shall never fade away.

It must be confessed that our poet did an adventurous deed in taking the subject that the Laureate of England had just rendered peculiarly his own ; but Alexander Smith and Judge Meek did no less bravely in attempting the same.

I should be glad, had I room, to give entire *Three Summer*

Studies; but one of the studies, the second—*Noon*—will impress the dwellers in the sunny land with its musical truth and suggestive variety. The studies are all rural; and *Noon* is a gem:—

Over the farm is brooding silence now:

No reaper's song, no raven's clangour harsh,
No bleat of sheep, no distant low of cow,
No croak of frogs within the spreading marsh,
No bragging cock from littered farm-yard crows,—
The scene is steeped in silence and repose.

A trembling haze hangs over all the fields,—

The panting cattle in the river stand,
Seeking the coolness which its wave scarce yields.
It seems a Sabbath through the drowsy land:
So hushed is all beneath the summer's spell,
I pause and listen for some faint church-bell.

The leaves are motionless, the song-birds mute,

The very air seems somnolent and sick,
The spreading branches with o'er-ripened fruit
Show in the sunshine all their clusters thick,
While now and then a mellow apple falls
With a dull sound within the orchard's walls.

The sky has but one solitary cloud,

Like a dark island in a sea of light;
The parching furrows 'twixt the corn-rows plowed,
Seem fairly dancing in my dazzled sight,
While over yonder road a dusty haze
Grows reddish-purple in the sultry blaze.

ORVILLE HORWITZ.

This writer resides in Baltimore. Has written *Gleanings by the Wayside*.

Is a Jew.

JED. HOTCHKISS.

Captain HOTCHKISS was Topographical Engineer in one of the corps of the Army of Northern Virginia; and, in conjunction with Col. William Allen of the same corps, prepared a series of guide-books to the many battle-fields of Virginia. The first of this series appeared in 1868, under the running-title of *The Battle-fields of Virginia*, the special title being *Chancellorsville; embracing the Operations of the Army of Northern Virginia from the First Battle of Fredericksburg to the Death of Lieutenant-General Jackson*. The volume is illustrated with a steel-engraving of General Jackson, and five finely-executed maps, showing the positions of the respective armies during their operations about Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, in 1862 and 1863.

ROBERT R. HOWISON.

Very few men retain or achieve a clearly-defined eminence in any regular profession—least of all, in law—and at the same time take high position in any branch of literary pursuits. Mr. Howison is one of that very few. He stands high at the bar, and has won distinction as a historian.

Those who do not “smile at the claims of long descent” will find it a noteworthy fact that our author belongs to one of the most ancient families of the Scotch peerage. Burke, the great standard authority on British heraldry and genealogy, speaking of the Howisons, says: “This family, of all those that have lived with repute in the District of Cramond, in Midlothian, is by far the most ancient, having continued there for more than three centuries and a half.” Agriculture, from the earliest traditions of the family—even in 1424—has been the favourite pursuit of its members. The Howison coat of arms is com-

morative of achievements connected with husbandry, dating back to King James the First, of Scotland. But one immigration of the family into America is known; and the branch of which I am speaking is probably the only one bearing the name in the United States. They bought lands and settled in Prince William County, Virginia, where many of their descendents still live. "Of these," a record from which I gather my information states, "Allen Howison of Effingham is best known. From the Prince William branch the Fredericksburg family is descended. Samuel Howison, from Prince William, settled in Fredericksburg as a merchant, and in 1801 married Helen Moore, a daughter of an English merchant, who had conducted business in Falmouth for many years. From this marriage eleven children were born, and they, or their descendants, are now widely known in our country." Of these eleven children, the subject of this sketch, Robert R. Howison, is one; now a distinguished member of the Richmond bar.

He was born on Thursday, the 22d of June, 1820; and has been practicing law in the city of Richmond, Virginia, since the year 1845—more than twenty years.

He has written:—

1. *A History of Virginia from its Discovery and Settlement by Europeans to the Present Time*,—in two octavo volumes. Volume One contains the history of the Colony to the Peace of Paris in 1763; and was published by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, in 1845. Volume Two contains the history of the Colony and of the State, from the Peace of Paris to the retrocession of Alexandria, in 1847; and was published by Drinker & Morris, Richmond, in 1847.

2. *Lives of Generals Morgan, Marion, and Gates*. Published in 1848, by Carey & Hart, in their publication entitled *Washington and the Generals of the American Revolution*.

3. *History of the War between the United States and the Confederate States of America*. One volume of this history appeared serially in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, a monthly

of Richmond, during the war. The work has recently been brought to a close; and will be published entire as soon as the results of the war are more fully developed.

4. *Report of the Joint Committee of the Confederate Congress on the Treatment of Prisoners of War.* This report was written by Mr. Howison, as secretary of that committee, and was first published in March, 1865,—the last days of the Confederacy. It was republished in various northern newspapers after the war, and is given in full in Pollard's *Last Cause*.

Mr. Howison ranks high among the historical writers of the South,—with Gayarré, and men of that stamp.

CORNELIUS E. HUNT.

A volume entitled *The Shenandoah; or The Last Confederate Cruiser*, by Cornelius E. Hunt—one of the officers—appeared in 1867.

Beyond this I am not aware that Capt. Hunt has any literary record. That of some of his military and nautical experiences are to be found in his book.

JAMES HUNGERFORD.

The present editor of *The Southern Home Journal*, a weekly literary paper of Baltimore, is principally known as the author of *The Old Plantation*,—a novel of Southern life. In addition to his editorial labours, Mr. Hungerford contributed a serial tale to the columns of his own paper. The title of this tale is *The Master of Beverley; or, the Villainous Plot*. It ran through the greater part of the summer of 1868.

HENRY R. JACKSON.

The poems of General Jackson breathe more of his native air, and speak more of local matters, than those of any other of our Southern poets. He sings his native heath.

Henry R. Jackson was born at Athens, Georgia, on Saturday, the 24th of June, 1820. His father was Dr. Henry Jackson, at one time Professor of Natural Philosophy in Franklin College, at Athens; at which institution his son—the subject of our sketch—graduated.

He was educated for the bar. After practicing law for a number of years, he was appointed United States Attorney for the District of Georgia.

In 1846 he led an infantry regiment of volunteers, as its colonel, to Mexico, where he served with great distinction during the war. It was in this service that he wrote some of his finest poems. After his return from the Mexican war, he became editor of the *Savannah Georgian*, and continued in that position until the winter of 1849.

In 1849 he was elected by the legislature of his state to the office of Judge of the Superior Court of the Eastern District of Georgia. He was an honour to the ermine, and wore it four years.

In 1850 he published his first and only volume—a collection of his fugitive verses—under the title of *Tallulah, and Other Poems*. The work was issued by Cooper, in Savannah. This was during his judgeship. The subjects are largely local, and the tone domestic and patriotic.

In 1853 he was appointed Resident Minister of the United States, at the capital of the empire of Austria. He remained in Vienna for five years, returning to Savannah in 1858, where he practiced law in the firm of Ward, Jackson, & Jones, until the

beginning of the War of Secession.

During the war, he served with distinction in the field as a

brigade commander; but was called home during the second of the war, to take command of the Georgia State Troops Savannah.

General Jackson's poems are characterized, as I have said a spirit of patriotic devotion and strong local attachments, most of them being upon subjects connected either socially or by kin relations, to his home and country. His best are *Oconee*, *Father*, *The Dead of the Georgia Regiment*, and *The Live of My Wife and Child*, written during his campaigning in Mexico. It went the rounds of the press in its day; but during the war Secession by some chance it got into the current of newspaperdom, and again went the rounds of the Southern press attributed to Stonewall Jackson—the Great Flanker; thus affording striking instance of mania, shown in the determined purpose to pay a compliment to a favourite personage, and to this end go so far as to entertain and assert the insane idea that the Great Flanker did, would, or ever could, write verse, to say nothing of poetry.

My Father is one of the poems mentioned:—

As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death-watch in the wall,
I see a form in yonder chair
That grows beneath the waning light,
There are the wan, sad features,—there
The pallid brow and locks of white.

My father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon the narrow couch of rest,
I know not why I could not weep,

The soothing drops refused to fall,
And oh! that grief is wild and deep
Which settles tearless on the soul.

But when I saw thy vacant chair,
 Thy idle hat upon the wall,
 Thy books—the pencilled passage where
 Thine eye had rested last of all,
 The tree beneath whose friendly shade
 Thy trembling feet had wandered forth,
 The very prints those feet had made
 When last they feebly trod the earth,—

And thought, while countless ages fled,
 The vacant seat would vacant stand;
 Unworn thy hat, thy book unread,
 Effaced the footsteps from the sand;
 And widowed in this cheerless world
 The heart that gave its life to thee, —
 Torn like the vine whose tendrils curled
 More closely round the falling tree.

Then, Father ! for her sake and thee,
 Gushed madly forth the scalding tears;
 And oft, and long, and bitterly
 Those tears have gushed in later years;
 For as the world grows cold around,
 And things take on their real hue,
 Tis sad to learn that love is found
 Alone, above the stars with you !

The poem that has gained our author the most notoriety—
 referred to above—was written while in camp in the Mexican
 campaign, and is called *My Wife and Child*, which I quote,
 entire :—

The tattoo beats; the lights are gone;
 The camp around in slumber lies;
 The night with solemn pace moves on;
 The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
 But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
 And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.
 I think of thee, oh, dearest one !
 Whose love mine early life hath blest :
 Of thee and him—our baby son—
 Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.

God of the tender, frail, and lone,
 Oh, guard that little sleeper's rest !
 And hover, gently hover near
 To her whose watchful eye is wet—
 The mother, wife, — the doubly dear,
 In whose young heart have freshly met
 Two streams of love, so deep and clear,
 And cheer her drooping spirit yet !
 Now, as she kneels before thy throne,
 Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies !
 That while by thy behest alone
 Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise ;
 No tear is wept to thee unknown,
 Nor hair is lost, nor sparrow dies ;
 That thou canst stay the ruthless hand
 Of dark disease, and soothe its pain ;
 That only by thy stern command
 The battle's lost, the soldier slain ;
 That from the distant sea or land
 Thou bring'st the wanderer home again ;
 And when upon her pillow lone,
 Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed
 May happier visions beam upon
 The brightening currents of her breast ;
 Nor frowning look, nor angry tone
 Disturb the Sabbath of her rest !
 Whatever fate those forms may throw,
 Loved with a passion almost wild,
 By day, by night, — in joy or woe, —
 By fears oppressed or hopes beguiled ;
 From every danger, every foe,
 O God ! protect my wife and child !

MRS. ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

Mrs. JEFFREY is one of the most genuinely Southern of our female writers of the South. Her genius, imagination, and temperament are essentially Southern. She is a native of Natches,

Mississippi, her maiden name being Griffith. She was adopted by her maternal aunt, Mrs. Vertner, and received her name. Her childhood was passed at Burlington, a beautiful country-seat near Port Gibson, Mississippi. She was educated at the celebrated seminary of Bishop Smith, at Lexington, Kentucky. At the age of seventeen Miss Vertner became the wife of Claude M. Johnson, a gentleman of character, culture, and fortune, resident in Louisiana. Mrs. Johnson wrote frequently for the periodicals of that day; and made her appearance as a poet, in book form, in 1857. After the death of Mr. Johnson, she resided mainly with her adoptive parents in Lexington, Kentucky, until her second marriage. She has spent a few years, since the war, entirely, I believe, in Rochester, New York. She is now permanently located in Lexington, Kentucky.

Mrs. Jeffrey's contributions to literature are:—

1. *Poems, by Rosa Vertner Johnson.* This handsome little volume appeared from the press of Ticknor & Fields, in 1858, and was well received. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, said of it:—

"In the blooming field of modern poetry, we really know not where to look for productions at once so full of merit and so free from defect; so luxuriant, and yet so pure. The genius of the writer is equally stainless and exact. As regards not only the moral, but the literary quality of her productions, she has written nothing 'which, dying, she could wish to blot.'"

Mrs. Freeman, in her elegant volume upon *The Women of the South*, thus discriminatingly characterizes the psychological status of our author, then (1860) Mrs. Johnson:—

"In many of the works of this writer we see glimpses of a substratum of passionate power, which has never been stirred. A deep fountain was troubled at the death of her children, but troubled by an angel; and her songs grew more low and tender,—the mother's pang lost in the mother's hope. But it is evident that no shaft of agony has yet buried itself in the intense *silences* of her nature. No rankling thorn quivers in her emo-

tions—tips her words with arrowy flame—breaks the silvery flow of her rhythm with gusts and gleams which will not be controlled. Yet this latent force is revealed in the body and poise of her writings."

I shall give below a specimen or two of her verse-style.

2. *Woodburn: a Novel*. This book appeared in 1864. Woodburn is the name of the youth-home of Amy Percy, the heroine of the story. The "patient search and vigil long" of Basil Thorn, and his cruel and fearful revenge, are features of the work that border on the sensational. A Southern lady, herself a poet and an author, thus discusses the book and its bearings:—

"There is not the least effort, in this book, after what is called 'fine writing.' The whole tale of love and hate, of joy and woe, is told with the simplicity and childlike earnestness which seem to characterize the nature of little Amy Percy herself, the youthful story-teller. It is a description of social Southern life before the war, and abounds in truthful pictures of the happy, easy, care-free days of that favoured and prosperous time. The frank cordiality, the warm-hearted hospitality, the gay rides, and merry meetings of friends and neighbours, are all true delineations of that happier time, among the dwellers in the 'Land of the Mocking-bird and Magnolia.'"

3. *Normandale*,—a novel, still in the hands of the author.

4. *Waif; or the Monktons*,—a novel of the novelette style, yet unpublished.

5. *Florence Vale, a Tale of Tuscany*,—a long poem; as to its form, narrative; and as to its style, characteristic of the fervour of the poet's mind. The verse used, in the main, and the general tone, will appear to some extent in a few lines which I submit as better adapted to my purpose than a critique on the whole would be:—

I have been blest, — so fully blest, that basking in the light
Of perfect joy, grief was to me like a wild and stormy night
To those who sweep silk curtains back, and watch the shut-out gloom,
Amid the rosy atmosphere of some luxurious room.

I knew that death was in the world, and woe, and bitterness,
But, insolent in happiness, I thought of sorrow less
Than children think of cold, who gaze on painted polar seas,
'Mid Syrian roses, 'neath the shade of balmy citron-trees.

But when it came, Heaven dealt the blow with an unsparing hand ;
I dreamed in Eden, to awake 'mid wastes of burning sand, —
Life's dreary wastes, — which 'neath a load of hate I've wandered thro',
Weary, as 'neath his Saviour's curse, speeds on The Wandering Jew.

Among Mrs. Jeffrey's earlier poems, *Hasheesh Visions* is one of singular power and peculiar passionateness, and constantly suggests the kindred genius of Mrs. Norton, which suggestion, by the way, occurs times and again, as we read through these *Poems by Rosa*. Mrs. Jeffrey is the Mrs. Norton of the South. *Hasheesh Visions* is too long for quotation here. As illustrative of our author's lyric style, I give *The Night Has Come* : —

The night has come, when I may sleep,
To dream, perchance of thee, —
And where art thou? Where south-winds sweep
Along a southern sea.
Thy home a glorious tropic isle
On which the sun with pride
Doth smile, as might a sultan smile
On his Circassian bride.

And where the south-wind gently stirs
A chime of fragrant bells,
While come the waves as worshippers,
With rosary of shells,
The altars on the shore to wreath,
Where, in the twilight dim,
Like nuns, the foam-veiled breakers breathe
Their wild and gushing hymn.

The night has come, and I will glide
O'er sleep's hushed waves the while,
In dreams to wander by thy side
Through that enchanting isle.

For, in the dark, my fancy seems
As full of witching spells
As yon blue sky of starry beams
Or ocean-depths of shells.

Yet, sometimes visions do becloud
My soul with such strange fears,
They wrap me like an icy shroud
And leave my soul in tears.
For once methought thy hand did bind
Upon my brow a wreath
In which a viper was entwined
That stung me unto death.

And once within a lotus cup,
Which thou to me didst bring,
A deadly vampire folded up
Its cold and murky wing;
And springing from that dewy nest,
It drained life's azure rills
That wandered o'er my swelling breast,
Like brooks through snow-clad hills.

Yet seemed it sweeter thus to die
There, in thy very sight,
Than see thee 'neath that tropic sky,
As in my dreams last night.
For lo, within a palmy grove,
Unto an eastern maid
I heard thee whispering vows of love
Beneath the feathery shade.

And stately as the palm was she,
Yet thrilled with thy wild words,
As its green crown might shaken be
By many bright-winged birds;
And 'neath thy smile, in her dark eye,
A rapturous light did spring,
As in a lake soft shadows lie,
Dropped from the rainbow's wing.

No serpent from the wreath did start,
Which round her brow was twined ;
Nor in the lotus' perfumed heart
Did she a vampire find ;
For humming-birds were nestled there,
By summer sweets oppressed,
A type of her whose raven hair
Was floating o'er thy breast.

While thus I dreamed, all cold and mute,
My warm glad heart had grown,
Like some fair flower or sunny fruit,
Turned by the waves to stone ;
For o'er the treasures of my soul
There swept a blacker tide
Than e'en the dismal floods that roll
O'er Sodom's buried pride.

But passed away that vision dark,
And now once more I come,
In slumber's slight, fantastic bark,
Unto thy island home ;
And thou art waiting there for me
To weep upon thy breast,
As on the shore the troubled sea
Doth sigh itself to rest.

My wreath seems now of orange-flowers,
And from the chaplet pale
Do glow-worms drop in shining showers
To weave my bridal veil.
The stars — God's holy tapers — light
The altars of the shore,
And on us doth the solemn night
A benediction pour.

MRS. CAROLINE HOWARD GLOVER JERVEY.

Mrs. JERVEY—*née* Gilman—was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1823, and is the daughter of the late Dr. Samuel Gilman and Mrs. Gilman, mentioned elsewhere in the present volume.

In 1840 she became Mrs. Glover; and lived in Charleston until her widowhood, which commenced in 1846; from which time until her marriage to Mr. Jervcy—1865—she resided with her mother, in Charleston.

Mrs. Jervcy's *nom de plume* has been Caroline Howard. She has written tales, poems, and novels.

The following are her published volumes:—

1. *Vernon Grove*. A novel.

2. *Helen Courtenay's Promise*,—a novel which a critic has called the “product of a brilliant creative fancy.” The scene of this story is partly in the old world and partly in America.

Mrs. Jervcy's poetry is healthy and cheerful, full of lively fancy and graceful thoughts. This stanza, from her poem on *Spring-Time*, is illustrative of these characteristics:—

Last eve the moon on modest twilight smiled,
And told the stars 'twas spring!
She swept the wave,—deliciously it gleamed;
She touched the birds, and woke them as they dreamed,
A few soft notes to sing.

R. M. JOHNSON.

At the beginning of the late war, Professor Johnson published his work on *The English Classics*. It is a small volume of about three hundred pages, covering, however, the entire range of English literature from the earliest writers to those of the days of George III. One or two hundred works are discussed, and

authorities are freely and fully cited. The work is noted for its accuracy, correctness of opinion, and clearness. Its design is for use as a text-book in colleges.

Professor Johnson is connected with the University of Georgia, at Athens, in that state.

MRS. CORNELIA J. M. JORDAN.

Mrs. JORDAN is the only southern writer, as far as I am aware, who enjoys the distinction of having had one of her works burned by military order. This event occurred in 1865, as I shall presently have occasion to mention.

Mrs. Jordan — *née* Matthews — was born in Lynchburg, Virginia, on the 17th of January, 1830; and is the eldest of three children. Her education was conducted at the Catholic Academy of the Visitation, at Georgetown, D. C., where her poetic faculty was discovered to manifest itself in rhymed compositions upon the passing events about her — as discovered and encouraged by the Sisters of the Visitation, and she was playfully known as The Poet Laureate. There, too, she knew her first life-touching sorrow, in the death of a sister. Music was one of her early passions, — more a specialty of her girlhood days than verse-writing. In 1851 she was married to F. H. Jordan, Esquire, a lawyer of Luray, which is in Page County. In 1861 she published her first volume of poems. War swept from her enjoyment the luxury of wealth. She is now resident in Lynchburg, her native city, earnestly at work with her pen. Her published works are: —

1. *Flowers of Hope and Memory*, — a collection of fugitive poems, published in a duodecimo of 330 pages, by A. Morris of Richmond, in 1861. It contains a steel engraving of the author. The war, which commenced immediately after its appearance, prevented its being a pecuniary success.

2. *Corinth, and Other Poems of the War*. The leading poem

in this collection was written at Corinth, whither the author had gone to be near her husband, who was at that time upon the staff of General Beauregard. It was published in August, 1865; and immediately upon its appearance General Terry, then commanding at Richmond, ordered it to be seized and burned as "objectionable and incendiary." In execution of this order, *Corinth and Other Poems* ~~formed~~ a bonfire in the Court-House yard in Lynchburg, on Wednesday, the 16th of August, 1865. *Corinth* is a spirited war-poem of a dozen pages, praising the gallantry of the Southern generals and soldiers, with hits here and there at "tyranny," and some similar things. Of the *Other Poems*, that on *The Death of Jackson* seems to be the finest.

3. *A Christmas Poem*, for the children. A brochure of twenty odd pages, which was published in Lynchburg for the Christmas of 1865.

4. *Richmond: Her Glory and Her Graves*. A poem of about thirty pages, published in Richmond, during 1867. This also contains some *Other Poems*, among which may be mentioned *An Appeal for Jefferson Davis*, and *Farewell to the Flag*. From the leading poem I give the following extract — the point in the narrative is the memorable Sunday before the surrender, when the President was summoned from church to attend to military matters: —

Amid the great assembled throng
He knelt — our own bold leader strong —
Christ's lowly follower now;
A light serene burned in his eye,
And truth sublime, and majesty
Sat on his peerless brow.

He knelt and worshipped with the rest,
That great, brave soul, whose patriot breast
With sad emotions stirred,
As 'mid the Sabbath's quiet hum
The sounds of martial trump and drum
Were near and nearer heard.

But was not Richmond safe the while
Beneath the spring day's glowing smile—
The April skies so clear?
Was not her banner waving high,
The vaunting foeman to defy—
Her gallant army near?

Ah, why should brave hearts feel alarm,
If God will shield the right from harm,
How can wrong triumph then?
And while the air with war-notes rang,
Calm voices clear the chorus sang,
Of "Peace—good will to men."

The grand old anthem rose on high,
From lips that owned no prophesy
Of evil's coming hour—
"Te deum laudamus" was sung
By many a rapt, devoted tongue,
With more than wonted power.

But hark! amid the organ's swell,
A note discordant strangely fell—
A sound smote every ear!
Men glanced with nervous eye, and gave
Unuttered prayers their cause to save,
And women paled with fear.

"What is it—what?" is whispered low,
As through the aisles, the sexton now
A hurried message bore—
And Davis calmly rose--no signs
Of aught to mar the tranquil lines
His noble features wore.

Yet as that kingly form withdrew,
Instinctively each bowed heart knew
That danger threatened nigh;
The booming cannon's rolling sound,
Like jarring thunder stirred the ground,
And tears filled many an eye.

Too soon the startling truth is told,
 That brave Lee can no longer hold
 His thin and wasted lines;
 Already from the fields afar,
 Dark with the gathering storms of war,
 The ~~foeman's~~ emblem shines.

The following extract from a more recent poem, entitled *Our Dead*, favourably illustrates our author's style :

Oh hearts ! hushed and still is your beating;
 Past, past is your anguish and pain,
 While our own bleed and break with the sorrow
 That clings round the fallen and slain.
 Ayé, break at the mournful remembrance
 Of sufferings heroically borne—
 The march long and hard, the short ration,
 The hunger to God only known.

The thirst, with no water t' allay it;
 The sickness; the longing for home;
 The wild and delirious calling
 For mothers that never could come;
 The painful privations, th' exposure
 To hardships none living may know;
 The rush to the battle-front, eager
 Life's *all* in the struggle to throw.

The struggle—how grand and how glorious !
 What pen on the pages of Time
 May leave e'en the faintest impression
 Of all its devotion sublime?
 The cheerful surrender of comfort,
 The patient endurance of pain,
 The courage no danger could baffle,
 No human eye witness again.

Ah ! mournful, indeed, is the story
 Of those whose dear lives paid the oost—
 Of this dauntless devotion to duty—
 This zeal in a cause that was lost.

Some fell in the storm of the battle:
The son, side by side with the sire;
Some died in the hospital dreary,
And some by the bivouac fire.

Some languished in prison, far distant
From sympathy, kindred, and friends;
Some perished on picket, and many,
Ah! many no knowledge attends.
These passed to the front with the others,
And all that remains since to know
Is that God holds the secret in heaven
Of how they were missing below.

Fond eyes have looked long for their coming,
Fond hearts have been waiting in vain;
No smiles will e'er greet their returning,
No fate will restore them again.
Dead! how? ah, the secret unfathomed
We only can patiently wait
Till their souls meet our own, and united
We walk through the Beautiful Gate.

Here all unexplained is the mystery,
We grope through a terrible dark.
Faith, blinded and dull, struggles wildly
To kindle hope's languishing spark.
There all will be clear as the noon-day,
We'll know even as we are known,
For a light, which no storm can extinguish,
Will o'er our dull visions be thrown.

The wrath of the War-king forgotten;
From battle and strife a surcease;
The soldier, who died for his country,
Will rest on the bosom of Peace.
The prisoner, who pined in his dungeon,
Whose heart with dumb agony stirred,
Will walk in the sunlight of Freedom,
And no sound of oppression be heard.

THOMAS JORDAN.

In connection with J. P. Pryor, Esquire, General Jordan appeared, in 1868, as the author of *The Campaigns of Lieutenant-General N. B. Forrest, and of Forrest's Cavalry*; with portraits, maps, and illustrations. The work was published in Cincinnati and St. Louis, and had a large share of popularity where the events narrated and illustrated had their scene,—in the west. It is an octavo volume of six hundred and twenty-five pages. It appeared also in New York, from the press of Blelock & Co.

General Jordan is a Virginian; as is also Mr. Pryor. I am not aware that either of them has appeared as an author elsewhere than upon the occasion just mentioned. General Jordan's war-record, his connection with General Beauregard as his Chief of Staff, his distinction as a bureau officer, and his recent career in Cuba, are matters belonging rather to the history of the wars than to that of literature.



ANTHONY M. KEILEY.

Of Mr. KEILEY, as an author, his readers have occasion to learn something in the one volume he has published, it being autobiographical, in one sense. It appeared from the press of Blelock & Co., during the year 1866; and was entitled *In Vinculis; or the Prisoner of War*, and the author is styled simply A Virginia Confederate.

From a contemporary periodical, I extract the following history of the origin of this work:—

“On the 9th June, 1864, General Butler ordered a simultaneous attack on Petersburg, by Generals Gilmore and Kautz,—the former commanding the infantry and the latter the cavalry. For some reason not well understood, General Gilmore did not ‘come to time,’ and, as a consequence, General Kautz withdrew

after obtaining some slight advantages. In the trenches, on that day, were a number of the gray-haired fathers of the "Cockade" City, several of whom were slain in battle, and others carried into a dreary and almost hopeless captivity. Amongst the prisoners captured by the enemy was the author of this volume, a lawyer by profession, and a discharged soldier of Lee's army.

"He was several months in prison, first at Point Lookout and subsequently at Elmira, New York. He has given us here, in brief compass, his experiences of prison-life, and while there are grave defects of style in the composition of the work, there is also much to interest the reader."

As a poem characteristic of the times, I quote from this volume *Stonewall Jackson's Way*, a camp song, which Mr. Keiley calls the "best camp song of the war:"—

Come, men, stack arms ! Pile on the rails,
 Stir up the camp-fire bright ;
 No matter if the canteen fails,
 We'll make a roaring night.
 Here Shenandoah crawls along,
 Here burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
 To swell the brigade's rousing song
 Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
 Cocked o'er his eye askew ;
 The shrewd, dry smile—the speech so pat,
 So calm, so blunt, so true.
 The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well ;
 Says he, "That's Banks, he's fond of shell ;
 Lord save his soul ! we'll give him——" well
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence ! ground arms ! kneel all ! caps off !
 Old Blue-Light's going to pray ;
 Strangle the fool that dares to scoff !
 Attention ! it's his way !
 Appealing from his native sod,
 "Hear us, in power, Almighty God !
 Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod,
 Amen." That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now ! Fall in !
 Steady, the whole brigade !
 Hill's at the ford, cut off ; we'll win
 His way with ball and blade.
 What matter if our shoes are worn ?
 What matter if our feet are torn ?
 Quick step ! we're with him ere the dawn !
 That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright glances rout the mists
 Of morning—and, by George !
 Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
 Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,
 " Bayonets and grape !" hear Stonewall roar.
 " Charge, Stuart ! pay off Ashby's score,
 In Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah ! maiden, wait, and watch, and yearn,
 For news of Stonewall's band !
 Ah ! widow, read with eyes that burn,
 That ring upon thy hand !
 Ah ! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on !
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn ;
 The foe would better ne'er been born
 That gets in Stonewall's way.

J. LELAND KENNEDY.

This writer blends the three labours of writing, teaching, and preaching. He is the author of an excellent volume of biography, entitled *The Southern Christian, a Life of the Rev. Mr. Pierson*. He teaches a school of high rank in Anderson District, of South Carolina. He is a preacher, of, I believe, the Methodist Church. His literary degree was taken in the South Carolina College about twenty-five years ago.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY.

The author of *Horse-Shoe Robinson* is a native of Baltimore, and was born on Friday, the 25th of October, 1795. He graduated in the College of Baltimore, in 1812. He adopted law as his profession, and took to politics; first as a legislator in Maryland and afterwards as a leading whig in Congress. In 1818 he commenced editorial life as editor of *The Red Book*, in Baltimore. After some years, Mr. Kennedy came out in the new rôle of author. His literary works are:—

1. *Swallow Barn*, published in 1832. This book is a fiction, stringing together a collection of sketches of rural life in Virginia, as it was at the beginning of the present century. The story—or, rather, the sketches—became popular.

2. *Horse-Shoe Robinson*; 1835. The hero of this story is a Revolutionary soldier of South Carolina,—a hard-fisted blacksmith, honest, direct, blunt, and shrewd withal.

3. *Rob of the Bowl*; 1838. This is a pre-revolutionary story of Maryland, in the days of her founder, Calvert.

4. *The Annals of Quodlibet*, a political burlesque, suggested by the issues in the presidential campaigning of 1840,—the year in which the *Annals* appeared.

5. *Defence of the Whigs*. 1844.

6. *Life of William Wirt*; 1849. This is a *con amore* work—the biography of a devoted friend; comprising correspondence, and forming two good-sized octavo volumes.

7. *Notes of two visits to Europe*; the exact title, or titles, not accessible.

8. Numerous *brochures*—such as *An Address* issued by the Protectionist Convention held in New York, in 1831 (this in connection with Dutton of Massachusetts, and Ingersoll of Pennsylvania); *Address* delivered before the Baltimore Society, in 1833; *Eulogy on Wirt*, in 1834; *Discourse*, at the Dedication of Greenmount Cemetery in 1839.

Of Mr. Kennedy as a writer, Duyckinck in his *Cyclopædia of American Literature* thus speaks: "Mr. Kennedy writes with delightful ease and freshness. His works are evidently the natural product of his thought and observation, and are pervaded by the happy genial temperament which characterizes the man in his personal relations. We have a full reproduction in his volumes of the old Virginia life, with its old-time ideas of repose, content, and solid comfort; its hearty out-door existence, and the 'humours,' which are apt, in a fixed state of society, to develop quaint features in master and dependents. The author's books abound in delightful rural pictures, and sketches of character, which, in easy style and quiet genial humour, recall the Sketch-Book and Bracebridge Hall. The author has himself acknowledged the relationship in the graceful tribute to Irving which forms the dedication of the volume."

Mr. Kennedy has always been a staunch whig, a thorough union man, and a conservative in general. He still resides in his native city; though recently he made a tour in Europe. He holds the office of Provost of the University of Maryland; and is Vice-President of the Maryland Historical Society; and a member of several learned associations.



MRS. ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

The editor of *The Lotus*, a literary magazine published in Memphis, Tennessee, has been for several years favourably known to readers of current literature. While yet a girl in her teens, she became the wife of a Mr. Bradford, who died a few years afterwards. Her second husband, Mr. Ketchum, fell in the Southern army, the first year of the war. A fire, upon the eve of the war, destroyed a large portion of her competence; and the enemy finished what remained, before the war had progressed far.

It was thus that she has been driven to labour as a resort to restore fallen fortunes. She has taught a Select Classical School, as one means; but her pen has been her main stay.

Mrs. Ketchum is the author of three volumes, as follows:—

1. *Nelly Bracken*, a novel, published about 1856. Of this book a western monthly magazine says: "It had quite a run, having borne the test of criticism, and taken its place as one of the most popular works of American literature. It contains specimens of the finest word-painting ever written by an American authoress." From the same authority I learn that the book is soon to be issued in a new edition by a Southern publishing house. The author herself does not feel—and justly so—that this book, the production of a mere girl, is representative of her mature powers.

2. *Rilla Motto*, a romance written for *The Lotus*, published in part, but suspended in consequence of the destruction by fire of the *Lotus* establishment, in 1860.

3. *Lotus-Flowers*,—a volume of miscellaneous poems, now ready for the press, but not yet published.

In person Mrs. Ketchum is small. To quote from a lady's account of her, "She has a handsome forehead; mouth large; large black eyes, beautiful more with brilliancy than with softness. She is a brilliant talker. In speaking once of some beautiful woman, she said: 'Her features are so perfect, they seem as if moulded by an artist; and—[pausing a moment]—they *were* shaped by an Artist; and they certainly bear the impress of His divine workmanship.' She is a glorious woman, and a poetess."

The following verses are among the more recent poems of Mrs. Ketchum. They are entitled *April Twenty-Sixth*,—a title that will convey its meaning to many a western reader:—

Dreams of a stately land,
Where rose and lotus open to the sun,
Where green savane and misty mountain stand,
By lordly valour won.

Dreams of the earnest-browed

And eagle-eyed, who late with banners bright,
Rode forth in knightly errantry to do
Devoir for God and Right.

Shoulder to shoulder, see

The crowding columns file through pass and glen !
Hear the shrill bugle ! List the turbulent drum,
Mustering the gallant men !

Resolute, year by year,

They keep at bay the cohorts of the world ;
Hemmed in, yet trusting to the Lord of Hosts,
The Cross is still unfurled.

Patient, heroic, true,

And counting tens where hundreds stood at first,
Dauntless for Truth, they dare the sabre's edge,
The bombshell's deadly burst.

While we, with hearts made brave

By their proud manhood, work and watch and pray,
Till, conquering Fate, we greet with smiles and tears
The conquering ranks of gray !

O God of dreams and sleep !

Dreamless they sleep ; 'tis we, the sleepless, dream.
Defend us while our vigil dark we keep,
Which knows no morning beam.

Bloom, gentle spring-tide flowers,

Sing, gentle winds, above each holy grave !
While we, the women of a desolate land,
Weep for the true and brave !

Many a heart has been touched by the following Christmas poem about Benny. This Benny was the pride of his mother. That mother was Mrs. Ketchum. On Midsummer's Day of 1867, that Benny, then a man, was smitten down in a few hours by cholera. Referring to this terrible experience, *The Southern Home Journal* says :—

"Struck down by this fearful shock, the life of his frail and delicate mother for weeks hung, as it were, upon a thread; and only in the few last months have Mrs. Ketchum's friends dared hope that her life, thus blighted before it had reached its meridian, may yet be prolonged to comfort and rejoice all hearts by the magic of her song.

"Mrs. Ketchum has one surviving child, Miss Nora Bradford, a young girl of rare endowments, with a voice rivalling Gazzaniga's in tone and compass. May she be spared to her mother!"

With this piece of history I present the juvenile poem, as illustrative not only of Mrs. Ketchum's poetic skill, but also—and mainly—as illustrative of her simplicity and purity of heart, and her doting tenderness of soul:—

I had told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That good Santa Klaus, who filled them,
Does not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid;
While I turned me to my table
Where a tempting goblet stood
Brimming high with dainty egg-nog,
Sent me by a neighbour good.

But the kitten there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Slapping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humour,
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled !
 Gathering up the precious store
 He had busily been pouring
 In his tiny pinafore,
 With a generous look that shamed me,
 Sprang he from the carpet bright,
 Showing by his mien indignant,
 All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney !" called he loudly,
 As he held his apron white,
 "You sall have my candy wabbit !"
 But the door was fastened tight ;
 So he stood, abashed and silent,
 In the centre of the floor,
 With defeated look, alternate
 Bent on me and on the door.

Then as from a sudden impulse
 Quickly ran he to the fire,
 And while eagerly his bright eyes
 Watched the flames go high and higher,
 In a brave, clear key he shouted,
 Like some lordly little elf,
 "Santa Klaus ! come down the chimney,
 Make my moder 'have herself !"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
 Said I, feeling the reproof,
 And straightway recalled poor Harney
 Mewing on the gallery roof,
 Soon the anger was forgotten,
 Laughter chased away the frown,
 And they played beneath the live-oaks
 Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim fire-lighted chamber
 Harney purred beneath my chair,
 And my play-worn boy beside me
 Knelt to say his evening prayer :
 "God bess Faden, God bess Moder,
 God bess Sister," — then a pause;
 And his sweet young lips devoutly
 Murmured "God bess Santa Klaus !"

He is sleeping. Brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows,
On his plump and peachy cheek ;
And I bend above him weeping
Thankful tears, oh, undefiled !
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child !

Mrs. Ketchum's chirograph indicates delicacy, modified by earnestness; constancy of impressions; and large hope.

MRS. SUE PETTIGRU KING.

Among the graceful, airy, and piquant writers of fiction in the South, Mrs. KING stands clearly first. Her books are all societal, sketchy, and full of French; about sore-hearted women and gay life, coquetry, ill-assorted loves, with worse-assorted lives; abounding in sharp and sparkling conversations and quarrels, racy repartees, and brilliant banter; manifesting constantly a tendency to the style known as gay and festive, with a strong *souçon* of satire upon the conventional respectabilities, and with a decided flavour of *mots à double entendre*.

Her published works are these:—

1. *Busy Moments of an Idle Woman*. This collection of stories appeared in book form in 1854. The opening story, *Edith*, as well as some of the others, deals with beings of fashionable life in Charleston.

2. *Lily*. This volume—a novel in the author's favourite vein and style—appeared in 1855.

3. *Sylvia's World*,—and, envolumed with that story, a series of shorter stories, under the running title of *Crimes which the Law does not reach*. This appeared in 1859.

4. *Gerald Gray's Wife*. This spirited story appeared, or at

least a portion of it, in *The Field and Fireside*, a Southern literary weekly of that day, during the war of secession, in 1863 or 1864. It was produced in book form, after the war, about 1866.

Mrs. King is a native of Charleston, South Carolina, and is a daughter of the Hon. James L. Pettigru, probably the most able and distinguished jurist of his day. She is eminently a lady of society—a leader of the *ton*. Her eyes are grey, and of wonderful power; her hair brown, and would have been the pride of Homer's heroine of heroines; her features *vifs et mobiles*; her presence in general indicates an active genius, without repose; manner cultivated, easy, *empressée*—*tout à la française*.

Her genius is womanly; woman-of-the-world-ly, it may be, but still very womanly. Eugène de Mirecourt never wrote a more absurd thing—which is saying a great deal—than when, in concluding his sketch of Rosa Bonheur, he announced this aphorism, *Le génie n'a point de sexe*.

Mrs. King's home has always been in Charleston; and, until the end of the late war, she lived there, doing the most attractive fashionable watering-places in a tour during the summer months.

In 1865 she was said to hold a position in the Treasury Department, in Washington.

In March, 1866, she was announced as about to appear as a reader at a *Matinée*, in New-York City.



MAXIMILIAN LABORDE, M.D.

For more than a quarter of a century, Dr. LABORDE has been connected with the State College of South Carolina. His most important work, as an author, is a History of that institution. And this circumstance tends to make more intimate in the public mind the association of the professor with the college.

Dr. LaBorde is a descendant of an ancient family of Bor-

deaux, France, whence his father emigrated to America, subsequently to the Huguenotic movement. He was born in the village of Edgefield, South Carolina, on the 5th of June, 1804. His academic education was received in his native village; first, at the school of Robert L. Armstrong, and, later, at the academy of Chancellor Caldwell, at which he was prepared for college. He entered the Junior class of the South Carolina College, in 1819; graduated there in 1821; and read law two years in the office of McDuffie and Simkins, at Edgefield; but, being too young for admission to the bar, he could not apply at that time; and, before attaining his majority, certain influences made him study medicine. He entered the Medical College of Charleston in 1824; and was a member of the *first class*, that graduated in 1826. He practiced his profession in his native village; was at one period a member of the State Legislature; and in 1839 was elected Secretary of State, upon which he moved to Columbia, the capital. For many years, in Edgefield, he was editor of *The Advertiser*, of that place; and has all his life contributed largely to periodical literature; *The Southern Quarterly Review*, *Russell's Magazine*, and *The Courant*, being the journals for which he wrote most. In 1841 he was elected a trustee of the South Carolina College; and in 1842 was chosen Professor of Logic and Belles Lettres in the same. Through all the fortunes and changes of that institution to the present time, he has been a professor, though the chair he fills has undergone modifications several times.

Apart from his professional labours, Dr. LaBorde has been a working man in several other departments of life; an important one, of which extra duties has been performed, in his capacity as Regent of the State Lunatic Asylum, in which he is now President of the Board of Regents. The position calls for a vast deal of unseen and unpaid-for work, in the form of occasional and annual reports, memorials to the Legislature, and things of that kind.

During the war he devoted his energies with great zeal and

success to the interests of the soldiers. Under his auspices was established and conducted an organization, called the Central Association, of which he was chairman. The Association received, from all parts of the State, all manner of supplies, clothing, and comforts for the soldiers in the field from that State, and forwarded them to the armies, and there distributed them to the soldiers. To devise means, and carry on this immense transportation scheme, which often amounted, in matter transported, to several car-loads a week, required an indomitable energy, a clear, practical mind, and an untiring industry, possessed by few men in so high a degree as by Dr. LaBorde. These services were all given gratuitously; and their kind, their success, and their spirit, are all characteristic of their author.

At the close of the war, in 1865, the South Carolina College was changed in name and function, the new institution being styled the University of South Carolina. In this reorganization, Dr. LaBorde was put in charge of the School of Rhetoric, Criticism, Elocution, and English Language and Literature. That order of things prevails at the present time.

As a writer, Dr. LaBorde is represented by the following works:—

1. *Introduction to Physiology*. A text-book prepared for class-use in the college at a time—1855—when the author taught physiology. Besides the regular presentation of the subject in hand, which is done with great force and clearness, the volume contains admirable discussions upon hygiene, climates, and summer resorts.

2. *History of the South Carolina College*. An octavo that appeared in 1859. This is the author's *magnum opus*, as stated above. It includes sketches, biographical, literary, and critical, of the presidents and professors of the college, together with catalogues and important statistical matter of various kinds. Of this work a contemporary critic very justly writes:—

“Dr. LaBorde's style is singularly chaste, while he yet avoids

the fault of dryness; but no glow of imagination, no flush of fancy, can betray him into meretricious ornament, or the *splendida vitia* of even some of our best writers. Those of our readers who have perused with profit and pleasure his articles in *The Southern Quarterly* will be equally instructed and charmed by the volume before us. The mere matter of collecting facts, marshalling dates, putting down numbers, and arranging names, is not the object of this volume. Upon these dry bones he has breathed a living spirit, and the History of the College passes before us on these pages, like some splendid panorama.

. We were struck particularly with the *manner* of his introduction to his sketch of Dr. Cooper, — a man who was regarded by his friends as the most injured being in the universe, and, we presume it will hardly be denied at this day, who was pursued bitterly by those who differed with him. After admitting the difficulty of the task, Dr. LaBorde says: 'The passions of the day are gone for ever. The grave has silenced alike the voice of censure and of praise. The prejudices of enemies, the partialities of friends, no longer exert their influence. Another generation has succeeded, and the calm inquiry of truth and justice can alone have interest.' This is the spirit of the entire volume. It is indeed the crowning element of the personal character of the author, that he is a man without prejudice. Hence, in his estimate of men, and especially of those who are dead, his desire seems to be always to render to all strict historic justice."

While the book contains no formal sketch of its author, the reader finds an admirable reflected likeness of him in the spirit with which he sketches others; in the appreciative and cordial tone; in the keen perception; in the varied discussions on diverse points, and, above all, in the enlarged views and catholic charities that pervade the work.

The Hon. Benjamin F. Perry, subsequently — in the transitional government just after the war — governor of the State of South Carolina, thus writes of this work: —

"The South Carolina College and the State of South Carolina are under great obligations to Dr. LaBorde for his labours and success in tracing, from its foundation up to the present time, the history of this noble institution, and sketching, in such graphic terms, its presidents and professors. These portraiture of character are worthy the pen of Plutarch. How beautifully it gives the high and commanding character of the eloquent and gifted Maxcy, the first and most revered president of the college! How truthfully is told the life and character of the learned utilitarian infidel, Cooper! The sketch of Barnwell is that of an accomplished scholar, statesman, patriot, gentleman, and Christian. The character of the brilliant, eloquent, generous Preston is drawn in terms which would do credit to the finest sketches of Macaulay. The pure, virtuous, and learned Henry is described with feelings which go to the heart of the reader, and produce an admiration and sympathy for the man. The analysis of the learning, character, and mind of the wonderful Thornwell, displays surpassing ability as a writer and scholar. A just tribute is well paid to the character of Dr. Lieber, whose mind, stored with all learning, ancient and modern, has given himself a world-wide fame. The character of Bishop Elliott is well drawn, noble in person, noble in intellect, noble in every Christian virtue. The sketch of the deeply-lamented Nott is a lovely one. There are many drawn with equal truth and beauty, who honoured the college as professors, and who are now honoured by the charming historian."

Since the change of the college to a university, the author has prepared a supplement, bringing down the history to the close of the former institution in 1865, thus completing the *History of the College*; and leaving to future pens the *History of the University*. This Supplement, I understand, is ready for publication.

3. *Story of Lethea and Verona*. This is a simple domestic story, written for the author's young daughters, and inscribed to them. It was not in the proper sense *published*, but was

printed in 1860. The Preface speaks of the story thus: "It is a tale of love; not of the sickly sentimentality of the novel, but of a love springing from the very depths of the human affections, and embracing in its comprehensive grasp the Great Father of us all and universal humanity."

CLIFFORD ANDERSON LANIER.

It was in 1867 that MR. LANIER made his *début* as an author. *Thorn-Fruit*, a novel—Number Three in a series of Select Novels by Southern Authors—appeared late in that year. As the work of so young a man, this novel promised well. The following is a brief notice of it that I clip from a Southern weekly, — *Southern Society*, of Baltimore, — written upon the appearance of the book:—

"While we gladly welcome all the signs of intellectual activity in the South, we are bound to say that it might have been better for the fame of our author, had he observed the Horatian maxim, and waited seven years before giving his work to the world. There are as many signs of haste in the composition of the book as there are of the writer's short apprenticeship to literature, and, this being the case, it might be unfair and premature to criticise severely the faults in conception and style. However, this book gives promise of a better from the same hand. The scene is laid in stirring times, and, for the most part, in the so-called confederacy; though, after an exciting bout of blockade running, we stay awhile in Nassau, and then pass over to the Island Queen of the Antilles, whose charms seem to exercise the greatest influence on the susceptible heart of the author. The story gradually brings us back to the starting point, a country home, where, after a sad death-bed scene, we take leave of all the surviving characters."

There is very little praise about this, but it is pretty near the

truth ; and I venture that Mr. Lanier himself, in a few years, will not feel warranted in speaking so favourably of it.

Mr. Lanier's first attempt at literature was both ambitious and early—a tragedy at the age of eleven. He had the good sense, however, to burn this before it reached a conclusion. This was in 1855, the ambitious author having been born on the 24th of April, 1844. Griffin, Georgia, is his native place ; though, in his infancy he was removed to Macon, where he at present resides. At fourteen he entered Oglethorpe University, at Milledgeville, in his native State, where he had been two years, when the war of secession broke in upon his studies, and interrupted his education. The war and its scenes of excitement and rapid changes followed, during which he led an active life. He entered the Southern army as a private ; but was, ere long, transferred to the Signal Corps. He was assigned signal officer of the blockade-runner *Talisman*, and in that eventful capacity made two successful trips between Wilmington and Bermuda. The *Talisman* was wrecked in December, 1864 ; and the crew, rescued by *The Orville*, found it impossible to enter any Atlantic port in the Confederacy, and made way to Galveston, Texas, where they were landed. Young Lanier made his way, through seven weeks of weary journeying, to Macon, only in time to be surrendered, at the close of the war, in 1865.

Mr. Lanier is a younger brother of Professor Sidney Lanier, mentioned elsewhere in the present volume.

His second novel is entitled *Two Hundred Balcs*, and indicates more careful preparation than his first did.

His chirograph indicates an untiring and restless activity, a want of precision, and an aspiration as vague as it is violent.

SIDNEY LANIER.

This young writer has recently appeared in the field of letters. It is since the war, I believe, that he first appeared in print at all.

His first novel is still fresh in the public attention, having appeared late in the year 1867. It is entitled *Tiger-Lilies*—without, as far as I can see, any very striking reason for the same—and is a spirited story of Southern life, beginning just before the war, and closing with the war. The earlier scenes are among the mountains of Tennessee; later shifting with the Southern army to Virginia; and having an echo or two of European adventure. The author disclaims making the bloody sensational his style; and yet we have a little murder and some pretty melodramatic touches. Upon this point the author, in his preface, says: “This book declares itself an unpretending one, whose interest, if it have any, is not a thrill of many murders nor a titillation of dainty crimes. That it has dared to waive this interest, must be attributed neither to youthful temerity nor to the seduction that lies singing in the grass of all rarely-trodden paths, but wholly to a love, strong as it is humble, for what is beautiful in God’s Nature and in Man’s Art.”

The story is entertaining, and the style lively. The latter is paragraphical and exclamatory; and in a remote way—in its mingling pedantry and raillery, grotesquely together sometimes—it reminds the reader, remotely and just a little, of the *Sketch-Book of Meister Karl*. Italian, French and German words and phrases abound throughout the work. The book is published in New York, and bids fair to secure a goodly measure of success in the way of popularity.

Besides these, Professor Lanier has produced quite a number of poems, bearing invariably strong marks of the author’s individuality. I find this terse little poem, entitled *Barnacles*, in the *Round Table* of New York.

I.

My soul is sailing through the sea,
But the past is heavy and hindereth me.
The past hath crusted cumbrous shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea-mells
 About my soul.
The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole,
 And hindereth me from sailing.

II.

Old Past, let go and drop in the sea
Till fathomless water cover thee !
For I am living, but thou art dead ;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
 The Day to find.
Thy shells unbind ! Night comes behind,
I needs must hurry with the wind
 And trim me best for sailing.

Longer, and really more in our poet's prevailing vein is *The Tournament*, being the right pleasant joust betwixt heart and brain which I find published in the same journal. I give the original poem entire ; to which a continuation was subsequently written :

I.

Bright shone the lists, blue bent the skies,
And the knights still hurried amain
To the tournament under the ladies' eyes,
 Where the Jousts were Heart and Brain.

II.

Flourished the trumpets : entered Heart,
A youth in crimson and gold.
Flourished again : Brain stood apart,
 Steel-armoured, dark and cold.

III.

Heart's palfry caracoled gayly round,
Heart tra-li-ra'd merrily ;
But Brain sat still, with never a sound,
 So cynical-calm was he.

This second visit was more distinctly a tour of travel than the first. She saw both society and the local celebrities; but spent the main portion of her time at sight-seeing proper, taking society incidentally.

It was in an animated conversation with Lamartine, during this second tour, that that great poet and thinker advised Madame LeVert to write, and to write a book of travels. His words are memorable,—“You can fill with pleasure the hearts of your nation by describing what you have seen to them as you are now delighting me. When the excitements of your tour are over, and you are once more quietly at home, will you not remember, madame, what I have said, and employ your leisure in giving to the world a few *souvenirs* of your European life?”

M. de Lamartine was right.

Madame LeVert remembered these words of advice, and wrote, accordingly, her *Souvenirs of Travel*, a charming book of two duodecimo volumes. This appeared in 1858.

Its success was immediate and decided.

It is in the form of familiar letters to her mother; and is the freshest and sunniest of all books of travel. It is written without study or restraint, and comes gushing and free from the heart—a heart in which the sunlight of childhood seems still to linger.

A Southern poetess—Mrs. L. Virginia French—has given us, in one sentence, a graphic portraiture of both the author and her *Souvenirs*: “She speaks from a full heart of the beautiful in Nature and Art, of old and stirring associations, of social traits, and of the welcome of friends; and, in all kindness and honesty, endeavours to share with others the delightful impressions which she has enjoyed.”

The spontaneousness and gushing naturalness of Madame LeVert's style are thus characterized by the same graceful pen: “She writes as the bird sings—because its heart is gushing over with melody; she writes as the flower blooms—because it is bathed in dew, fanned by the breeze, and kindled up by the sunshine, till it bursts its inclosing petals, and lavishes its fragrance and sweet life upon the air.”

Confederates. Thence he made his way home chiefly afoot. The war closed in a very short time; and in the stringent times that followed, our author betook himself to teaching as a private tutor, and to such other pursuits as the times made available. Meanwhile he was writing *Tiger-Lilies*, which he published, as already stated, about the close of 1867. Near the same time he was elected Principal of an Academy at Prattville, Alabama; where he now is.

Prof. Lanier's special passion in study has been metaphysics; and in art, music. His skill with the flute has been pronounced well-nigh wonderful. He learned his German mainly from a pocket dictionary while in the army in Virginia.

His chriograph is rapid, light, and consistent,—indicating freedom from conventionalities of thought and a young man's irksomness of restraint,—a passion for adventure, with marked self-possession,—a fondness for display, but a horror of humbuggery.

JOSEPH LECONTE, M.D.

Professor LECONTE is a native of Georgia; but has been for ten or twelve years connected with the state institution of South Carolina. He is to-day Professor of Chemistry, Pharmacy, Mineralogy, and Geology in the University of that state. He enjoys the reputation of being one of the best, if not the very best, lecturer that ever graced that institution. His power to enchain the attention—the personal magnetism of his mind, that is to say,—has rarely been equalled; has certainly not been surpassed in the lecture rooms of that institution for the last thirty years. Besides his professional labours, he writes occasionally upon scientific subjects for first-class periodicals, such as *The American Journal of Science and Arts*, to which he has recently contributed a series of papers on Optics in which he has advanced some new views on vision. Morphology is another favourite theme with

him ; and one upon which some years ago he published some papers that excited a great deal of attention, no less by the valuable matter they contained than by the attractive style in which they were written. He is felt to be one of the best aestheticians in the south ; and to be an exemplar of an equally and highly educated man.

The only publication in book form of which he is the author is a *Text-Book of Geology*, announced for the present year in New York. He unites with his brother—Dr. John Le Conte, of the University of California—in producing a *Text Book of Chemistry* published at the same time.

LEROY M. LEE, D.D.

Dr. LEE stands high among the writers of his church—the Methodist Episcopal—as a graceful and forcible writer. His published works are :—

1. *The Great Supper Not Calvinistic*,—a duodecimo, that holds the position of a standard work.
2. *Advice to a Young Convert*,—duodecimo.
3. *Life and Times of the Rev. Jesse Lee*,—octavo.

MISS AGNES LEONARD.

Miss LEONARD is mentioned as the author of a new novel called *Vanquished*, published in 1867 by Carleton & Company ; and as having another novel ready for publication at an early day, entitled *Will o' the Wisp*.

MRS. OCTAVIA WALTON LEVERT.

The most widely known and the most cordially appreciated of the literary women of the south is Madame LeVert.

Born in affluence, having enjoyed the finest advantages in culture, moving in the best circles of society in both America and Europe, and a belle in the best sense of that word, by unanimous concession in that *beau monde*, Madame LeVert found the way to her authorial *début* made easy and inviting.

She entered that easy and inviting way with characteristic grace; and found the *début* a portal of flowers.

Miss Octavia Walton was the daughter of Colonel George Walton, and was born at Belle Vue, a country seat, near Augusta, Georgia; but in her infancy was moved to Pensacola, Florida; and there it was, amid the picturesque scenery of that tropical land, her young soul waked to consciousness.

Her own language upon this point is too striking to be omitted or replaced by any other. Her first memories, she writes to a friend, were "of the orange and live-oak trees, shading the broad veranda; and of the fragrant acacia, oleander, and cape jessamine trees, which filled the parterre sloping down to the sea-beach: of merry races with my brother along the white sands, while the creamy waves broke over my feet, and the delicious breeze from the gulf played in my hair: and the pet mocking-birds in the giant oak by my window, whose songs called me each morning from dreamland."

Are not these sunny memories of a tropical sky influencing foreshadows of the genial soul that was blooming into life in their midst?

Her father, Colonel Walton, became Governor of the state of Florida.

While yet a child the romance-loving Octavia chose for the capital of that state its musical name — Tallahassee, a Seminole word that means Beautiful Land.

In her early girlhood she imbibed, rather than learned, three languages—English, Spanish, and French. A knowledge of all three grew up with her childhood; all three are her own as thoroughly as if each had been her mother-tongue. Her wonderful mastery of languages in later years is to be traced to these early advantages.

In 1825, during his last visit to the United States, Lafayette was charmed with her vivacity, her intelligence, and her pure French. She was then but a child. He said: "I predict for her a brilliant career."

Colonel Walton removed from Florida with his family to Mobile, Alabama.

Mrs. Walton, with her accomplished daughter, made the tour of the United States, while the daughter was yet quite a young lady. They moved in the first circles of the leading cities in the states. They won all hearts.

They spent much time in Washington, among the accomplished, the gifted, and the great in various ways.

It was during these earlier years of her life that Miss Walton made the friendship of such men as Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and Washington Irving. *Noscitur a sociis.*

In 1836, Miss Walton became Madame LeVert. Her husband was Dr. Henry S. LeVert, of Mobile.

Madame LeVert spent a year in Europe during 1853—'54. She went originally by invitation of the Duke of Rutland, and was accompanied by her father and daughter—the daughter, I believe, who bears Madame's own name.

Nature had given her titles of nobility, and she moved among her peers in the selectest circles of British aristocracy. N. P. Willis, the poet-editor, said of this tour of Europe: "There probably was never a more signal success in the way of access to foreign society, friendly attentions from the nobility, and notice from royalty, than fell to the share of Madame LeVert."

In 1855, she again made the tour of Europe; on this occasion accompanied by her husband and daughter.

This second visit was more distinctly a tour of travel than the first. She saw both society and the local celebrities: but spent the main portion of her time at sight-seeing proper, taking society incidentally.

It was in an animated conversation with Lamartine, during this second tour, that that great poet and thinker advised Madame LeVert to write, and to write a book of travels. His words are memorable,—“You can fill with pleasure the hearts of your nation by describing what you have seen to them as you are now delighting me. When the excitements of your tour are over, and you are once more quietly at home, will you not remember, madame, what I have said, and employ your leisure in giving to the world a few *souvenirs* of your European life?”

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A southern poetess—Mrs. L. Virginia French—has given us, in one sentence, a graphic portraiture of both the author and her *Souvenirs*: “She speaks from a full heart of the beautiful in Nature and Art, of old and stirring associations, of social traits, and of the welcome of friends; and, in all kindness and honesty, endeavours to share with others the delightful impressions which she has enjoyed.”

The spontaneousness and gushing naturalness of Madame LeVert’s style are thus characterised by the same graceful pen: “She writes as the bird sings—because its heart is gushing over with melody; she writes as the flower blooms—because it is bathed in dew, fanned by the breeze, and kindled up by the sunshine, till it bursts its inclosing petals, and lavishes its fragrance and sweet life upon the air.”

Miss Bremer, in her figurative way, calls her the "Magnolia Flower of the South." Mr. Calhoun, in his literal way, calls her "The gifted daughter of the South." Washington Irving says of her: "She is such a woman as occurs but once in the course of an empire." Mrs. Ellet says: "Madame LeVert is perhaps the only woman who has reigned as a belle in both hemispheres, has received the homage of chivalrous admiration, alike in the Northern and Southern sections of the United States, as well as in the courtly circles of Great Britain and Continental Europe, and who, at the same time, has never been assailed by the shafts of envy or calumny. She has had a remarkable experience in wearing the crown of beauty and genius—that it has been without a thorn."

The most admired portions of the *Souvenirs* are those on the Eruption of Vesuvius, the Coliseum, the Way over the Simplon, the Brownings in Florence, Moonlight in Venice, and the Farewell to Italy.

But in all that Madame LeVert has written there is a life that Madame Ida Pfeiffer could never throw into her Travels; that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe could never imitate, though she *did* the title; and that Miss Fredrica Bremer [peace to her recent ashes!] could not give to her spirited personalities.

The general style of Madame LeVert's *Souvenirs* has already been indicated. It is free, gushing and natural. The form in which the work is written—familiar letters—cautions us not to expect anything stately in the way of style. We expect the composition to be easy, at least. This we find; and, if sometimes there should appear a little too much ease, we should be ungrateful to complain of it.

The *Souvenirs of Travel* is the only book Madame LeVert has yet published.

In 1859, *Souvenirs of Distinguished People* was announced as in press, by a publishing house in New York. I am advised, however, that circumstances of a personal character have prevented her completing the work.

Since the war, she has in preparation a book to be called *Souvenirs of the War*; but it will probably not appear for some time yet.

Among the occasional papers which Madame LeVert has contributed to the periodical press since the war, I select from the *New-York Ledger* the following on the *Study of Languages*, as illustrative of her airy and yet ornate style, its length being within our limits:—

“Greek’s a harp we love to hear;
 Latin is a trumpet clear;
 Spanish like an organ swells;
 Italian rings its silver bells;
 - France, with many a frolic mien,
 Times her sprightly violin;
 Loud the German rolls his drum
 When Russia’s clashing cymbals come;
 But Briton’s sons may well rejoice,
 For English is the human voice.

“There is not a more useful or delightful occupation for the leisure hours of young ladies than the study of foreign languages. It is the bridge spanning the deep waters which divide our own from the rich and varied literature of other lands. When once we have passed over it, a new world of enjoyment is open to us, and we are quickly brought *en rapport* with the brilliant intellects that have illustrated the grand and glorious in prose and poetry.

“The best translation is but a shadow of the original. We may transplant a tropical flower to our climate, and cherish it with infinite care; still its blossoms will never possess the beauty and fragrance of its own sunny clime. Thus it is with foreign literature. To enjoy perfectly the noble utterances of great minds, we must read them in the language with which Genius first draped them. The subtle charm of originality—the delicate shades of thought, radiant and evanescent as the hues of the rainbow, vanish away before the realities of a translation.

“A few hours, or even one hour, each day, snatched from the

exigencies of society, and devoted to the study of any one of the languages of Europe, would prove a profitable investment of time, and yield a sure reward. Madame Campan did not consider the education of a young girl completed because she had left school. In one of her admirable letters of advice to a friend, she writes: 'Continue still to devote daily some hours to study, that you may speak fluently in German, sing sweetly in Italian, and write charmingly in French.'

"Although the fashionable world may be very exacting and absorb much of the attention of our young ladies, still even in its whirl of gaiety there are many weary and listless hours, which might be pleasantly occupied in learning a foreign language. The Persian poet exclaims: 'Count every hour enjoyed as a treasure gained.' May we not paraphrase this by saying: 'Count every hour well employed as a treasure gained.' One of those weary hours given each day to German would soon afford you the satisfaction of reading the grandly eloquent works of Goethe, of Schiller, of Jean Paul de Richter, of Heine, and other authors, to which no translation can ever render justice.

"Many young ladies study Latin at school, hence the acquisition of any of the languages of Southern Europe would be vastly facilitated. It is a fascinating occupation to follow all these different streams which flow from the great fountain of the Latin.

"First, the Spanish,—resembling it closely, with many of its noble characteristics, while it is enriched with the sonorous grandeur of the Moorish—vehement, expressive, and forcible,—peculiarly powerful and majestic in oratory and declamation.

"Next, the Italian,—soft and graceful, the type of its own rose-tinted skies and delicious clime. Music, which gives laws to harmony, has chosen that idiom as the most exquisite for the sweet breathings of its melody; while Poetry the sister spirit of Music, revels in the full and swelling beauty of its tones.

"Then, the French,—bright as the flight of a shining arrow,—emphatic and concise,—the language of society and of diplo-

macy. Through all changes of 'clime and time,' we still trace their allegiance to the Latin. It lingers around them as the remembrance of a mother's love clings to the human heart.

"Among the happy visions which float in the future of nearly every American girl is that of a visit to Europe; therefore, to her, a knowledge of foreign languages would be especially agreeable. Many persons travel through classic lands with no more enjoyment than the deaf and dumb, whose only pleasure is derived from sight. How charmingly might a young lady utilise her accomplishments as a linguist by contributing to the information, the happiness, and the comfort of those of her family who accompany her, and who, perhaps, have been too much occupied with the hard actualities of life to acquire these languages.

"It is always a joy to woman's heart to know she increases the happiness of the loved ones. Thus many amusing incidents and sparkling conversations are constantly occurring as we travel through 'lands beyond the seas,' which might be translated for their enjoyment also. Pleasure and usefulness are combined in the knowledge of foreign languages. It is an admirable training for the memory, and genial exercise for the mind; and the acquisition of every new language is another delight added to existence."

Madame LeVert did noble and successful work in behalf of the Mount Vernon Association.

During the war she did the part of a true and generous woman.

Madame LeVert's home is in the heart of the city of Mobile, upon Government street. It is one furnished with all that a cultivated taste, with ample means at command, could ask—a choice and extensive library, works of fine art, and the elegancies in general in which refinement and wealth are wont to find pleasure. She is there the centre and soul of a happy, though not a numerous family.

In person Madame LeVert is short with appreciable embonpoint; has a face full, smooth and fair, and often aglow with cheerful and kindly feeling; has hair and eyes both less than dark.

She converses with probably more ease, grace and sympathy-awakening vivacity and *esprit*, than any of her literary contemporaries in America. In conversation she gesticulates freely—talks much *à la française*, with her hands.

Her chirograph is light yet *prononcé*, daintily feminine, dashing and showy; wavy, with a profusion of twirls—a wavy sweep at the end of almost every word—yet every twirl is graceful; this peculiarity indicating an initiative habit of mind, with a lively fondness for display.



SAMUEL YATES LEVY.

In 1856, appeared a play, in five acts, entitled *The Italian Bride*, with the explanation on title page that it was “Written for Miss Eliza Logan, and published for private distribution.” The local imprint is Savannah, Georgia.

The reception of *The Italian Bride* was favourable; and, as far as criticism delivered an opinion, it was commendatory.

The play deserved infinitely more attention than it received; for it had merit of high order; was well-conceived, well-sustained in development of plot, and abounded in brilliant passages.

It transpired, in the course of time, that the author of this fine Southern drama was S. YATES LEVY, ESQUIRE, a lawyer of Savannah—a man of extensive reading, and liberal culture. His nationality is Hebraic; his family remarkable for cleverness; his father distinguished for his abilities; his mother (of English lineage) for her beauty and accomplishments; himself, for his *belles lettres* tastes and attainments; his engaging manners, his astonishing memory, his ready and critical knowledge of music, and his elegant conviviality. He was born about 1827; is tall, slender, of fair complexion and light hair, having large, expressive blue eyes, and a massive forehead. Is married.

His chirograph is elegant, fluent, and rapid; characters which indicate the style of man I have described.

The following passage from a soliloquy in *The Italian Bride* will serve as illustrative, in a limited way, of the style in which the drama is written.

HUGO.

Such is the love of woman ! In her heart
 She sets the object of her worship up,
 As men do place an idol in a shrine.
 On its sweet altar doth she sacrifice
 All selfishness and every baser thought ;
 And be the image hideous as the shapes
 Of swarthy India's faith, to her it seems
 The symbol of all beautiful and good.
 With what a fine contempt and noble scorn
 She forced me back to mine allegiance !
 Her very form dilated with the strength
 With which she urged her lover's innocence.
 By heaven ! it surely cannot be that one
 Whose soul is graced with such a woman's love
 Could e'er be guilty of so base a crime.
 I'll not believe it, and I hold it wrong
 That e'er I did mistrust his noble nature.

The following piece of impersonation is a little extravagant, but striking and well-put. :—

It cannot be ; hope cheats me now no more ;
 But with a pitying smile doth point me out
 My future comrades in this world of woe, —
 The patient sisters born of Grief and Faith,
 Pale Resignation leading dumb Despair.

I venture to give the following extracts of *A Love-Letter*, — one of the author's minor poems, — although I am fully aware that it is almost impossible to give part of a poem like this, without injury to the author, — without unfairly representing him in his capacity of artist ; but the poem is too long to give entire ; and I could not get my own consent to leave it unmentioned :—

I promised thee to write thee, and I write !
What can I tell thee, dear, thou dost not know?
O'er the pale camp is brooding tearful Night,
Save where the silvery moonlight's placid glow

Strikes through the solemn arches of the trees ;
And every voice of Nature hushed and dead,
Save the light whispers of the murmuring breeze,
And the lone sentry's never-ceasing tread.

But in my heart there flutters a soft voice,
Responsive to some seraph's harp above,
Bidding my restless spirit, "Oh, rejoice !
Be glad, O soul, be glad in thy great love !

Be glad that thou hast clasped her yielding form ;
Be glad that thou hast heard her quivering sighs ;
Hast trembled in the whirl of passion's storm,
And fainted in the languor of her eyes."

I know that thou canst never be mine own,
And that my love is but one lasting strife ;
For who can conquer, fighting, all alone,
The cold conventionalities of life?

.

I would I ne'er had met thee ! Better, dear,
Have worshipped the ideal of my mind —
A fairy vision — than have had appear
Thy lovely presence, and in it to find

All that my fancy long ago had loved ;
All that my spirit ever pined to see ;
All that my wayward pulses e'er had moved,
Incarnate and refined, sweet love, in thee ;

Yet know for me beams not that radiant face ;
That all the future is one bitter strife ;
And weary solitude usurps the place
Of thee, my better, nobler part of life.

.

I would that thou and I, far, far away,
Loitered all lonely on some murmuring shore,
Where all my love might open to the day,
And I should know thou'dst never leave me more.

How I would cherish thee ! Ah, trust me, sweet,
No fairy, pillowed on a lily's breast,
Could e'er lie softer in her fair retreat,
Than thou wouldst in these arms, thy sweetest nest.

I'd dwell in rapture on thy lightest word,
And revel in the perfume of thy sighs,
Own every wish of thine my heart's sole lord,
And read Love's triumph in thine orb'd eyes.

And when the rosy-tinted morn alights,
And when the sun shakes down his golden hair,
E'en till he sinks behind the western heights,
I'd see love, shrined in Nature, everywhere.

Love, sighing in the murmur of the seas ;
Love, sleeping in the shady mountain nooks ;
Love, dancing to the music of the trees,
And laughing in the ripple of the brooks ;

Love, in the fragrance of each flowret fair ;
Love, in the azure of the smiling skies ;
Love in the mazes of my lady's hair,
And in the splendor of my darling's eyes.



JOHN HENRY LOGAN, M.D.

DR. LOGAN was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, about the year 1823. His father, of Scotch-Irish lineage, was a physician, also, — Dr. John Logan. The son graduated with distinction in the South Carolina College, in 1844, and in the Charleston Medical College, a few years later. Besides the

practice of his profession, or probably before attaining it, he taught school some time, and for awhile was the editor of a newspaper published at Abbeville. During the war he was surgeon in a confederate regiment; and, since the war, has moved to Talladega County, Alabama, where he is now engaged in the practice of medicine. Is married.

The one book by which Dr. Logan is known as an author is his *History of the Upper Country of South Carolina*, of which the first volume appeared in 1859. The war prevented the preparation and appearance of the second and concluding volume. Since the war, the author has gotten ready this second volume; but it has not been published. The work, as far as published, is marked by great research, care, and thoroughness; and entitles the writer to an honourable position among the chroniclers of our early State history. He stands with Rivers, Ramsay, Johnson, Simms, and Carroll.

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET. LL.D.

Everybody has read *Georgia Scenes*; and laughed at Ned Brace, and at Blossom and Bullet, and at Hardy Slow and Tobias Swift, and Ransy Sniffle.

Everybody knows that Judge Longstreet wrote *Georgia Scenes*, although I believe his name has never appeared upon any of the numerous editions of it that have been published both North and South.

Judge Longstreet has written two books:—

1. *Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, etc., in the first Half Century of the Republic, by a Native Georgian.* This book appeared first in the South, a few years, I believe, prior to 1840, in which year it appeared from the press of the Harpers, of New-York. It was abundantly successful. Upon it rests almost the entire reputation of its author as a humorist in literature. The

reading public know its author in no other way. It was rumoured once that the author desired to suppress the work, as of too trivial a character for his graver positions in life. I haven't the slightest idea that the rumour had the shadow of a foundation in truth. I think so, knowing both the man and the book.

I now desire to speak of both these,—the book first and then the man.

The book is a collection of newspaper sketches of vulgar life in Georgia, which were written, as the author explains in his preface to the first edition, "in the hope that chance would bring them to light when time would give them an interest," rather than for the present generation. He wrote for posterity these photographs of times and manners that were passing away.

It will be observed that the author styles himself on the title-page a Native Georgian, though he claims to have been born in South Carolina.

The book is replete with genuine humour. The humour is broad, but it is irresistible. The world of readers has pronounced it funny; and it *is*.

Among these scenes the character of Ned Brace and his adventures, oddities, and drolleries, make up the most amusing portion of the book. The Militia Drill is irresistibly amusing, especially to such as have ever witnessed militia drills anywhere, from its vivid life-likeness. There are several of the sketches, however that are rather heavy than otherwise; as, the Debating Society and the Turn Out. Some have a touch of the repulsive; as, the Gander-Pulling and the Horse-Swap. Some,—even in Georgia scenes, we venture to affirm, some,—are simply dull; as, the Dance, and the Charming Creature. Often, too, the reverend author concludes a funny or a brutal scene with a homily upon its *morale*; and sermonising is constantly foisted into the course of narratives, with apparently the best intention and the worst effect. In this the author seems to hold that it is wholesome for the soul that one should yawn from a sense of duty, always after having laughed heartily.

Georgia Scenes is Judge Longstreet's *magnum opus*. It compares favourably with most similar works, though I consider it less uniformly humorous than the *Adventures of Simon Suggs*, less racy though less rude generally than *Wild Western Scenes*, less ludicrously natural than *Major Jones's Courtship*, and less Western and therein less laughable than the *Big Bear of Arkansas*; but yet it has merits that none of these have in an equal degree.

2. *Master William Mitten*; or a Youth of Brilliant Talents, who was ruined by bad luck. Published in Macon, Georgia, in 1864. This story was commenced in 1849, while the author was living in Jackson, Louisiana; was interrupted by the author's moving to some other locality; resumed in *The Southern Field and Fireside* about the beginning of the war, and finished during the war. Its title is a fair advertisement of its subject. The author made his too-frequent mistake of sacrificing too much—in this case nearly everything—to his idea of moral lesson. In attempting to adorn a moral he has spoiled a tale; not much of a one, it is true, but still—a tale. Poor Mitten has a time bad enough in all conscience, but scarcely worse than he will have who attempts to read through (without skipping) this dreary string of adventures. To say that *Master William Mitten* is a failure might mislead those who have no idea how terrible a failure it is. It is the author's Moscow.

These two are all the books that Judge Longstreet has written. But, beyond these, he has done a great deal of writing of an ephemeral character—for newspapers and for set occasions. He has contributed to almost all the literary journals that have existed in the South for the last forty or fifty years. Those to which he contributed most appear to be *The Methodist Quarterly*, *The Southern Literary Messenger*, *The Southern Field and Fireside*, *The Magnolia*, conducted by W. Gilmore Simms, and *The Orion*, conducted by Wm. C. Richards.

He has delivered addresses, orations, speeches, harangues on various occasions, in various places and with various degrees of success. At the bar, in the pulpit, in the lecture-room, on

the woolsack, in the legislature, no the hustings, in convention and on the stump, he was always ready for a speech and with a speech. The spirit was always in motion. I have heard him respond to a serenade, preach a funeral sermon, deliver a college commencement address and make a harangue over the tar-barrel illuminations, pyrotechnic glorifications of seceding States. He could never be scared up without a speech.

He has written a series of "Letters to Clergymen of the Northern Methodist Church," on the subject of slavery.

He has written a series of sectional papers called "Letters from Georgia to Massachusetts."

He has written a strong anti-know-nothing Letter during the fever upon that subject.

He has written a famous Letter to the London *Times*, about a negro in the International Congress.

He has written forty other Papers and Letters upon as many different subjects.

From his multiform works let us turn to the man.

Judge Longstreet was born on Monday, the 22d of September, 1790. Where he was born is not so easy to say. Duyckink, in his *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, says he was born in Richmond County, near Augusta, Georgia. Appleton's *New American Cyclopædia* says he was born in Augusta, Georgia, Judge Longstreet himself says he was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina.

It is the old story, *mutatis mutandis*, about Homer over again.

He went to school like other boys, being a school-boy at Dr. Moses Waddel's widely-known school; a school famous half a century or more ago, when educational institutions were few.

Our school-boy did not take to letters very cordially and appears to have found book-learning rather an up-hill business. George McDuffie was among his school-fellows. It is reasonable to fancy those early years were rather void of interest to our readers.

Young Longstreet graduated at Yale College in his twenty-

third year; and in his twenty-fifth was admitted to the bar in Georgia, having commenced the practice of law, however, at Litchfield, Connecticut.

In 1821, at the age of thirty-one, he was a representative in the Georgia Legislature from Greene County. In 1821, he was elected Judge of the Superior Court, and held that office for several years, and finally declined reelection. He then resumed the practice of law and was distinguished in those days for his success in criminal cases.

In 1838, at the age of forty-eight, he became a minister of the gospel of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and after a time was stationed in Augusta, Georgia.

In 1839 he was called to the presidency of Emory College at Oxford, Georgia; and he held that position for nine years.

In 1848, in his fifty-eighth year, he was invited to the presidency of Centenary College in Louisiana, where he remained a very short time.

The same year, I believe it was, he was invited to the presidency of the University of Mississippi, at Oxford in that state. He continued in this position about six years; and gave it up with a view of retiring to rural and private life and to agricultural pursuits. But rest was not yet among the lots of his life.

In 1857, in his sixty-seventh year, he was elected to the presidency of the South Carolina College at Columbia in that state. From this position he retired in 1861.

During his presidency of the South Carolina College he was sent as one of the two delegates to represent the United States in the great International Congress for the adjustment of weights and measures, held in London during the summer of 1860. A negro was admitted upon the floor of this Congress, upon which Judge Longstreet took offence and withdrew from the assembly, and wrote a pungent and pithy letter to the *London Times*, which caused no little stir at the time.

Since 1861, I believe, he has resided in retirement and in as much quiet as the turbulent spirit of war would allow, in the

town of Oxford in northern Mississippi. Early in life, but I am unable to say at what date, he was captain of a Militia beat company.

Thus we see the subject of our sketch has played many parts upon the stage of life. He is to day nearly seventy-seven years old. A long life of industry and usefulness, changing, but active and earnest, is drawing near its close. He has been a lawyer and a Methodist preacher; a judge of the superior court and a professor of history; an author and a president of colleges; a lecturer and a delegate to an International Congress; a legislator and a feuilletonist; a pamphleteer and a president of Universities: a train-band captain eke was he, and a Native Georgian.

He has been several of these at the same time.

During the later years of his varied labours, he has been most commonly known as Judge Longstreet; sometimes as Doctor Longstreet; sometimes as President Longstreet; sometimes as the Reverend Mr. or the Reverend Dr. Longstreet; and the students of the South Carolina College knew him as Bullet. Those who have read in *Georgia Scenes* the Horse-Swap will see whence they derive it. The names being applied to the author of *Georgia Scenes* is proof of the genius of that author.

It is the part of true genius to make names that stick so. There may be no personal compliment implied in it, but it comes of genius. Some children about his household, resident with him, were called Buck-Shot. That was genius too; because it was funny.

In person Judge Longstreet is decidedly not handsome. He is tall and slender. His face has humour in it, but it is anything but handsome. If his patient heart had any gall in it, the comparison with Thersites would be unavoidable.

Earnestness and self-appreciation are the plainest features visible in his physiognomy—a deep lined map of curves and corrugations.

His chirograph is legible, devoid of ornament, and nervous. It indicates closeness, want of caution, naturalness, limited sympathies and carelessness.

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS.

A volume published in Baltimore during the present year.

The Wreath of Egplantine and Other Poems—first presented the name of Mr. Lucas to Southern readers, as the author of a book; although his name had for several years been familiar to the readers of the poetry of periodicals. The volume was not made up entirely of his own poems, however; but consisted in part, of poems by his sister. Of his poems *The Statesman* gives this general opinion: "That they offer many points for decided if not severe criticism, we are free to admit. That they have faults in structure, in measure, and in illustration, no intelligent reader will fail to discover. But in all of them will be traced not only poetic emotion, but the true inspiration which finds its only utterance in the language of beauty and harmony." And *The Statesman* seems disposed to say all that it can in his favour; and probably has done so.

Mr. Lucas is a Virginian.

Of the poems that I have seen, a very favourable specimen is in *The Land Where We Were Dreaming*. For the present purpose—that of illustrating the style of the writer—the Minstrel's song in the *Song of the South* will do better. After a prelude the Minstrel sings:

The song of the South, with her free flag furled !
My heart grows mute at the prayer !
For the anthem would trouble the heart of the world,
Like the song of a fallen star !

And they should remember that 'twas not alone,
'Gainst the odds of her Northern foe,
That she struck when the star of her victory shone,
Or sank in her hour of woe !

But the Teuton and Celt, from the Shannon and Rhine,
And the Northman from Ottawa's banks,
Came to barter their blood at Mammon's red shrine,
And filled up the enemy's ranks.

Kildare and O'Neal, these SONS would ye call,
Who for gold in the recreant bands,
The chains which are rusting in Erin's soul
Have fettered on Southern hands?

Let the victory there, to the North remain,
And the same to the foreign powers;
The South has enough, amid all her pain —
For the honour and glory are ours!

So I'll hang my harp o'er the fresh turned sod,
On a bough where the rain-crow sings,
Till the breath of the South, like the Spirit of God,
Pour over my trembling strings.



D. R. McANALLY, D.D.

Dr. McANALLY, of the Methodist Church, is celebrated for his extensive reading and enlarged charity of mind. He was born on the 17th of February, 1810, in Grainger County, Tennessee. After twelve years of service as a circuit and district preacher, he was called to the presidency of the East Tennessee Female Institute, in Knoxville, which position he held for eight years. In 1851 he was appointed editor of the St. Louis *Christian Advocate*, and continues in that position. He has laboured a good deal in the cause of popular education.

He has published: —

1. *Martha Laurens Ramsay*. A biography of a lady of South Carolina.
2. *Life and Times of the Rev. William Patton*.
3. *Life and Times of the Rev. Samuel Patton, D.D.*
4. *A Hymn-Book*.
5. *A Sunday-School Manual*.

If Dr. McAnally has published anything since the above, — and I judge from the lapse of time that he has, — I have not been able to ascertain the fact definitely.

JAMES D. McCABE, JR.

The successful few in literature, who achieve substantial success through literary pursuits, in the South, are *very* few. The subject of the present sketch is one of that *very* few.

He was born in Richmond, Virginia; and was educated partly in that city, partly at the London Military Academy, at Urbana, in Frederick County, Maryland, and partly at the Virginia Military Institute; which school he was compelled to leave before graduating, in consequence of the breaking down of his health — never strong — by the severe discipline of the Institute. He is a son of the Rev. James D. McCabe, D.D., of Maryland, formerly of Virginia. The family is of Irish descent, and of very ancient date, the founder of it having received the order of knighthood for his services in the Crusades. The father of our author's great-grandfather was the first white settler in the Cumberland Valley, in Pennsylvania. James McCabe, the great-grandfather of our author, was standing at the side of General Montgomery when he fell, at Quebec, and was the first to raise the fallen officer from the ground.

James D. McCabe, Jr., commenced his literary career in his fourteenth year, by writing for a country newspaper, — *The Abingdon Virginian*, — but his first regular production appeared several years after that date. His publications are: —

1. *Fanaticism and its Results; by a Southerner*. This political brochure appeared in 1860, and was well received.

2. *The Aide-de-Camp*. This is a war-story, and appeared in the spring of 1863. It appeared originally in running series in *The Magnolia Weekly*, a literary journal of Richmond; and later, in pamphlet form. It had a fine sale, and was, in that regard, quite a success.

3. *Plays*. During the years 1862 and 1863, three plays were performed at the Richmond Theatre. The subjects were war topics, suited to the popular feeling and the war-fever tastes of

the times. Their author now looks upon them as among his literary sins; and the literary world will doubtless trouble itself very little about them.

4. *Life of Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson; by an Ex-Cadet* appeared in 1863, a few months after General Jackson's death; and an enlarged and revised edition was brought out by a publisher in Richmond, in the spring of 1864. Both editions were well received, and paid well.

5. *The Bohemian*. A Christmas-Book, published in the winter of 1863. It is a composite volume, made up of contributions by three writers, — Mr. McCabe, Mrs. McCabe, and Mr. Charles P. Dimitry, — contributing about equally. It consists of stories and poems, of each of which Mr. McCabe wrote two.

6. *A Memoir of General A. Sidney Johnston*. This was a brief memoir, written in 1864, from materials received from the son, the staff, and personal friends of General Johnston. Published in 1866.

7. *Life and Campaigns of General Robert E. Lee*. A handsome duodecimo volume of over seven hundred pages, with steel plate and maps, published by Blelock and Company, of New York and New Orleans, in 1867. The work has since passed into the hands of the National Publishing Company, of Richmond, Virginia, who are now the publishers. Of this work a periodical critic has said: "The author has used care and industry in collecting his materials. His style is not brilliant or eloquent, but plain, clear, and forcible. There is no ambitious effort at fine writing. Most of his estimates of public men, and his opinions on measures, will be accepted without demur. He seems inclined, however, to disparage President Davis; thinks his folly and obstinacy contributed largely to the loss of the Southern cause."

8. *The Gray-jackets*. This is a compilation of the romance, and wit, and humour of the late war. 1867.

9. The miscellaneous contributions of our author to periodical literature amount to a hundred and eighty-six stories and a large number of poems.

10. A new historical work is in course of preparation, to be issued perhaps simultaneously with the present volume.

Among the poems of our author, *The Sword of Harry Lee* has been probably the most popular; and it deserves a high place among the ballad poems of the war. It is too long for insertion entire, and too consistent to bear bisection.

As a part of the literary work of this writer, should be mentioned two translations from the French of Octave Feuillet—the *Little Countess*, and *Ouesta*. These translations were made and published during the war,—in 1863 and 1864, I believe.

In July, 1863, Mr. McCabe became editor of *The Magnolia Weekly*, and held that position until March, 1864. His editorial management was eminently successful; and the paper prospered in an unprecedented manner under it. I consider successful editing as one of the highest evidences of general literary ability. Clearly more so than writing a book.

Since the war, Mr. McCabe has resided a great portion of the time in the North; and at present resides in Brooklyn. His home, in all the essential meanings of that word, is in the South. And the South, to a Virginian, generally means the Old Dominion.



W. GORDON McCABE.

Captain McCABE is one of the young writers of Virginia; of whom, judging from some poems produced about the close of the late war, something well may be expected in the future. He has contributed to *The Southern Literary Messenger*, of Richmond, a variety of creditable things,—verses, essays, reviews, sketches, and translations from the ecclesiastical Latin poetry of the middle ages. Among the finest of his productions, unquestionably, are a poem, entitled *Christmas Night of 1862*, and *Nil Nisi Bonum*, a memorial of Thackeray. There are those, however, who consider his *Dreaming in the Trenches*, a poem

of the war, his best; and some maintain that *John Pegram*, a threnody on the death of that gallant officer, is better than any other.

Captain McCabe left the University of Virginia in April, 1861, soon after the secession of his native State, to join the Southern army, in which he served from the beginning to the close of the war, thirteen months as a private, and afterwards with distinction as an officer in the artillery branch of the service.

Captain McCabe's chirograph is one of the finest that I have seen. It indicates liberal and careful self-culture, an acutely sensitive æsthetical mind, and more originality than any other young writer in the South. In the quality of isolation of mind, and in the faculty of forgetting personalities in literary estimates, and in literary work generally, I have not seen it surpassed since Edgar A. Poe. Without having seen any of his critiques, I am prepared to believe and predict that criticism is his proper field of literary labour.

I give the *Christmas Night of '62*, as fairly illustrative of his poetry:—

I.

The wintry blast goes wailing by,
The snow is falling overhead,
I hear the lonely sentry's tread,
And distant watch-fires light the sky.

II.

Dim forms go flitting through the gloom,
The soldiers cluster 'round the blaze
To talk of other Christmas days,
And softly speak of friends and home.

III.

My sabre swinging overhead
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
While fiercely drives the blinding snow,
And Memory leads me to the dead.

IV.

My thoughts go wandering to and fro,
Vibrating 'twixt the Now and Then,
I see the low-browed home again,
The old hall wreathed with mistletoe.

V.

And sweetly from the far-off years
Comes borne the laughter faint and low,
The voices of the Long Ago !
My eyes are wet with tender tears.

VI.

I feel again the mother-kiss,
I see again the glad surprise,
That lightened up the tranquil eyes
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss,

VII.

As, rushing from the old hall-door,
She fondly clasped her wayward boy,
Her face all radiant with the joy
She felt to see him home once more.

VIII.

My sabre swinging on the bough
Gleams in the watchfire's fitful glow,
While fiercely drives the blinding snow
Aslant upon my saddened brow.

IX.

Those cherished faces all are gone
Asleep within the quiet graves,
Where lies the snow in drifting waves,
And I am sitting here alone.

X.

There's not a comrade here to-night
But knows that loved ones far away
On bended knees this night will pray:
"God bring our darling from the fight."

XI.

But there are none to wish me back,
For me no yearning prayers arise,
The lips are mute and closed the eyes,
My home is in the bivouac.

In another vein is *Dreaming in the Trenches*, which is dated
Pegram's Battalion Artillery, A.N.V., December, 1864:—

I.

I picture her there in the quaint old room,
Where the fading fire-light starts and falls,
Alone in the twilight's tender gloom
With the shadows that dance on the dim-lit walls.

II.

Alone; while those faces look silently down
From their antique frames in a grim repose—
Slight, scholarly Ralph, in his Oxford gown,
And staunch Sir Alan, who died for Montrose.

III.

There are gallants gay, in crimson and gold,
There are smiling beauties with powdered hair,
But she sits there, fairer a thousand-fold,
Leaning dreamily back in her low arm-chair.

IV.

And the roseate shadows of fading light
Softly clear steal over the sweet young face,
Where a woman's tenderness blends to-night
With the guileless pride of her knightly race.

V.

Her small hands lie clasped in a listless way
On the old "Romance," which she holds on her knee,
"Of Tristram," the bravest of knights in the fray,
"And Iseult," who waits by the sounding sea.

VI.

And the proud, dark eyes wear a softened look,
As she watches the dying embers fall —
Perhaps she dreams of the knights in the book,
Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall !

VII.

What fancies, I wonder, are thronging her brain,
For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson glow.
Perhaps—ah me, how foolish and vain !
But I'd give my life to believe it so !

VIII.

Well, whether I ever march home again,
To offer my love and a stainless name,
Or whether I die at the head of my men,
I'll be true to the end, all the same.

MRS. LOUISA S. McCORD.

Mrs. McCORD is a daughter of the Hon. Langdon Cheves ; and was born in South Carolina, in 1810.

In 1840 she was married to Colonel David J. McCord, a distinguished lawyer of that state, who became so widely and favourably known by his Reports in Law and in Equity, and his Statutes at Large of South Carolina.

In 1855 Mrs. McCord became a widow. Her residence is Columbia. She entered with her usual spirit of unselfish devotion into the late war ; giving her talents, her means, and her manual assistance, in every possible way, to advance the cause of the South. Her mind is Roman in its cast, and heroic in its energy.

Her published works are :—

1. *My Dreams*. A collection of her fugitive poems, mostly lyrical. Published in Philadelphia, 1848.

2. *Sophisms of the Protective Policy*, — a translation of Bastiat's work. Published in 1848.

3. *Caius Gracchus*, — a five-act tragedy. Published in 1851.

4. *Contributions to The Southern Quarterly Review, DeBow's Review, and The Southern Literary Messenger*. These have never been collected into a volume, but would make one of vigorous and characteristic thoughts. Some of the subjects discussed — generally in reviewing some contemporary book upon the subject — are: Justice and Fraternity, the Right to Labour, Diversity of the Races and its bearing upon Negro Slavery, Negro and White Slavery and their differences, Enfranchisement of Woman, Uncle Tom's, Cary on the Slave Trade, Negro Mania, Woman and her Needs, British Philanthropy and American Slavery, and Charity which does not begin at Home; also a Letter to the Duchess of Sutherland from a lady of South Carolina.

These are all living, manly subjects; no rose-water and kid-gloves about them. Strength and independence of thought mark all that she has written.

From *My Dreams*, I select *The Voice of Years*, and give it entire as illustrative of both tone and art: —

It floated by, on the passing breeze,
 The voice of years:
 It breathed o'er ocean, it wandered through earth,
 It spoke of the time when words had birth,
 When the spirit of God moved over the sea;
 When earth was only a thing — to be,
 And it sighed, as it passed on that passing breeze,
 The voice of years.

From ocean it came on a murmuring wave,
 The voice of years:
 And it spoke of the time ere the birth of light;
 When earth was hushed 'neath the ocean's might,
 And the waters rolled, and the dashing roar
 Of the angered surge owned not yet the power,
 Which whispers in that murmuring wave,
 The voice of years.

From earth it came, from her inmost deep,

The voice of years :

It murmured forth with the bubbling stream,
It came like the sound of a long-past dream —
And it spoke of the hour ere Time had birth,
When living thing moved not yet on earth,
And, solemnly sad, it rose from the deep ;

The voice of years.

From heaven it came, on a beam of light,

The voice of years :

And it spoke of a God who reigned alone,
Who waked the stars, who lit the sun.
As it glanced o'er mountain, and river, and wood,
It spoke of the good and the wonderful God ;
And it whispered to praise that God of Light,

The voice of years.

It howled in the storm as it threatening passed,

The voice of years :

And it spoke of ruin, and fiercest might ;
Of angry fiends, and of things of night ;
But raging, as o'er the Earth it strode,
I knelt and I prayed to the merciful God,
And methought it less angrily howled as it passed,

The voice of years.

And it came from yon moss-grown ruin gray,

The voice of years :

And it spoke of myself, and the years that were gone,
Of hopes that were blighted, and joys which were flown
Of the wreck of so much that was bright and was fair ;
And it made me sad, and I wept to hear,
As it came from yon moss-grown ruin gray,

The voice of years.

And it rose from the grave with the song of death,

The voice of years :

And I shuddered to hear the tale it told,
Of blighted youth, and hearts grown cold ;

And anguish and sorrow which crept to the grave
 To take from the spoiler the wound that he gave,
 And sadly it rose from that home of death,
 The voice of years.

But again it passed on the passing breeze,
 The voice of years :
 And it spoke of a God, who watched us here,
 Who heard the sigh, and who saw the tear ;
 And it spoke of mercy, and not of woe ;
 There was love and hope in its whispering low ;
 And I listened to catch, on that passing breeze,
 The voice of years.

And it spoke of a pain that might not last,
 That voice of years :
 And it taught me to think that the God who gave
 The breath of life, could wake from the grave ;
 And it taught me to see that this beautiful earth
 Was not only made to give sorrow birth ;
 And it whispered, that mercy must reign at last,
 That voice of years.

And strangely methought, as it floated by,
 That voice of years
 Seemed fraught with a tone from some higher sphere,
 It whispered around me, that God was near ;
 He spoke from the sunbeam, He spoke from the wave,
 He spoke from the ruin, He spoke from the grave,
 'Twas the voice of God, as it floated by,
 That voice of years.

This is earnest, natural, and direct ; nothing feeble or even flowery—nothing Corinthian, but all Doric.

From *Caius Gracchus*, a brief scene must suffice. I select a dramatic interview between Cornelia and her son :—

Gracchus.

Wolves breed not lambs, nor can the lioness
 Rear fawns among her litter. You but chide
 The spirit, mother, which is born from you.

Cornelia.

Curb it, my son ; and watch against ambition !
Half-demon and half-god, she oft misleads
With the bold face of virtue. I know well
The breath of discontent is loud in Rome ;
And a hoarse, murmuring vengeance smoulders there
Against the tyrannous rule which, iron-shod,
Doth trample out man's life. The crisis comes,
But oh ! beware, my son, how you shall force it !

Gracchus.

Nay, let it come, that dreaded day of doom,
When by the audit of his cruel wrongs
Heaped by the rich oppressor on the crowd
Of struggling victims, he must stand condemned
To vomit forth the ill-got gains that gorge
His luxury to repletion. Let it come !
The world can sleep no longer. Reason wakes
To know man's rights, and forward progress points.

Cornelia.

By reason led, and peaceful wisdom nursed,
All progress is for good. But the deep curse
Of bleeding nations follows in the track
Of mad ambition, which doth cheat itself
To find a glory in its lust of rule ;
While piling private ill on public wrong,
Beneath the garb of patriotism, hides
Its large-mawed cravings ; and would thoughtless plunge
To every change, however riot waits,
With feud intestine, by mad uproar driven,
And red-eyed murder, to reproach the deed.
Death in its direst forms doth wait on such.

Gracchus.

Man lives to die, and there's no better way
To let the shackled spirit find its freedom
Than in a glorious combat 'gainst oppression.
I would not grudge the breath lost in the struggle.

Cornelia.

Nor I, when duty calls. I am content,
 May but my son prove worthy of the crisis ;
 Not shrinking from the trial, nor yet leaping
 Beyond the marked outline of licensed right ;
 Curbing his passions to his duty's rule ;
 Giving his country all, — life, fortune, fame,
 And only clutching back, with miser's care,
 His all-untainted honour. But take heed !
 The world doth set itself on stilts, to wear
 The countenance of some higher, better thing.
 'Tis well to seek this wisely ; but with haste
 Grasping too high, like child beyond its reach,
 It trips in the aspiring, and thus falls
 To lowlier condition. Rashness drags
 Remorse, and darkest evil in her train.
 Pause, ere the cry of suffering pleads to Heaven
 Against this fearful mockery of right ;
 This license wild, which smothers liberty
 While feigning to embrace it.

Gracchus.

Thought fantastic
 Doth drapery evil thus with unsketched ills.
 No heart-sick maid nor dream-struck boy am I
 To scare myself with these. There's that in man
 Doth long to rise by nature. Ever he,
 Couching in lethargy, doth wrong himself.

Cornelia.

Most true and more. I reverence human mind ;
 And with a mingled love and pride I kneel
 To nature's inborn majesty in man.
 But as I reverence, therefore would I lend
 My feeble aid, this mighty power to lead
 To its true aim and end. Most often 'tis
 When crowds do wander wide of right, and fall
 To foul misuse of highest purposes,
 The madness of their leaders drags them on.
 I would not check aspiring, justly poised ;
 But rather bid you "on" — where light is clear,

And your track plainly marked. I scorn the slang
Of "greedy populace," and "dirty crowd,"
Nor slander thus the nature which I bear.
Men in the aggregate not therefore cease
Still to be men; and where untaught they fall,
It is a noble duty to awake
The heart of truth that slumbers in them still.
It is a glorious sight to rouse the soul,
The reasoning heart that in the nation sleeps!
And Wisdom is a laggard at her task
When but in closet speculations toiling
She doth forget to share her thought abroad
And make mankind her heir.

In person Mrs. McCord might personate Cornelia herself.

Her chirograph is eminently characteristic, legible, round, free, bold, strong, and slightly English. It is "unadorned and nobly plain;" and, like person, intellect and character, altogether *Doric*.

SILAS McDOWELL.

A notice of this eccentric septuagenarian, I am free to confess, belongs less to literature proper, than to the more severely practical departments of life; but yet, there is a Franklin-like energy, perseverance, will, or genius, — whatsoever you wish to call it, — that has determined into literary form so much of his peculiar life, — a life in so many ways contradictory of that rest usually regarded as the necessary condition of literary utterance, that I can but regard him, or his example at least, as eminently worthy of mention in a work like this. And yet my mention must be so brief, that I can hardly hope it will bring forward my subject so clearly, as, in order to be available for my purpose, it should be presented.

Let us see.

SILAS McDOWELL was born — as he himself chooses to express it — "on the north border of York District, South Carolina,

in a log cabin twenty feet by sixteen, on the 16th day of May, 1795."

At two and a half years of age, we find him an orphan and a pauper; a few years later, digging at Dilworth's spelling-book, with fine success; at six, reading and reciting Gray's *Elegy*; at eight, the pet, "curly-haired, black-eyed darling" of some lady-patron, who gave him access to a Congressman's miscellaneous library, which he read helter-skelter, taking novels first; at eleven, composing a lampoon pass in rhyme for a patrol-punished negro friend; from eleven to fifteen clerking in a dry-goods shop, in a country town; at fifteen, again thrown out, by the death of his employer, upon the world, without money or work; a student for three sessions in the Newton Academy, in Buncombe County, North Carolina, working mornings, evenings, and Saturdays, to help pay his board; at seventeen, going all over Charleston, in vain, seeking work; finally, apprenticing himself to a tailor for four years; leaving Charleston, at twenty-one, "a strictly chaste and temperate young man, who had never used his Maker's name profanely on his lips"; working ten years at his trade, in Morganton, in the Old North State, giving all the time, four hours a day, to reading and study; working four years more in Asheville; marrying a niece of an old school-fellow (David L. Swain); 1830, moving to his farm in Macon County, in the western corner of North Carolina; serving sixteen years as Clerk of the Superior Court; five years as Clerk and Master in Equity; studying geology, mineralogy, zoölogy, and botany, with scientific explorers of that wild region, at the age of forty or fifty years; and, when asked by a learned professor, recently, at what college he had graduated, pointing to the bold mountains that enclose his homestead valley, exclaiming: "These wild mountains are the only college at which my name has ever been entered as a student!"

Isn't all that full of power?

But what has it to do with literature?

Something.

Something in that it is the living out of which has grown the few but characteristic — because strong, natural, and eccentric — productions from this earnest man's pen.

He has not written much ; but what he writes *tells*.

The example of most permanent form, of his pen-work, is to be found in his *Theory of the Thermal Zone*, which was published in the *Agricultural Reports* (of the general government) for 1861. The account, from which I am giving these facts, claims for Mr. McDowell the discovery of the Thermal Zone, — a zone “that traverses the atmosphere at a certain height, that height being governed by the degree of frigidity of the atmosphere ;” and that he demonstrated the correctness of his theory upon philosophical principles. The account continues : “The utility of the discovery is this : Where mountains enclose a valley, the thermal belt, or no-frost stratum, does not lie more than two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the valley ; and this is found to be the true home of the grape, as it is a warm, dry atmosphere, that fully develops their fine quality, without any danger of spring frosts killing the young fruit-germs. And here the grape has never been known to rot.” This theory and its proof were submitted to Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Interior in 1860 ; and through him found its way into the published reports of the general government.

But Mr. McDowell has a peculiarly happy faculty of describing scenery — the bold mountains, their wild crags, and their nestling valleys. He first arose above the horizon of literature by writing a sketch descriptive of some picturesque scenery among the grand old mountains of his home-country, — a sketch, entitled *Above the Clouds*, that was extensively copied in journals of that day, — in the year 1829.

This sketch called for others, and others followed ; some of which appeared in *The Philadelphia Saturday Courier*. These pen-pictures described Table-Rock, Cæsar's Head, Hawkbill Peak, Hickory-nut Gap, and a number of other places in the two Carolinas. He has written for journals, upon Pomology and

Horticulture, of which he has practical as well as theoretical knowledge, and upon Sheep Husbandry and Cheese-making.

Mr. McDowell is still a vigorous old man, and writes with a lively pen. His is one of those minds that Nature has done vastly more for than Art ever can, — one of the Ben-Franklin type, that dares do everything his own way, and generally does it right, although once in a while treading upon the toes of the conventions, both in science and literature.

His residence is in or near the town of Franklin, in the southwestern corner of North Carolina, among the cloistered grandeurs of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

JOHN MCGILL, D.D.

The Right Reverend Doctor MCGILL was born on the 4th of November, 1809; was ordained priest in the Catholic Church, on the 13th of July, 1835; lived fourteen months in Lexington, Kentucky, and fourteen years in Louisville of the same State; and on the 10th of November, 1850, at the age of forty-two, was consecrated Bishop of Richmond, Virginia, which position he holds to-day. While in Louisville, he edited *The Catholic Advocate* during seven years.

Bishop McGill is a divine of practical mind, and one who strikes at the living issues of the day. He is a man much loved for his earnest piety and purity of character, as well as much honoured for his learning, lucid thought, and eminent controversial gifts. His works are: —

1. *The Life of John Calvin*. Translated from the French of J. M. V. Audin, and published in Louisville.

2. *The Origin of the Church of England, as represented in Macaulay's History*. This was a controversy with the Rev. Mr. Craik, Rector of Christ [Episcopal] Church, Louisville.

3. *The True Church indicated to the Inquirer.* Published also in Louisville.

4. *Our Faith the Victory.* A summary statement of the principal doctrines of the Catholic Church. This work was written in Richmond during the war, because of the scarcity of Catholic books during the blockade. It was published in Richmond during the war, and in Baltimore since the close of the war.

Bishop McGill's chirograph is in no degree ornate; but indicates a mind clear, direct, and confident, — a style of writing peculiar to those of clear spiritual sense, who reverence the old, and are unusually sensitive to the character of architectural expression.

MRS. JOHN P. McGUIRE.

Diarists, in all ages of the world, have done valuable service to the cause of history. A faithful record of the daily experiences of even the humblest individual becomes in time more valuable than learned treatises upon the life and manners of a people.

The times in which we live are to become of unusual interest to future times; and faithful records of these will increase in value as we move down the stream of years. To this class of faithful records belongs Mrs. McGuire's.

Diary of a Southern Refugee, during the War, by a Lady of Virginia, written between the 4th of May, 1861, and the 4th of May, 1865, — just four years, — and published in New York, in 1867. When written there was no thought of publication; and in this, to a great extent, consists the charm of the style as well as the value of the book. It is a close narrative of the author's personal experiences and observations during that period. The Diary was written at various places, — her home at Tappahannock, Fairfax Court-House, Chantilly, Winchester, Richmond,

Lynchburg, Ashland, and three or four other places of less note. It tells simply, plainly, and directly, what a true Southern Christian woman felt, saw, and did, during those terrible years of blood and trial. The sincerity and literalness give the volume a living interest. It is a duodecimo of 360 pages.

Mrs. McGuire is a Virginia lady, the wife of an Episcopal clergyman, resident now as formerly at Tappahannock, in the County of Essex. She dedicates her book — the only one she has written — “To my dear little Grandchildren, Nephews, and Nieces.” And the words bring to our minds a lady of the better days of the Old Dominion, — days that, come whatever may of the new prosperity of the new *régime*, — days that can come to the Old Dominion no more.



MISS MARIA J. McINTOSH.

Both sections — the North and the South — have some claims to this writer. She was born in the South, and lived twenty years here; and has since then resided in the north. Her nationality is of course Scotch.

She was born in the little town of Sunbury, within five miles of the coast, forty miles south of Savannah, in the state of Georgia, about the year 1815. She lived twenty years, and received her elementary education, at that place.

In 1835 she removed to New-York City to reside with her brother, Captain McIntosh, of the United States Navy. In two years she lost her entire property in the financial crisis of that year; and betook herself to authorship under the spur of poverty. She chose the *nom de plume* of *Aunt Kitty*, and made it famous by the production of a juvenile story entitled *Blind Alice*.

In 1859 Miss McIntosh spent about a year in one of the mountain valleys of Switzerland near Geneva. She then re-

turned to America, and has since then, I believe, continued to reside in New York.

Her works are :—

1. *Blind Alice*. Published in 1841.
2. *Jessie Graham*. 1843.
3. *Florence Arnott*. 1843.
4. *Grace and Clara*. 1843.
5. *Ellen Leslie*. 1843. These five volumes made the author a universal favourite with the young folks. Then she sought a more ambitious field, and wrote books for grown folks.
6. *Conquest and Self-Conquest*, appeared in 1844.
7. *Woman an Enigma*, was published by the Harpers, in 1844.
8. *Praise and Principle*. 1845.
9. *The Cousins*. A kind of sequel to the series called *Aunt Kitty's Tales*,—a collection comprising the first five mentioned above.
10. *Two Lives, or To Seem and To Be*,—appeared in 1846, with the real name of the writer; all the preceding having appeared as *Aunt Kitty's*. In 1847 the series mentioned above as *Aunt Kitty's Tales* was republished in one large volume.
11. *Charms and Counter-Charms*. 1848.
12. *Evenings at Donaldson Manor*. A collection of miscellaneous magazine stories appeared in 1849.
13. *Woman in America, her Work and her Reward*, is by some considered Miss McIntosh's *magnum opus*. It shows more thought, being speculative in its nature; but is rather radical in its views of society, especially of society at the South.
14. *The Lofty and the Lowly* is a tale of Southern life, about as true to life as one could write who felt in antagonism to the system she was dealing with. It appeared in 1853.
15. *Violet, or the Cross and the Crown*,—appeared from a Boston house in 1857. It is a story of New England life, depending largely upon the "chapter of accidents" for its incidents.
16. *Meta Gray*. A juvenile tale, appeared in 1858; and is a story replete with pathos.

It is said that all these books have been translated into French. They assuredly have been largely circulated and read in England.

Miss McIntosh some years ago employed a portion of her day in teaching, a portion in writing, and a portion at teaching the Greek tragedies to a class at her own house. She continues also to write poems; but they have secured for her no great recognition as a poet, I believe.

ALBERT GALLATIN MACKEY, M.D.

The name of Dr. MACKEY is so mixed up with the political issues of the day, since the war, that it is difficult to dissociate it from those fierce issues, and to speak of him as a *littérateur*.

Dr. Mackey is a son of Dr. John Mackey, and was born in 1809, in the city of Charleston, South Carolina. He received his diploma as M.D. about 1831. His graduating thesis, written in Latin, received the award of a silver goblet,—the usual prize for the best thesis in classes that graduate in the South Carolina Medical College. He practiced his profession a good many years. His greatest distinction, however, arose from his activity in the Masonic fraternity. He was the Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, and wrote several works on the order, and edited some others. His works are:—

1. *A Manual of the Lodge*; or, Monitorial Instructions in the Degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason, arranged in accordance with the American System of Lectures; to which are added the Ceremonies of the Order of Past Master, relating to installations, dedications, consecrations, laying of corner-stones, etc., etc. An octavo fully illustrated.
2. *The Book of the Chapter*; or Monitorial Instructions in the Degrees of Mark, Past, and Most Excellent Master, and the Holy Royal Arch. A duodecimo, fully illustrated.

3. *Cryptic Masonry*. A Manual of the Council, or Monitorial Instructions in the Degrees of Royal and Select Master, with an additional section on the Super-Excellent Master's Degree. A duodecimo, fully illustrated.

4. *A Text-Book of Masonic Jurisprudence*; illustrating the written and unwritten Law of Free Masonry. A crown octavo of 570 pages.

5. *Mackey's Masonic Rituals*; or, Monitorial Instructions in the Degrees from Entered Apprentice to Select Master. A 32mo., pocket edition.

6. *Lemmon of Free Masonry*.

7. *The Mystic Tie*; or, Facts and Opinions illustrative of the Character and Tendency of Free masonry.

8. *The Symbolisms of Free Masonry*; illustrating and explaining its science and philosophy, its legends, myths, and symbols. This work was copyrighted in 1869.

Dr. Mackey edited the *Ahimath Reason*; or Book of Constitutions of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free Masons of South Carolina.

His residence is Charleston.

MRS. GEORGIANA A. HULSE MCLEOD.

Mrs. MCLEOD is a daughter of Dr. Isaac Hulse of the United States Navy, and was born near Pensacola, Florida; was early left an orphan, and, while yet a girl, wrote verses and tales of fair merit. She was married to the Rev. Dr. Alexander W. McLeod, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, where they resided a few years. She is to-day Principal of the Southern Literary Institute, Baltimore, a select school for young ladies; and is devoting a good deal of attention to literature.

She has published the following:—

1. *Sunbeams and Shadows*. Published by the Appletons, New

York, soon after completing her education, some time prior to 1853.

2. *Ivy Leaves from the Old Homestead.* This volume appeared soon after her marriage — in 1853 — and contains both prose and poems.

3. *Thine and Mine.*

4. *Sea-Drifts.* A collection of moral stories embracing poems, appeared in 1867, from the press of the Carters, New York.

5. *Bright Memories.*

There is great similarity among these volumes. They are eminently moral, sometimes religious, and always temperate in being removed from the sensational and melodramatic. Those who dote on the Miss Braddon style of novel will call Mrs. McLeod tame; but those who enjoy the religio-social style of Miss Manning will pronounce Mrs. McLeod's books charming.

The following extract from *The Mother's Prayer* will very well illustrate Mrs. McLeod's vein, as to *morale* and range, in both prose and verse:—

Gently in my arms they laid him,
Like a lily pure and fair,
Violets 'neath the dark-fringed eyelids,
Silken rings of soft, brown hair;
Beautiful for artist's limning,
Fragile as a new-born flower,
Oh! how earnest was my prayer
For my darling in that hour.

All earth's richest and its rarest
Buds of beauty, gems of light,
Treasures won by art or science,
Were as nothing in my sight.
Not for all would I have bartered
This most beauteous, precious gift;
Scarcely e'en to bless the Giver,
Could my eyes to heaven I lift.

All that earthly love could lavish
On its dearest and its best,
Did my heart already garner
For the baby on my breast.
In an hour I lived a lifetime, —
Oh, how bright a waking dream !
Passed from infancy to manhood,
In all hearts he reigned supreme.

RICHARD MCSHERRY, M.D.

This author published a volume during the present year—1869—under the title of *Essays and Lectures*,—a volume of reviews, essays, and letters, collected from various periodicals. These papers are historical—as those upon *The Early History of Maryland, Mexico*, and a *Mexican Campaign Sketch*; medical—as the *Epistle on Homœopathy, Hygiène, and Health and Happiness*,—and miscellaneous. Dr. McSherry served in the Mexican campaign, and thus acquired his personal knowledge of that country. He is a Professor of the University of Maryland, at Baltimore.

THOMAS W. McMAHON.

The author of *Cause and Contrast*—a book upon the vexed negro question—was at one time a resident of Richmond, Virginia. He is an Irishman by birth. Is a vigorous and independent thinker,—one that will come more and more into favour, as the status of the negro is more and more exactly defined in the minds of men.

H. N. McTYEIRE, D.D.

Among the many writers upon the subject of slavery, Bishop McTyeire has the distinction of being almost, if not entirely, alone, in writing upon the duties of slave-owners. His little work upon this subject is replete with good logic and sound Christian teaching. It is entitled *Duties of Christian Masters*, and is a neat volume of 287 pages, published at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1859. Both the book and its use have now passed away; but its author is still actively engaged with his pen.

Bishop McTyeire has written a vast deal for the ephemeral press of the day, — quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies, and dailies, — mainly for the *Christian Advocate*, of the Methodist Church, South, of which he was at one time editor.

Our author was born in Barnwell District, South Carolina, on the 28th of July, 1824; graduated at Randolph, Macon College, in Virginia, 1844; and was elected and consecrated a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in New Orleans, April, 1866. He is one of the youngest bishops of that church; and is located at this time at Nashville, Tennessee.

ELIAS MARKS, M.D.

Dr. MARKS is, I believe, a native of the North. His names indicate an Hebraic origin. He graduated in medicine, and commenced the practice of it some forty or fifty years ago, in the then small town of Columbia. After a few years of practice in the Esculapian art, he betook himself to teaching a school of girls, assisted by Mrs. Marks. They finally established the large institution near Columbia, known all over the South as one of the best schools for young ladies in the South, called Barhamville, in compliment to Mrs. Marks, *née* Barham. It is two

miles from the city, and its situation of perfect healthfulness has contributed its part toward the eminent success with which the institution has met. Dr. Marks retired from the controul of the seminary just before the war, and has since, I believe, devoted himself to letters, or to the enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate*.

His published works are :—

1. A translation, with notes, of the *Aphorisms of Hippocrates*, from the Latin of Verhoofd, a neat sedecimo volume, was published in 1818, by a New-York publishing house.

2. *Elfheide of Guldal, a Scandinavian Legend, and other Poems*, by Marks of Barhamville, appeared in 1850.

3. A work on an "ethical subject," of which I have not learned the title, has been made ready for publication during these later years of leisure, and will no doubt be given to the public ere long.

MISS NELLY MARSHALL.

This gifted young writer commenced her literary career, by writing for periodicals, in 1863.

It was *Arès* that directed her feet to the temple of *Athènes*.

The destroying hands of war induced her to take up the pen of authorship.

In the preface to her first volume she says : "The war, which brought devastation and desolation to so many homes in Kentucky, passed by Beechland [her father's residence] with no sparing hand; and its sad inmates wept over the desecration of household gods, and the blasting of bright dreams, whose iris hues had given radiance to the hallowed past."

This tells the whole story.

She is just past twenty, and seems full of youthful aspirations,

and hopes, and life. She puts her impulses, feelings, and thoughts into literary forms with wonderful facility, sacrificing, of necessity sometimes, strict artistic forms for the freedom of an exuberant *afflatus*.

She is a daughter of General Humphrey Marshall of Kentucky, whose residence — Beechland — near Louisville, was the home of Miss Marshall, until the fortunes of war changed the peaceful flow of her beautiful life.

After the war, she continued her pen-labours in the West until the spring of 1868, when she went to reside in New York, where she now is. Her first volume, however, was published before her move North. Until 1865, her writings consisted of tales, sketches, and poems, contributed to periodicals, mostly in the West. Early in 1866, her first volume appeared. Her publications, thus far, are: —

1. *Gleanings from Fireside Fancies, by Sans Souci*. This was published by Baily, of Chicago, in 1866. The writer makes her bow authorial in these graceful and characteristic words: —

“To the great heart of the world, which ever knows how to love and pity those who suffer, do I come with this little tribute, asking a welcome.”

The volume is a neat duodecimo of about four hundred pages, and consists of a selection from the tales, sketches, and poems, which she had written up to that time. The style is frequently a little showy and ambitious, but never tame, and sometimes ornate with a tropical tendency towards the florid.

2. *As by Fire* — a novel of passion-life, earnest, intense, and full of pathos — appeared after the writer's removal to New York, early in 1869. The book was well received by the public, and the critical pens had their say about it, some severe, and some temperate. The *Round Table* complains that it is all “perpetual splendour without repose,” and considerably adds: “In adopting this mode of writing, Miss Marshall is unjust to herself, for in her special delineations of character she displays abundant capacity to excel.” The story is American

in the most of its characters and scenery, although there is a touch of the English in one or two of the leading characters, and the *denouement* takes place in that country. The tendency to gloom which pervades the author's mind appears all through the book, and gives us too little hope, and too much struggle ; too many thorns, and too few roses and crowns. This temper suggests that of *Beulah*, *Macaria*, and those keen and hard books of Mrs. Wilson. There is a redundancy of brilliant adjectives, too, and a certain frequency of reference to recondite lore that from time to time suggests *Beulah*, or rather maybe *St. Elmo*. But there is no resemblance whatever in the story to any of these works. The style is very fairly represented in this one sentence, in which the subject is on the point of abandoning her husband, whom she does not love, for a lover, whom she fancies she does : —

"Now, in the hey-day of life, when she possessed wealth, health, youth, and beauty ; when countless sources of happiness and enjoyment bent rose-crowned from every hour ; now, when she could taste, or drink to satiety, the rare amber-hued Falernian of love, or the pale aromatic Tokay of passion, she did not pause to think intoxication was a sure concomitant of either, if too deeply imbibed ; but she chose the Tokay, and little dreamed that the wine once spilled might never sparkle in the jewelled cup again."

This ornamental style pervades the book, and imparts a slightly artificial air to the narrative ; which air comes entirely of youth and inexperience. These *splendida vitia* will disappear very soon. In *As by Fire* we have a promise of future success, of which our author may be justly proud ; and I risk nothing in predicting that the South will be. She is already engaged upon another work ; and those who know herself expect more in the new volume than even the hope in *As by Fire* indicates.

From among the verses in the *Gleanings*, the following poem, called *Two Shadows at the Window*, is selected as a favourable specimen : —

Two shadows at the window
 Soft melting into one;
 Two hearts that throb together
 In love beneath the sun;
 Two voices whisper gently,
 And lips of scarlet meet;
 And glances fond and tender,
 Four eager eyes do greet.

"I love thee, Jennie, darling,
 Thou art the light of life;
 I would win thee to my heart
 As a sweet and gentle wife.
 Wilt thou come into my home,
 And bless it with thy smile,
 And each gloom-cloud of woe
 To hope and faith beguile?"

And the proud head was bent low
 To catch the whispered word,
 Which Jennie breathed so softly
 That the wind was scarcely stirred.
 Two shadows at the window
 Soft melting into one;
 Two hearts that throb together
 In love beneath the sun.

Two shadows at the window, —
 But the moonlight lies between,
 Like the sea that binds the Past
 To the Future-land, I ween.
 Yet silent as they fall
 Along the window-sill,
 Then softly melt together,
As the Past and Present will.

A low voice murmurs softly,
 As dim eyes look far away
 To a moss-grown grave that lies
 In the church-yard still and grey;

"'Twas here, just thirty years past,
I wooed Jennie for a wife,
And *here, to-night*, I feel, child,
I'll yield my lease of life.

"Nay, weep not so, my daughter,
That my star is on the wane;
Not for all the wealth of Ind
Would I be young again!
Jennie was the world to me,
And these twenty years or more
I have been without her smile,
Or her footstep on the floor.

"And I am very weary
To meet her soon again,
In the Lethean land of rest,
Where there's never any pain.
You are a woman now Maud, —
Be patient, brave, and true;
God holds *hopes* for *you* in life,
But I've nothing left to do.

Mine eyes are growing dim,
And my breath it fails me fast —
Jennie! is it you, dear?
Thank God, *'tis you, at last!*"

Two shadows at the window,
Soft melting into one.
One life has just waned out,
The other just begun.
And yet their shadows fall
Together on the sill —
Sire and child, life and death,
Past and Present still.

I have quoted the verses entire, asterisks and all, so as to do
no detriment to the merits of the piece.

I venture to add another, of more recent date, which Miss Marshall calls *Thanksgiving*:—

Thou hast been spared ! The fell destroyer's gloomy wing but swept
The pallor of thy God-like brow,
As steady, swift, and sure, like a seal of fate, he crept
To lay thee in thy beauty, low !

Thou hast been spared ! and low I bend my humble knee ;
My soul fills up with grateful tears,
My God ! of thy sweet smile bereft, this world had been to me
A waste through all the coming years !

It matters not how many friends had gathered round me then ;
Their friendship vain — hadst *thou* been gone !
As stricken fawn would staggering seek the dark and rugged glen,
I too had fled, and died alone.

The autumn flowers that light the woods like spirits of the spring,
The maple tree's bright belts of flame,
The golden mosses by the running stream, the woodland swing,
No charms had had, though still the same.

The mellow-throated birds, whose warbling notes now fill the hours
With rapturous song from bush and tree,
No more my heart entranced had held by wondrous vocal powers —
No songs again had sung for me !

The brown butterflies, with sunshine's gold-dust on their wings ;
The grasshoppers 'mid the clover ;
The chirping cricket, and noisy cicada that sings
The same song over and over.

The luscious fruits of autumn, and waving fields of grain,
And meadow-grasses brown and sere,
Might never beauties hold for my lonesome eyes again,
If thou hadst died, beloved and dear !

Thou hast been spared ! Oh, joyful thought, beyond all joy to me !
Again my eager voice I raise, —
My Alderlievest! My very own ! And, kneeling near *thee*,
Henceforth I hymn my Maker's praise !

MRS. MARGARET MAXWELL MARTIN.

Mrs. MARTIN has been widely and favourably known all over the South for a great many years, as a writer of verse and prose almost exclusively religious. Her writings enjoy a large degree of favour among the religious and church people, far larger than among those who look primarily to the literary character of literature. She is the wife of the Rev. William Martin, a Methodist minister of the most earnest and life-permeating, but at the same time simple and unostentatious piety, — a man, than whom none can stand higher for those vital, unselfish, and Christian virtues which mark the true minister of that homely and Christ-like denomination.

Mrs. Martin, *née* Maxwell, is a worthy wife of such a gospel labourer.

She has written the following works:—

1. *Day-Spring; or Light to them that sigh in Darkness.*
1854.
2. *Sabbath-School Offering.* A collection of Tales and Poems.
1854.
3. *Methodism; or Christianity in Earnest.* 1855.
4. *Religious Poems.* 1858.
5. *Flowers and Fruits; or Poems for young People.*

Of *Religious Poems*, at the time of its publication, the Rev. Dr. Thornwell, then conducting the *Southern Quarterly Review*, speaks as follows:—

“The book consists of a longer didactic poem, entitled *Christianity*, divided into two parts. The first celebrating the progress, the second illustrating the power of the Gospel, and of various collections of minor pieces grouped under the heads, — Poems by Lamp-light, or Paraphrases of Scripture; Foreign Missions; Domestic Missions; and Miscellaneous. They are all possessed of merit, and, we are happy to say, of a merit which is very rare among modern aspirants to the honours of the

Muse,—the merit of good sense intelligibly expressed. Mrs. Martin's inspiration is not from the clouds, or the fog, or the mist. She is not an owl that croaks in darkness, nor a bat that flies by twilight. She is a daughter of light; and all that is necessary to understand her verses is a human heart, touched and refined by Divine grace. Some of the shorter pieces are marked by a high degree of lyric excellence; but we confess that the sweetest attraction of the whole book to us is the odour of Christian piety which is diffused from every page."

She commenced to write verses at thirteen, and is now past threescore.

She was born in Dumfries, Scotland, on Sunday, the 12th of July, 1807; came to America in 1815; was educated mainly in Columbia, South Carolina; and was married to Mr. Martin on the 6th of July, 1836.

She is to-day writing little articles for the *Mission Christian Advocate*, for which she is paid fifty dollars each, to purchase corn for the suffering and starving in the South.

The following tribute to the memory of Burns is a favourable specimen of Mrs. Martin's verse,—more artistic, too, than most of her church verses:—

Come, strike the lyre unto the day
When crown of laurel and of bay
Was fashioned for a wean that lay
In peasant's cot,
Strike, for a heaven-descended ray
Illumined those poor walls of clay,
And genius paused on her bright way
To mark the spot.

Ay, more, to mark the day, the year,
When Burns, the bard of Scotia dear,
The poet of the smile and tear,
Her joy and pride,
First saw the light; blest epoch, ne'er
Unto the world of mind appear
But like a light, life's barge to cheer,
Upon time's tide.

And, though a century has gone,
 And time and tide have hurried on,
 And memories fled, and fancies flown,

The poet lives;
 Lives where he owns a rival none;
 Lives where no sun has his outshone;
 Lives where he reigns supreme, alone,
 And gladness gives.

Lives in his country's noble heart;
 Lives where his genius throws athwart
 A genial ray,—a vital part

Of him so true.
 Lives where is felt his magic art,
 That with electric power doth dart
 Its energizing force, to start
 To life anew.

For, fresh as spring-time's verdant hope,
 Are the sweet fancies welling up
 From the clear stream that may not stop

Its sparkling flow;
 Till no clear, cool, refreshing drop
 Shall man require from nature's cup,
 Till mental thirst refuse to sup,
 'Twill ever go.

And while the stream is fresh and clear,
 E'en now, as in its hundredth year,
 Bard of all time, thy name be dear

Unto the heart;
 Unto thy memory a tear,
 A smile, to greet a century here,
 Since thou didst on the earth appear
 To play thy part.

Thy part upon the heart to play
 Sweet music, with thy tuneful lay
 To sweeten toil the live-long day
 Wi' mony a sang;

To cheer the labourer on his way,
 To send the peasant's hut a ray,
 On all to sunshine glint sae gay,
 Thou wast na wrang.

For, oh ! "the hill" to maists, sae steep,
 That aft we turn aside to weep,
 When we wa'd rin, that we maun creep,
 Sae feeble, slaw ;
 We need a stirring lilt to sweep
 Across our hearts, we need to keep
 Burns by, to gar us wake from sleep,
 And mak us braw.

As a specimen of her devotional verses, I insert a paraphrase of 2 Timothy, iii. 16, which the author entitles *Scriptures Paraphrased* :—

Unto the "fountain" of "Thy blood,"
 A creature soiled with sin
 Went, proved the purifying flood :
 He washed, and he was clean.

To "Gilead's" ever-healing "balm"
 A sick and wounded soul
 Applied, and soon exclaimed, "I am
 E'en every whit made whole."

Unto the "well-spring" of Thy grace
 A thirsty soul drew nigh :
 He drank ; and to Thy name be praise,
 He never more was dry.

A weary traveller, sore distressed,
 Had wandered many a day :
 He found the "path of peace," 'twas rest,
 And Thee, "the Truth, the Way."

A soul, in dark temptation's hour,
 Did powers of darkness brave
 To gain thy "cross" ; it had the power
 To succour and to save.

A soul, of every hope bereft,
At Thy dear feet did fall,
And found, when he had nothing left,
That "Christ" was "all in all."

Beside the works mentioned above, Mrs Martin has ready for the press two more books: *Scenes and Scenery of South Carolina*; and *Temperance Tales, Poems, and Sketches*.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, LL.D.

Commodore MAURY is a Virginian by birth, a Tennessean by adoption, and a Washingtonian by residence; since the war of Secession he has become a citizen of the Empire of Mexico.

He was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, on the 14th of January, 1806. His parents moved to Tennessee in 1810. In his nineteenth year he received a midshipman's commission. From that date he lived "a life on the ocean wave," making cruises, voyages, and sailings numerous; and once circumnavigated the globe.

His scientific education has been gathered in the midst of active operations, and by dint of industry, energy, and special directions of study.

In his thirty-fourth year an accident in a stage-coach, when travelling through Ohio, so injured one leg that he has been forced since then to abandon, in a great measure, active operations afloat. He was not suffered long to remain idle; but was put in charge of such books, charts, and instruments as the United States had at that time collected at the seat of government. This depot was expanded into what was styled the Hydrographical Office. This was united with the national Observatory, at a later date called the Naval Observatory, and Commodore—then Lieutenant—Maury was placed at the head of the combined institution.

In 1842 he matured and proposed his scheme for a system of uniform observations of winds, currents and other meteorological phenomena at sea. This is the great work of his life. Model log-books were distributed to commanders of vessels in the naval and merchant marines, and system enforced in all entries of observations, and abstract returns forwarded to the department. Nine years resulted in a collection making two hundred huge manuscript volumes.

These observations, extended though their sphere was, were too limited for the purposes of thorough science; and Commodore Maury, with characteristic energy and will, set about extending the sphere. He succeeded, as such spirit and enthusiasm always do, and the general Maritime Conference held in Brussels in 1853, was the result. This Conference adopted the scheme, and thus extended its operations throughout the maritime world.

In 1855 Commodore Maury received his present rank from the United States.

Upon the secession of Virginia he gave up his position as Chief of the Naval Observatory at Washington, and came South. He threw his whole soul, with its working energy, heartily into the cause of the South. The Confederate government gave him the office of Commander in its navy; and sent him abroad under orders involving important interests in the Confederate Navy. He returned to the South before the conclusion of the war. At its close—on the 19th of September, 1865, that is to say—he was appointed by Maximilian I. Emperor of Mexico his Honourary Councillor of the Mexican Empire. Shortly after the failure of the Mexican Empire he returned to the United States, and in 1868 became Professor in the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, in that state.

Commodore Maury has published the following:—

1. *A Treatise on Navigation.* A handbook for the student of natural science; published about 1835.
2. *Scraps from the Lucky Bag, by Harry Bluff.* A series of

articles pertaining to the Navy, in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, about 1840.

3. *Wind and Current Charts*. Results of various observations collected through his agency.

4. *Sailing Directions*. A twin work with the *Charts*.

5. *The Physical Geography of the Sea*. 1855.

6. Papers contributed to various periodicals, among which are Letters on the American and the Atlantic Slopes of South America; Relation between Magnetism and the Atmosphere; Astronomical Observations; Letters concerning Lines for the Steamers crossing the Atlantic.

7. Addresses on various occasions, among which are; that before the Geological and Mineralogical Society of Fredericksburg, in 1836; that before the Southern Scientific Convention at Memphis in 1849, on the Pacific Railway; and that before the American Geographical and Statistical Society in New York in 1854.

8. In 1867 a series of School Geographies appeared, consisting of *First Lessons in Geography: The World we Live in*, for younger pupils; *Manual of Geography*, a complete treatise on mathematical, civil and physical geography, forming part third of the series; and, lastly, *Physical Geography*, in which the natural features of the earth, atmospherical phenomena, and animal and vegetable life will be fully treated. This series is designed for Southern use, and is prepared with reference to such use, we understand.

The *Charts* and the *Sailing Directions*, are the pillars of Commodore Maury's reputation as a useful man. In this regard he has surpassed others; and in this his usefulness and reputation will be permanent. Here he stands pre-eminent, without a peer in America and little chance of rivalry abroad.

Commodore Maury appears to consider the *Physical Geography of the Sea* as his *magnum opus*—as, in some sort, the cream of all his researches and other labours.

Upon this point scientific men take issue with him. The

book is written in a pleasing and popular style; and to those whose education in exact science is limited, it is a fascinating and conclusive work. Hence its immense popularity. The many are instructed and charmed. But the scientific critic will insist upon applying the established principles of science to the sweeping theories presented in the *Physical Geography*, in a way decidedly embarrassing to these theories. His theory of the winds, for example,—that the separate currents, rising at the Equator, cross through each other; again, descending, cross returning currents at the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn; pass on the surface of the earth to the poles; twirl up spirally around the poles; and return as upper currents to the tropics, where they descend, crossing the meeting currents, and return to the Equator as surface currents, there to be lighted by the heat again (and so on continuously round and round), deflected from right lines, of course, by the rotary motion of the earth. This theory, we say, the critics insist, is not satisfactorily sustained by the facts brought forward in its behalf by the author. They insist, further, that some of the facts adduced themselves want substantiation.

Again, these same exacting critics maintain that in Commodore Maury's discussion of the causes of oceanic currents—the Gulf Stream, for example—he “has not made the slightest addition to our knowledge, or advanced a single step towards a more satisfactory explanation of the phenomena;” that is to say, what is new in his discussion is not true, and what is true is not new.

The point at which I am arriving is this: that speculative philosophy is not Commodore Maury's forte—is not his proper sphere of usefulness, labour and honour; that he stands second to no man, of those “who go down to the sea in ships,” as an observer, collator, and systematizer of facts; that in this sphere, full in itself of dignity and honour, he has achieved a position of lasting honour; and, in fine, that he will lose by departing from it.

Commodore Maury is in his sixty-third year. In person he is a small, thick set, jovial man, lame of one leg, partially bald, having light eyes and fair complexion. He generally wears no beard. Talks genially and well. Has a family.

His chirograph indicates more directness and force of character than elegance—more energy than polish.

BRANTZ MAYER.

The family of this author is German, his father—Christian Mayer—being a native of Ulm, Würtemberg. His mother was a lady of Pennsylvania. He was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on the 27th of September, 1809; was educated at St. Mary's College; travelled in India, Sumatra, China, and Java; returned to America in 1828; read law and entered upon that profession; made the tour of Europe; returned home, to continue his law practice, and to take active part in politics; received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Mexico, in 1841, and lived there two years; continued his profession until 1863, when he entered the United States Army, in which he now is. At one time—since his return from Mexico—he had editorial charge of the *Baltimore American* newspaper. He is the inaugurator of the movement that resulted in the establishment of the Maryland Historical Society, founded in 1844, in which he has laboured with much success, and of which he was for many years an active superintendent and at all times a liberal benefactor.

Mr. Mayer is resident in the city of Baltimore, and continues to take active and productive interest in literary, historical, and aesthetic matters.

His published works are :—

1. *Mexico, as It Was and as It Is*, was published in 1844, shortly after his return from that country. He afterwards—1851—published another work upon the same country; and

both these works abound in curious, rare, and valuable information—books, indeed, that are the authorities upon Mexico and her complex civilization.

2. *A Memoir, and the Journal of Charles Carroll of Carrollton during his Mission to Canada with Chase and Franklin in 1776*; an octavo, published in 1844.

3. *Mexico—Aztec, Spanish, and Republican*; two volumes, published in 1851.

4. *Ta-gah-jutè; or Logan the Indian and Captain Michael Cresap*. This was originally an Anniversary Discourse before the Maryland Historical Society, delivered in 1851; and published, soon after, *en brochure*. Subsequently—in 1867—it was issued in superb style and small edition by a New York publishing house. Of the original publication, Duyckinck says: "It is a vindication of a worthy backwoodsman and captain of the Revolution from the imputation of cruelty in the alleged 'speech' of Logan, handed down by Jefferson. Logan is made out a passionate, drunken savage, passing through various scenes of personal revenge, and ending his career in a *melée* induced by himself, under the idea that in a fit of intoxication he had murdered his wife. Colonel Cresap, on the other hand, appears not only entirely disconnected with the attack on Logan's family, but becomes of interest as a well-trying courageous pioneer of the western civilization—a type of his class, and well worthy a chapter in the historical narrative of America. The history of the speech is somewhat a curiosity. It was not spoken at all, but was a simple message, communicated in an interview with a single person, an emissary from the British camp, by whom it was reported on his return." [*Cyclopædia of American Literature*, volume 2, page 517.]

5. *Captain Canot, or Twenty Years of the Life of an African Slaver*; published in 1854. This is a book of vivid life and active adventure. Of this book, the author just quoted says: "Captain Canot, whose name is slightly altered, is an actual personage, who supplied the author with the facts which he has woven into

his exciting narrative. The force of the book consists in its cool, matter-of-fact account of the wild life of the Slave Trader on the western coast of Africa ; the rationale of whose iniquitous proceedings is unblushingly avowed, and given with a fond and picturesque detail usually reserved for topics for which the civilized world has greater respect and sympathy. As a picture of a peculiar state of life it has a verisimilitude, united with a romantic interest worthy the pages of De Foe."

6. *Memoir of Jared Sparks, LL.D.* This brief memoir was printed in 1867.

Mr. Mayer's chirograph is strong and direct ; intensely executive ; wanting in delicacy, and full of daring ; wanting in strict system, and indicating a mind decided to do its mission *ruat coelum*. There is great reserve in it, but little secretiveness and still less caution.

EDWARD C. MEAD.

Mr. MEAD appears as the author of an elegantly gotten up volume entitled, *Genealogical History of the Lee Family, of Virginia and Maryland, from A.D. 1200, to 1866*. In addition to the family matters presented, the volume gives many interesting facts touching the Revolutionary War. Half a dozen steel portraits and some other pictures illustrate the work. In explanation of the reasons that induced him to make the Lee family the subject of a book, the author says in his Preface :—

"Although the cause of which he was the military leader was a failure, the name of General Robert E. Lee is universally respected at the North and in Europe, while at the South it is almost revered, especially by the soldiers he commanded, and the officers who served under him. That he has proved himself a soldier, without fear and without reproach, is universally conceded ; that he is a Christian gentleman and patriot, all who know him will bear willing testimony. To such a man the

'pomp of heraldry' has but few attractions; but his name, whether linked with success or misfortune, is an unblemished one, and already belongs to history."

Mr. Mead, I am informed, is a Virginian.

GEORGE HENRY MEEK.

This promising young poet of the Crescent City is in no way, I am informed, related to Judge Meek of Alabama who died a few years ago. Mr. Meek was born of English parents in the city of New York on the 25th of November, 1837. The family removed to New Orleans while the son was yet an infant. He has been an assiduous student, devoted to reading and literary work in general, and has written a great many essays and poems. Immediately after the war he became connected with the editorial corps of the New Orleans *Times*, which connection he still holds. He married a lady of Jackson, Mississippi, in 1866. In person he is of medium height; has dark eyes and light hair; and in manner is eminently easy, cordial, and agreeable.

I offer *A Vision* as a lyric that pretty fairly indicates Mr. Meek's verse-style:—

Day's fevered pulse now beats serene,
And o'er the landscape's lovely scene
Night trails her robes of starry sheen.

Delicious odours balm the air,
And charm the senses everywhere,
Like a mother's kiss, or a mother's prayer.

A rippling stream is murmuring near;
Sure whispering angels wander here,
Strains chanting from some heavenly sphere.

Supernal splendour beams above,
While all around, through dell and grove,
The sighing spheres breathe of love.

And as I gaze with dreamful eyes,
A vision bright before me flies,
As one escaped from Paradise;

A being free from earthly guile,
Pure as the stars that beamed awhile,
Till brighter beamed her dimpled smile.

With mirthful eye and modest mien,
The earth and sky she floats between,
Of light and love the living Queen.

Her swelling bosoms' wondrous white,
And tapering zone, so frail, so light,
Seem framed to tempt an anchorite.

Her's is the lily's bending grace,
And her's that sweet Madonna face
A loving seraph might embrace.

The perfumed air still sweeter blows,
Still lovelier now my vision grows,
And steeps my soul in soft repose:

For never dreamed I here below,
While in this weary world of woe,
A maiden's eyes, in friendly glow,

Would light my soul in love's behest,
And wake within my inmost breast,
Melodious strains supremely blest.

P. H. MELL, D.D.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Georgia is a native of the town of Walthourville in that state. He was born on the 19th of July, 1814; went through the Freshman and Sophomore classes in Amhurst College, Massachusetts; was Professor of Ancient Languages in Mercer University, Georgia; and has

been for eleven years in the University of Georgia, at Athens, where he is Professor of Ethics and Metaphysics.

His published works are mostly polemic, as will appear in the list:—

1. *Baptism in its Mode and Subjects*—a 16mo. of 304 pages—was published by the Southern Baptist Publication Society, in 1854; and ran through four editions, when the society was broken up by the war.

2. *Predestination and the Saints' Perseverance Stated and Defended from the Objections of Armenians*—a 16mo. of 89 pages—appeared under the same auspices in 1858, and ran through three editions.

3. *Corrective Church Discipline: with a Development of the Scriptural Principles upon which it is based*—a 16mo. of 126 pages—appeared in 1860.

4. *A Manual of Parliamentary Practice*—Rules for Conducting Business in Deliberative Assemblies. This was published in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1868. It is a 16mo. of 91 pages.

5. Several Pamphlets, upon various subjects, mostly religious or controversial, and literary.

HENRY MIDDLETON.

Among the ancient and honoured names of South Carolina, there is none more ancient and honoured than that of Middleton. Indeed, it brought a *prestige*, time-honoured and English, to its first connection with the colonial times of Old Carolina.

The subject of the present paper was born near the beginning of the present century, at the family mansion—I am left to inference for this fact—upon the banks of the Ashley River, in the Palmetto State.

His father—the late Hon. Henry Middleton, mentioned in

Griswold's *Memoir of Edgar Poe*, as the American Minister in St. Petersburg, who befriended Poe in his destitution there—was Governor of South Carolina in 1811; member of Congress in 1816, and until 1820, when he was appointed to represent our government at the court of St. Petersburg, where he resided ten years.

His grandfather—Arthur Middleton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—was born in 1743 on the banks of the Ashley River, in Carolina; and was educated at Westminster School and Cambridge University, England.

His great-grandfather—Henry Middleton—was one of the Presidents of the First Congress of 1774.

His great-great-grandfather—Arthur Middleton—who was born in 1681 and died in 1737, was deputed by the Assembly of the Colony of South Carolina, while acting as Speaker of that body in 1719, to inform the Governor of South Carolina under the Proprietary Government, that, by their unanimous decision, he was no longer Governor of the Colony. He became one of the first Royal Governors of that province. After the Proprietary Government, which had derived its charter from the crown, was swept away, in 1719, the Royal Government succeeded; the Governors receiving their authority directly from the crown, instead of as formerly from the hands of the proprietors under the charter. One of the most prominent of these proprietors was the famous and fickle Lord-Chancellor Shaftesbury, the friend and patron of Locke and the Achitophel of Dryden's satire.

Our author completed his academic studies in Edinburgh, in 1822, and was admitted to the bar of Charleston, in his native state, in that year or the one following. He has lived much in England and France, where he has had opportunities of forming and maturing opinions on foreign politics, and has enjoyed the friendship and society of distinguished men from various parts of the world. On the eve of the war of secession, after an absence of nine years in Europe, he returned to Carolina, where he remained until its close.

Mr. Middleton is the author of three books, one published in New York and two in London, besides a great many occasional papers. His works are :—

1. *The Government and the Currency*, was published by Charles B. Norton in 1850. This issue was a republication of the work, it having been previously published in separate parts. The first Part appeared in pamphlet form in Philadelphia as early as 1844 ; and was very favourably noticed, particularly by the *North American Review*. The second part was published the following year in *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine*. The first Part is far more elementary than the second, discussing such matters as constitutionality, relations to foreign governments, influence of manufactures, coinage, wages, exchange, paper issues, and bullion, with many others. The second Part throws more light than the first upon the important subject of the circulating medium of a country in its most extended sense, and including not only the *currency* proper, but notes and paper of all descriptions, used in affecting the transfer of property from hand to hand, and in the settlement of accounts and the payment of dues. It also dwells more at large on the remedies for the evil of over-issues of bank-notes ; on the expense and advantages of raising the minimum denomination of bank-issues ; the best manner of effecting the substitution of coin ; bank credits ; the question of how far legislative restraints and regulations may properly be carried ; limited and unlimited liability, and the safest banks ; and quite a variety of other important questions connected with the subject of banking and bank regulations which were but slightly, if at all, touched upon in the former Part. While the second Part was originally appearing serially in *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine*, Edgar Poe—then editor of *The Broadway Journal*—said of the November number (1845) of the Magazine :—“ Its second article is from the pen of H. Middleton, Jr., of South Carolina, and is Chapter 4 of the thoughtful series of Essays on the Government and the Currency which have done so much for the character of the Magazine. Nothing so good on the same subjects has as yet appeared in America.”

2. *Economical Causes of Slavery in the United States, and Obstacles to Abolition.* This work was published by Robert Hardwicke of London in 1857. The author styles it an essay, and informs us that it is "only a part of a more extensive work upon the question of Slavery, which the author had planned," but which, for various reasons, he did not complete. He states that in it he "has endeavoured to make the question of Slavery in the United States the subject of a purely philosophical investigation; so far, at least, as it is possible to apply such a mode of investigation to questions of a nature calculated so strongly to enlist, on the one side or the other, the passions and prejudices of all who undertake their discussion." In pursuance of this idea he has given us one of the purest arguments that our literature has upon that peculiarly difficult subject.

3. *The Government of India, as it Has Been, as It Is, and as it Ought To Be.* This appeared from the same press — Robert Hardwicke, 192 Piccadilly, London, — in 1858.

4. *Universal Suffrage, in the Various Conditions and Progress of Society; in Reference Chiefly to its Effects in the United States, Past, Present, and To Come.* This work was mainly written during the author's residence abroad, the finishing touches having been added since the war. The conclusions are understood to be adverse to this pet doctrine of the most progressive school of politicians of the present day. The work — a rather small volume, as to size — has not yet been published, but will probably appear soon.

GEORGE H. MILES.

Professor MILES of Emmettsburgh, Maryland, has written some spirited war songs. Of these, one — *Coming at Last* — is reproduced in an English volume entitled *Black and White*.

The separate publications of this author are; —

1. *Mahomet.* A drama.

2. *De Soto*. A drama.

3. *Christine*. A Troubadour story in verse.

Of the poems found in the collections of war poetry *God Save the South*—a hymn—is the most popular. I give it entire:—

God save the South !
 God save the South !
 Her altars and firesides —
 God save the South !
 Now that the war is nigh —
 Now that we arm to die —
 Chanting our battle-cry,
 "Freedom or Death !"

God save our shield,
 At home or a-field,
 Stretch thine arm over us,
 Strengthen and save !
 What though they're three to one,
 Forward, each sire and son !
 Strike till the war is won !
 Strike to the grave !

God make the right
 Stronger than might !
 Millions will trample us
 Down in their pride.
 Lay *Thou* their legions low,
 Roll back the ruthless foe,
 Let the proud spoiler know
 God's on our side.

Hark ! Honour's call,
 Summoning all —
 Summoning all of us
 Unto the strife.
 Sons of the South, awake !
 Strike till the brand shall break !
 Strike for dear Honour's sake !
 Freedom and life !

Rebels before,
 Our fathers of yore;
 Rebel ! the righteous name
Washington bore.

Why, then, be ours the same—
 Title he snatched from shame,
 Making it fast in fame,
 Odious no more.

War to the hilt !
 Theirs be the guilt
 Who fetter the freeman

To ransom the slave—
 Up, then, and undismayed
 Sheathe not the battle-blade
 Till the last foe is laid
 Low in the grave.

God save the South !
 God save the South !
 Dry the dim eyes that now
 Follow our path.

Still let the light feet rove
 Safe through the orange grove;
 Still keep the land we love
 Safe from all wrath.

God save the South !
 God save the South !
 Her altars and firesides—

God save the South !
 For the rude war is nigh,
 And we must win or die,
 Chanting our battle-cry,
 "Freedom or Death !"

STEPHEN H. MILLER.

One of the most interesting collections of personal sketches in its department is Major Miller's *Bench and Bar of Georgia*. It consists of two good-sized volumes; and occupies to the bar of that state the place that Judge O'Neill's *Bench and Bar of South Carolina* does to that of the Palmetto State.

JOHN W. MONTCLAIR.

The author of *Real and Ideal* has, so far as I am advised, published no other book. This is a handsome small volume of verses that appeared in 1865. It is mostly original; but there are besides translations from Chamisso, Grün, Heine, Schwab, Vogl, Rückert, and Storm.

A Night Vision appears to be a favourable specimen of the original poems:—

I know not how it happened that
 One evening, lone and late,
 I rested from a weary walk
 Beside a church-yard gate.
 The street was hushed, the stars shone out,
 The city's lights grew pale;
 I heard nought but the watchman's tap
 And night-bird's lonely wail.

I thought of life, its hope and strife,
 Of idols 'neath the dust;
 And many a deep-set hinge was moved
 That long had gone to rust.
 Relentless doom, that youth and strength
 Should waste away and fall;
 Ah! why is nature's life-crop sown
 That death may harvest all?

Thus as I mused a vision crept
From bush and mossy stone;
Methought a muffled form approached,
Like one whom I had known;
The image lived, the image spoke
In accents soft and slow:
"I bring thee echoes of the grave,
From wanderings below:

"Too early severed were the ties
That clustered 'round my birth;
Friendless and childless have I lived,
Nor e'er knew woman's worth.
The demon of gain soon conquered me,
And I became his slave;
My purse was haunted with tear and curse,
For I took, but never gave.

"Beneath the sod I sought repose;
But at the door of death
No welcome came: this worn-out trunk,
Refilled with living breath,
And veiled in gloom, a seraph spoke
In tones of wondrous sound:
'Return to life; within this tomb
No refuge can be found.

"The widow and the orphan seek;
Go, heal their suffering deep,
And o'er life's path sow fertile seed,
That blessings thou may'st reap.
Through manhood back to infancy
Thy life once more retrace,
Till thou at last, a sinless babe,
Canst meet thy Maker's face.'

"Electric flashes then illumed
These eyes so heaven-blind;
These icy limbs were thawed to life,
Aroused this feeble mind.

Oh, wearied ~~sense~~, blunted desire,
 That I from rest am driven,
 To spin once more the thread of life
 And wend my way from heaven !”

The cricket chirped — the vision fled !
 ’Twas dewy morning hour ;
 I felt alike some hapless wretch
 Released from demon-power.
 Why did this coward flesh with ~~fear~~
 Wax motionless and cold ?
 For in a ~~dreaming~~ was to me
 This spectral legend told.

MISS MOLLIE E. MOORE.

With a genius vigorous and free, stimulated into activity by the stern life of war, Miss Moore is just taking her position among Southern authors. She is essentially Southern and in a high degree Western in her style of thought. She has none of that *fade* sentimentality that too often marks the verses of young ladies. A something of earnestness and directness of utterance in her best poems reminds us of these characteristic qualities in Miss Mulock's poems. Miss Moore, at her present age, of course lacks that degree of life-learning which we find in the other; but their tendencies are similar, and Miss Moore is in her legitimate sphere when she is working in that direction. *Going Out and Coming In* is one of her best poems, and is best in these qualities.

Miss Moore is a native of Alabama; but in infancy passed westward to San Marcos in Texas; some years later to Smith County, where she lived the greater part of her girlhood, and published her first verses; and finally to Galveston, where she now resides, though her home is in Smith County. Her life has been one of activity, and full of interesting events, strange and

varied; but these points are not yet legitimately the property of the reading public. They have made their impress upon her genius, and the reader will find vivid and suggestive echoes of them in her poems.

Her first volume, and thus far her only one, appeared in 1867, entitled *Minding the Gap, and Other Poems*. Her versification is musical, but sometimes irregular. I quote the poem referred to above—*Going Out and Coming In*—which is not only musical and suggestive, but nervous and well sustained:—

Going out to fame and triumph,
 Going out to love and light,
 Coming in to pain and sorrow,
 Coming in to gloom and night.
 Going out with joy and gladness,
 Coming in with woe and sin;
 Ceaseless streams of restless pilgrims
 Going out and coming in.

Through the portals of the homestead,
 From beneath the blooming vine:
 To the trumpet-tones of glory,
 Where the bays and laurels twine;
 From the loving home caresses
 To the chill voice of the world,
 Going out with gallant canvass
 To the summer breeze unfurled.

Coming back all worn and weary,
 Weary with the world's cold breath;
 Coming to the dear old homestead,
 Coming in to age and death,
 Weary of all empty flattery,
 Weary of all ceaseless din,
 Weary of its heartless sneering,
 Coming from the bleak world in.

Going out with hopes of glory,
 Coming in with sorrow dark;
 Going out with sails all flying,
 Coming in with mastless barque,

Restless stream of pilgrims, striving
 Wreaths of fame or love to win,
 From the doorways of the homesteads
 Going out and coming in.

A portrait published in the volume of poems gives a fair idea of Miss Moore's physiognomy. Her manuscript is neat and legible, though the chirograph is rapid, and, for a lady, very round. It indicates persistence and energy, a strong will with an abiding purpose, strong feeling and impatience of restraint; and little of what goes under the general name of punctiliousness or nicety of finish.

MRS. ROSALIE MILLER MURPHY.

The appearance of *Destiny; or Life as it is*, introduced Mrs. Murphy to novel readers as an author of fiction. It appeared in 1867, having been written five years. Among our young writers, she has shown an unusual degree of energy; and her *début* book rapidly passed through several editions. It abounds with the faults of very young authors, but is spirited, and carries the reader through a variety of phases of Southern society. It very decidedly impresses us with the idea that the author of it can, and will do a great deal better in the same line. It is, in fact, the work of a mere girl, written, as it was, before she was eighteen.

Mrs. Murphy, ~~née~~ Miller, is a native of South Carolina, and is related to the family of Governor Miller, of half a century ago. She was educated in Columbia; lived a while in Georgia; and, in 1860, went to Montgomery, Alabama, where she remained during the war; and, in 1865, was married to Dr. Z. T. Murphy, an Alabamian by residence. In 1867, they removed to New-York City. Previous to her marriage, Mrs. Murphy contributed frequently, principally in verse, to the newspapers, under the *nom de plume* of *Rosalie*.

Besides *Destiny*, I learn that Mrs. Murphy has ready for publication three other volumes: *Mistrust*, a novel; *Stray Waifs*, a miscellany; and *Poems*. These are to be given to the public in due course of time.

I. E. NAGLE, M.D.

Dr. NAGLE, of New Orleans, has written a good deal of poetry for the press of the Southwest; and one of his lyrics, at least—*A Home that I Love*—has been published with music. He frequently writes under the *nom de plume* of *Cousin Nourma*. *The Origin of the Rose* is a fair specimen of his lyric verse:—

A little angel lost its wings
Of pearly tint and lovely red;
They fell upon a thorn's sharp stings,
And to the monster thus were wed.

The velvet leaves sweet Flora kissed,
And gave the soft, carnation hue
That tints it with a painted mist
More lovely than the violet's blue.

The sun then stopped and smiled a ray
Of brightest light upon the flower,
And dimpled with its amorous play
The petal's cheek and blushing bower.

A cloud came softly floating o'er,
And dropped a tear of lustre, too;
Then brighter was the bloom it wore,
And poets' themes the buds it grew.

Since then, sad hearts have often bled,
And dyed the rose with crimson hue;
But some with gold its leaves have wed,
And mingled their soft tints with rue.

Dear hearts, that love soft nature's face,
 Thrill with a joy that heavenward flows,
 To bless the angel whose sweet grace
 And bright wing gave to earth the rose.

JOSIAH CLARK NOTT, M.D.

Dr. NOTT is a son of Hon. Abraham Nott, and was born in Union District, South Carolina, on Saturday, the 31st of March, 1804. The next year his father moved to Columbia, where our author was educated. He graduated in the South Carolina College in 1824. Three years later, he graduated in medicine at the college in Philadelphia, and for two years after was Demonstrator of Anatomy to Drs. Physick and Hosack. He then—in 1829—returned to Columbia, and practiced medicine until 1835, when he went abroad, and spent two years in professional studies. At the expiration of that tour, he returned to the United States, and fixed his home in Mobile, Alabama, where he remained in the practice of his profession, and in cognate scientific studies, until 1857, when he was called to the chair of Anatomy in the University of Louisiana, but resigned that position after one session of lectures, and returned to his profession in Mobile. He shortly after succeeded in establishing a medical college in Mobile, which was endowed by the Legislature of that state with \$50,000, as a branch of the State University. Its first session opened in November, 1859. After the war, Dr. Nott removed to Baltimore, and, in 1868, to New-York City, where he is now engaged in the practice of his profession and in writing for first-class periodicals.

Dr. Nott has written :—

1. *Two Lectures on the Connection between the Biblical and Physical History of Man.* This is considered Dr. Nott's chief work. Published in 1849. Octavo.
2. *Physical History of the Jewish Race.* 1850.

3. *Types of Mankind; or Ethnological Researches*, based upon the Ancient Monuments, Paintings, Sculptures, and Crania of Races, and upon their Natural, Geographical, Philological, and Biblical History—illustrated by selections from the papers of S. G. Morton, and by additions from L. Agassiz, W. Usher, and H. S. Patterson; an immense octavo, published in Philadelphia, 1854. In this work Dr. Nott is a colabourer with Geo. R. Gliddon.

4. *Indigenous Races of the Earth; or New Chapters of Ethnological Inquiry*; including monographs on special departments, by Alfred Maury, Francis Pulszky, and J. Aitken Meigs. This is also a joint work with George R. Gliddon. Published in Philadelphia, 1857. Quarto.

The object of these works is to controvert the hitherto commonly-received theory of the unity of the human race, by proving that the types of mankind existing to-day are the same that existed three thousand years ago, and that there is no evidence that, for at least five thousand years, any one type has changed to another. We believe that, through these discussions and those since published by Agassiz, the prevailing theory in America now is that the race of man is not of common origin. Diversity of races is the "orthodox" theory, accordingly.

Dr. Nott has also contributed largely to periodical literature, —to *The American Journal of Medical Science*, *Charleston Medical Journal*, *N. O. Medical Journal*, *DeBow's Review*, *The Southern Quarterly Review*, and others; always upon his favourite subjects—Medical Science, Natural History of Man, Life Insurance, and cognate subjects. He has also translated *Goupil's Exposition of Brossai's Medical Doctrines*, with Appendix by Translator. This work was published in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1830. He is to-day contributing to *The Southern Review*, recently established in Baltimore.

MISS FLORENCE F. O'CONNOR.

So far as I am informed, this writer has written but one book — *The Heroism of the Confederacy; or Truth and Justice*. The book appeared in New Orleans, in 1869; and was largely praised by some Southern journals, and grimly ridiculed by some Northern critics, and no doubt received injustice from both.

HENRY ONDERDONK, A.M.

Mr. ONDERDONK was some time ago President of the Maryland Agricultural College; and has recently appeared as the author of *A History of Maryland upon the Basis of McSherry*, for the use of schools. This was published in Baltimore, in the year 1868. It is said to be winning its way into favour and use, and is favourably noticed in *The Southern Review*.

J. M. P. OTTS.

The Rev. Mr. OTTS is a native of South Carolina, born about the year 1837 in Union District of that state. He graduated in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, the capital of his native state, a few years ago; then did pastoral service at Columbia, Tennessee; and is now pastor of a church in Greensboro, Alabama. He has written but one book — *Nicodemus With Jesus* — a polemic on the nature of Christ's functions and offices. He has written several articles for the staidier reviews, *The Beautiful* being one of his themes.

JOHN W. OVERALL.

Of the better class among the early settlers of the Old Dominion, several generations ago, was the family of Overall. It unites the once antagonistic races of Norman and Saxon. It chose its resting place in the beautiful Valley of Virginia. There was born the subject of the present sketch—in Shenandoah (now Page) County, upon the Piedmont banks of the picturesque Shenandoah.

While yet a boy he was moved to Alabama, and later to Mississippi. In Columbus, of the latter state, he studied law under Governor Tucker; and subsequently practiced law with success both in Columbus and in Mobile, Alabama. His connection with politics, journalism and light literature, began in the latter city; his first poems appearing in *The Mobile Tribune* and in *Graham's Magazine*.

About 1856, Mr. Overall became a citizen of New Orleans. He was there for several years political and literary editor of *The Daily Delta*, and also literary editor of *The Daily True Delta*—both powers in their day.

During the war, Mr. Overall established and conducted for a while *The Southern Punch*, in Richmond, Virginia.

After the war he returned to The Crescent City, and there established a literary weekly journal called *The South*. He has meanwhile held a prominent position, confidential and advisory, in the Mayoralty of New Orleans; and holds the same at this time. His main distinction has been upon the political arena; and here, as a Democrat of the Calhoun States' Rights school, few men have been more prominent or exercised a greater influence than he.

He was an attached friend of the late Judge Meek of Alabama, and the Judge dedicated the first portion of his *Songs and Poems of the South* to him.

The occasional poems of Mr. Overall have been reproduced in almost every journal of the South and many of the North.

His labour and use have been given to politics through journalism; while his recreation—the play-impulse of his nature, with its uttering power,—has been given to poetic art.

A personal sketch of Mr. Overall which appeared in a Virginia newspaper characterizes him as “tall as Willis, and fiery as Hotspur.”

His chirograph, like his style, is never obscure; but clear, deliberate, round, and almost as ornate as Poe's. Self-assertion starts out from every line traced by his pen, and *finish* marks it all.

These qualities enter into all that he does; and appear with happy effect, notwithstanding the Hotspur tendencies of his spirit, in his poetry.

In the following lines *To a Miniature* there is to be seen a characteristic strikingly traceable in his chirograph—a fondness for surprises, even at the sacrifice of what for any other use he would deem a desirable daintiness. An example of this appears at the close of the fourth stanza. I give the poem entire:—

'Tis strange that Art can weave a face
 So radiant and divine,
 So eloquent with thought and grace,
 So beautiful as thine.
 I almost see the warm blood seek
 The blue veins on thy brow,
 And glow upon thy pearly cheek,
 So life-like seemest thou.

I love thy dark eye's sunny glee;
 There's something in its glance
 That tells thy heart is fond and free,
 And full of love's romance.
 The dimpled lake, the sky's soft glow,
 Can no such charms impart,
 As those which thou dost mutely throw
 Around the burning heart.

And o'er that bosom, white as snow,
 Entwined in thy fair finger,
 Dark, dreamy silken ringlets flow,
 As if they loved to linger;
 And blest as heaven are they blest,
 Rocked in their sea-wave motion,
 Like shadows on the tiny breast
 Of some sweet mimic ocean.

Oh! could'st thou break the silent spell
 That binds thy lips so long,
 Each soft, enchanting tone would tell
 That thou wert born for song.
 To me, Art's melody but mocks —
 For, in the gilded South,
 The softest, sweetest music-box
 Is woman's rosy mouth!

How fair these daughters of the sun,
 These black-eyed, sparkling things,
 These jewels of the Holy One,
 These angels without wings!
 One golden look, one crystal tear,
 One sweet, emphatic word,
 Is worth the wealth of Ind, so dear,
 Or all we've seen or heard.

Lo! dreams of love fled by, yet sweet,
 Come back to me again,
 Like parted angels when they meet
 In Aiden's dear domain.
 And gazing in those orbs of light,
 Did I but know thee, girl,
 I'd brave the battle's fiercest fight
 For one bright smile or curl!

To the exclusion of even more melodious pieces — pieces with perhaps richer play of fancy and livelier touches of creative imagination — I submit *The Bards*, as to a degree demonstrative as well as illustrative of his poetic art: —

In their high heroic measure,
In their high heroic truth,
Live the bards throughout all ages,
In the quenchless fire of youth ;
We revel in their visions,
And we love the songs they sing,
When they strike the harp of glory
Like the Israelitish king.

They have read the starry heavens—
These diviners of the stars—
Read Uranus and the Pleiades,
And the fiery planet Mars;
They have soared among the planets,
They have swept the fields of Time;
They have soared up in the spirit—
Bards heroic and sublime !

And they gather from the planets,
Where their spirit-feet have trod,
Light and supernal wisdom,
And a lucid proof of God;
And feel the truth eternal
O'er their yearning spirits steal,
That the Real is the Ideal,
That the Ideal is the Real !

They come, like John the Baptist,
In the wilderness of Thought,
Preaching in the world's Judea
What the holy Teacher taught;
They come with lips of wisdom,
And they strike the sounding lyre—
Lips radiant with the glow of love
And high prophetic fire.

They summon white-browed Helen,
From the old-forgotten strife,
And Plata's men, and Marathon's,
To the vestibule of life.
We see the glittering of the steel
Under the Latian stars,
The beaks of the Roman eagles,
And the red, round shield of Mars.

They tell of brave old legends,
Legends of the priestly age;
Of ladye fair, with golden hair,
Courtly peer and gentle page.
We see the knights and barons
Coming forth in martial line,
And Richard of the Lion-heart
On the plains of Palestine.

We mark the pennon and the plume,
We see the shivering lance,
And Cressy with its bowmen,
And the troubadours of France.
We mark the knights at Chevy Chase,
We see the banners fly,
And the royal Stuart riding down
To Flodden Hill to die.

Ah! the Past with all its visions
Comes before us in its prime—
All the olden, golden glory
Of the golden, olden time.
Thus in high, heroic measure,
And in high, heroic truth,
Live the bards throughout all ages,
In the quenchless fire of youth.

Unlike the men who speak alone
For the passing things of time,
The bards speak for all ages
In the lofty words of rhyme.
Not for the coming morrow,
Not for the brief to-day,
Stir the bards the harp's wild pulses,
Sing the bards their noble lay.

And they die not, these heroic bards,
They live on with the stars,
With Uranus and the Pleiades,
And the fiery planet Mars.
They are spirits of Earth and Aiden,
Earth and Aiden hear them sing,
When they strike the harp of glory
Like the Israelitish king.

WILLIAM HENRY PECK.

Professor PECK has had a life of great variety, but not of great adventure.

He was born in the city of Augusta, Georgia, on Thursday, the 30th of December, 1830. His paternal ancestry is English, while the maternal is Huguenotic. The point from which the Pecks emigrated to America is Hingham, England; and the date, 1635. A residence of over two centuries in this country has developed a character distinctly American, and Professor Peck illustrates that character in a high degree. The American is an iconoclast, whose theory is to let the dead past be dead and to make the most of the living present—to let yesterday go, and secure to-day; save to-morrow if practicable, but attend first to to-day.

William Henry Peck commenced his education at a boarding school in New Haven, Connecticut, where he remained seven years. The two years following these he spent at field-sports in Florida, whither his father had meanwhile removed.

In 1845, at the age of fifteen, he entered the Baptist College at Georgetown, Kentucky, where he remained but a short time; his next step being to enter the Western Military Institute, Kentucky, as a cadet.

In 1849 he entered Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he graduated as Bachelor of Arts in 1853, at the age of twenty-three. The next year he married, and located in New Orleans, whither his father had meanwhile removed.

In 1856 he was elected Professor of Belles-Lettres, History, and Elocution in the University of Louisiana, which position he held for three years. He then went to New York, and pursued literature as a profession with decided success—success in a practical way.

In 1860 he returned to Georgia and established a literary quarto, called *The Georgia Weekly*. The political excitement of the day proved too much for *The Weekly*; and after a brief

struggle for existence, it went down. In November of that year, he was elected President of the Masonic Female College, at Greenville, Georgia, at which place he fixed his home, reviving his defunct quarto in the form of a county sheet. He held this double position of president and editor for three years.

In August, 1863, he resigned the presidency of the College at Greenville, to accept the chair of Natural Sciences and Modern Languages in the Le Vert Female College, at Talbotton, Georgia. He moved his newspaper with him; and in the same way continued his duplex editorial and professorial labours through the greater part of the war, during the latter years of which the thunders of Mars were sometimes sounding close around the scene of his peaceful pursuits. He continued these pursuits often under extremely adverse circumstances—sometimes, it is said, acting in the complex capacity of editor, compositor, pressman, and devil, as well as professor and president. Meanwhile, and through it all, his newspaper never failed to come to time nor his classes to recitation. There was activity enough in all that.

He began literary life as a poet at the age of fifteen—about the time he first entered his first college; but some of these earlyteen verses fell into the hands of a savage and tartarly critic—a Baptist preacher named Bruce—who acted under the impression that trash ought to be called trash. He so styled it; and the poet's Muse (whoever she was, for the tradition has not brought down her name,) became at once shy, and has remained so ever since. This falling into Bruce's hands was fortunate for our young author, for it no doubt saved him from the fate of being a second-rate poet, a thing which neither gods nor men can stand. Diverted from the quieter paths of verse, our author betook himself to fiction, and very soon won a certain distinction in that more remunerative line. He has written voluminously; more voluminously, I believe, than any other author in the South, except Mr. Simms; and has found it profitable, perhaps more so than any other writer in the South.

His books are:—

1. *Antoinette de Bordelairs*. A tale, published in 1857.
2. *The Brother's Vengeance*; published in 1859. This tale was quite a success in its day and line; and was written in two weeks—written at the rate of about forty pages of foolscap manuscript a day.
3. *The Mactroon*. A burlesque on Bourcicault's celebrated, and at that day very popular, play—*The Octoroon*. The burlesque had quite a run with Christy's Minstrels in New-York City.
4. *Virginia Glencaire*. 1868.
5. *Luke Hammond*. 1860. This tale was written in twelve nights.
6. *The Renegade*. 1860.
7. *The Conspirators of New Orleans*. 1860. This story was first presented in book form during the war, in 1863, the author himself setting up type, and doing much of the press work on his hand-press. It was one of the few successful publications issued during those Confederate times.
8. *The Phantom*. 1862.
9. *The Confederate Flag of the Ocean*.
10. *The Maids and Matrons of Virginia*.
11. *Bertha Seely*—was published serially in *The Old Guard* during the year 1866.
12. *Beatrice*. 1866.
13. *Roderic Harrow*. 1866.
14. *Charles Marion*. 1866.
15. *Marina*. 1866.
16. *The McDonalds, or the Ashes of Southern Homes*. Published by *The Metropolitan Record* press in 1867. This is the adventures of a Confederate family, driven before Sherman's army from Atlanta to Columbia; and deals with the varied incidents of such an experience, with pictures of many revolting phases of war-life and war passions, presenting some vivid and true pictures of war human-nature. The colouring is often overdone, and the style in general that known as the spasmodic.

17. Several unpublished dramas, in the stirring vein.

18. An immense number of minor tales, which have had their day, and in general their success. Among these I mention a few that are known more or less to many readers of newspaper fiction—the reading million: *Glare and Gleam*, *Poisoned Almond*, *British Dragoon*, *Red Dwarf*, *Boat-builder's Daughter*, *Rupert the Pirate*, *The Burglar*, *The Stone Mason*, *Adah Storm*, *Stab in the Dark*, *The Unseen*, *The Detected Traitor*, *The Gambler's Fate*, *The Lost Ring*, *The Tiny Blue Shoe*, *The Bag of Nails*, *A Louisianian in New York*, *Coots*, *Wild Redburn*, a tale of the time of Cromwell, issued serially in *The York Weekly* during 1867—and so forth.

Our author has contributed from time to time to *The New Orleans True Delta*, *New Orleans Sunday Delta*, *The Field and Fireside*, *New York Day Book*, *Ledger*, *Sunday Times*, *New York Weekly*, *New York Ladies' Magazine*, *Old Guard*, *Metro-politan Record*, *New Orleans Mirror*, *Selma Visitor*, *Hingham (England) Journal*, and a host of others.

From the facts given it will be apparent that Professor Peck writes with great ease, and great rapidity, and for the million—the blood-and-thunder-loving million—and that he gives us strong preparations of mingled dangers, dungeons, and daggers; assassinations and assignations; lawsuits, suicides, and seductions; graves, greed, ghosts, and guilt; skeletons, corpses, and capsules; gorgons, spectres, and chimeras dire!

There is pervading most of his tales a Lippard-like tone of the spasmodic, that stamps character upon his writings as a whole.

In person, Professor Peck is powerfully built, being five feet ten in height and weighing a hundred and eighty or ninety pounds; is active and lively; speaks much, well, and readily; has black hair, beard, and eyes, and dark complexion; wears full beard and moustache, in the style known as American; and has small extremities.

He is the father of a large family, and lives at Talbotton, Georgia, but spends a good deal of his time in the city of New

York. He is a regular contributor to *The Ledger*, with a salary.

His chirograph is mercantile, practical, fluent, rapid, legible, not precise at all, persistent, eager, restless, and ready.

MISS VIRGINIA PENNY.

The Employments of Woman, by Miss PENNY of Louisville, Kentucky, is a volume designed to show what a woman can do—*quid femina possit*, as Virgil has it—in these times of self-reliance and woman's need to work. It is an eminently practical book, telling exactly what things woman can do with profit; such as straw-plaiting, the manufacture of willow-ware into baskets and the like, bee culture, canning fruits, making preserves, packing pickles, and preparing jams and jellies; besides a score of other things to do, requiring skill without strength, and coming within the scope of woman's abilities.

MRS. ALMIRA H. LINCOLN PHELPS.

Mrs. Freeman, in her *Women of the South Distinguished in Literature*, makes mention of the fact that of the distinguished literary women of the United States, only two are members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Of these two, one is Northern—Maria Mitchell, the astronomer of Nantucket,—and one Southern—the subject of this paper.

Mrs. Phelps, *née* Hart, was born in Berlin, Connecticut, in the year 1793, and is the youngest of a large family. Her education was received partly from her sister, Mrs. Emma Willard, well known in school circles; and partly at the Seminary of Miss Hinsdale, at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. At nineteen she was married to Mr Simeon Lincoln, editor of *The Connecticut Mirror*, published in Hartford.

At the age of thirty she was left a widow with two children. This circumstance did much to bring out the vigorous self-reliance and untiring energy that have so eminently characterized her through her long life of literary and scientific usefulness. She at once set herself to a completion of her education, studied the ancient classics, the natural sciences, and drawing and painting; and then passed seven years combining study with teaching, in her sister's Seminary at Troy, New York.

In 1831 she became Mrs. Phelps by marriage with Hon. John Phelps of Vermont.

Eight years after this she was chosen to preside over the Female Seminary at West Chester, Pennsylvania; and in 1841 came to Baltimore, and established the Patapsco Female Institute. This institution was widely known as one of the first in the South, and its patronage was very extensive. She resigned the principalship of the institute after fourteen years of eminent success.

In 1849 Mrs. Phelps was again left a widow. Since the resignation of her position as head of her pet institute, she has resided in Baltimore, enjoying a retirement of ease and elegance. Mrs. Freeman thus gracefully refers to Mrs. Phelps in her present retirement:—

"She still holds herself in tender relation to her pupils, and not a week passes without bringing to her a kindly recognition from some one of her large family of intellectual daughters.

"Represented in every state of the Union by those flourishing offshoots of her institution, as well as by her valuable scientific works, surrounded by cultivated friends, she retains her youthful freshness and vigour, and demonstrates the art—so nearly a 'lost art' among American women—of 'growing old gracefully.' "

Mrs. Phelps has written books upon a great variety of subjects—dramas, tales, text-books, translations, lectures, lyrics, and dictionaries—and has done all with fair measure of success, and some with eminent ability. She has written also for the private stage; has contributed to an immense number of period-

icals; and has edited *The Patapsco Magazine*. Most of her scientific and class-books have been recently revised and some re-written. A Philadelphia house has just announced a new edition of several of these.

The following are the principal of Mrs. Phelps's works of various kinds:—

1. *Dolly Ann Grimes*. A drama for private theatricals.
2. *The Reformation*. A drama.
3. *Ida Norman, or Trials and Their Uses*. A tale with a moral.
4. *Lectures on Botany*, by Mrs. Lincoln, and known under her name.
5. *Familiar Lectures on Botany*, by Mrs. Lincoln.
6. A Supplement to *Lectures on Botany for Familiar Teaching of the Natural Sciences*. 1860.
7. *Botany for Beginners*, by Mrs. Lincoln.
8. *Lectures on Chemistry*.
9. *Manual of Chemistry*, by Mrs. Phelps (as are also the following.)
10. *Chemistry for Beginners*.
11. *Lectures on Natural Philosophy*.
12. *Philosophy for Beginners*.
13. *Dictionary of Chemistry*; a translation from the French with History of the Science.
14. *Geology for Beginners*.
15. *Female Student and Fireside Friend*.
16. *Caroline Westerly*. A juvenile story.
17. Translation of Madame Necker de Saussure's *Progressive Education*.
18. *A Mother's Journal*. A joint work by Mrs. Phelps and Mrs. Willard.
19. *Hours with My Pupils*.
20. *Christian Household*. A volume published for the benefit of the Baltimore Church Home.
21. *Our Country*. A duodecimo of 423 pages, containing contributions from other pens also, published in 1864, for the

benefit of the State Fair which was given in the interests of the Federal hospitals.

22. A number of articles sufficient to make a good-sized volume, contributed to *The National Quarterly Review*, upon *England under the Stuarts*, *Glance at the Fine Arts*, *Foreign Writers on America*, *Madame de Maintenon and her Times*, *The de Saussures*, *Popular Botany*, and a number contributed to the *Church Review*, among which are *Goethe, His Genius and Morals*, and *The Character and Writings of Mrs. Sigourney*.

23. Some poems of an elegaic character—one upon the death of Dr. William Darlington, the distinguished botanist; that of Col. Eugene Van Ness; and that of Charles Gilmore.

24. In 1866 before the American Association, of which she is a member, in the meeting at Buffalo, was read a paper written by her upon the late *Edward Hitchcock, the Christian Philosopher*.

25. A series of biographical sketches for the *Philadelphia Home Weekly*, under the general title of *Our Picture Gallery*—"sketches of public characters, women who have been prominent in social life, historical scenes, and so forth, with a spice of politics, glancing from the past to the present, and with friendly regards towards the South, giving radicalism an occasional squint." The series numbers near fifty, I believe, and is still going on.

It would probably do Mrs. Phelps a partial injustice to give specimens of her poetical composition; because that class of her literary work belongs to her girlhood and less mature years. Her reputation, now national and very high, rests upon graver works than her poetical Muse gave birth to.

The handwriting of Mrs. Phelps is very striking, indicating at first blush a singular youthfulness; and characterized by a degree of persistence and continuity that I have never seen to the same degree in the chirograph of woman. It is rather hastily written, but full, elaborate, and well digested.

ALBERT PIKE.

General PIKE is a native of Boston, and was born on Friday, the 29th of December, 1809. Of his father, our author says: "He was a journeyman shoemaker, who worked hard, paid his taxes, and gave all his children the benefit of an education," And that character is equal in dignity to an earldom. Until sixteen, Albert studied at the Academy of Farmington; then entered Cambridge, but, finding the expenses too heavy, he left and went to teaching. In 1831 he set out alone westward, then southward, and finally halted at Santa Fé. In a year or two he worked his way, by teaching and writing, to Little Rock, Arkansas, where he became editor of *The Advocate*. In 1834 he married, and about the same time was admitted to the bar. Little Rock, we believe, has been the theatre of his operations as a lawyer, *littérateur*, and politician since that time. He served with distinction in the Mexican war. His title of General comes from his service in the Confederate cause during the late war. He is to-day upon the editorial staff of the *Memphis Appeal*.

General Pike's literary productions are:—

1. *Poems and Prose Sketches*, which appeared about 1825, through a publishing house in Boston. The volume is miscellaneous, if not heterogeneous, containing prose and poetry—prose accounts of his western travels and adventures; and poetry that had accumulated during the preceding years, composed in wilds and solitudes, from Boston to Santa Fé. His preface to the book says: "What I have written has been a transcript of my own feelings; too much so, perhaps, for the purposes of fame. Writing has always been to me a communion with my own soul. These poems were composed in desertion and loneliness, and sometimes in places of fear and danger. My only sources of thought have been my own mind, and Nature, who has appeared to me generally in desolate guise and utter dreariness, and not unfrequently in sublimity."

2. *Hymns to the Gods.* These Hymns were originally written during the author's school-teaching days, when the classics were his daily food. They were first published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, during the year 1839; and, meeting with great favour there, were eagerly taken up here; and several years after—about 1853, I suppose—were envolumed. The Gods thus hymned are the veritable “grand old Gods of Rome”; such as Neptune, Apollo, Venus, Diana, Mercury, Bacchus, Ceres, and Somnus. While the names are Latin, there is much of the character of the Grecian divinities, the usual modern confusion of ideas properly quite clearly distinct. The *Hymns* are vigorous and full of thought; not of music, however.

3. *Nugæ*, by Albert Pike, printed for private distribution, appeared in 1854. Only a hundred and sixty copies were printed. This contains a collection of his miscellaneous poems, embracing the *Hymns to the Gods*.

I shall give, as an illustrative specimen of General Pike's verse, his lyric, *To the Mocking Bird*:—

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
 Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
 Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,
 Bright joyance of their song enthalls the ear
 And floods the heart. Over the sphered tombs
 Of vanished nations rolls thy music tide.
 No light from history's starlike page illumes
 The memory of those nations—they have died.
 None cares for them but thou, and thou mayst sing,
 Perhaps, o'er me, as now thy song doth ring
 Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Thou scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
 The world's turmoil and never-ceasing din,
 Where one from others no existence weaves,
 Where the old sighs, the young turns grey and grieves,
 Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within;
 And thou dost flee into the broad green woods,
 And with thy soul of music thou dost win

Their heart to harmony. No jar intrudes
Upon thy sounding melody. Oh, where,
Amid the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes ?

Ha ! what a burst was that ! The Æolian strain
Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the lone woods — and now it comes again —
A multitudinous melody — like a rain
Of glossy music under echoing trees,
Over a ringing lake. It wraps the soul
With a bright harmony of happiness,
Even as a gem is wrapt, when round it roll
Their waves of brilliant flame, till we become,
E'en with the excess of our deep pleasure, dumb,
And pant like some swift runner clinging to the goal.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
Amid the eloquent grandeur of the shades,
Alone with nature ; but it may not be.
I have to struggle with the troubling sea
Of human life, until existence fades
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
Through the thick woods and shadow-checked glades,
While nought of sorrow casts a dimness o'er
The brilliance of thy heart ; but I must wear,
As now, my garmenting of pain and care,
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain ? What though fond hopes deferred
Have overshadowed Youth's green paths with gloom !
Still, joy's rich music is not all unheard ;
There's a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,
To welcome me, within my humble home.
There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illumine !
Then why complain ? When death shall cast his blight
Over the spirit, then my bones shall rest
Beneath these trees ; and from thy swelling breast,
O'er them thy song shall pour like a rich flood of light.

The theme is highly poetical, but it admits of greater variety of tones in its utterance than General Pike has given it. Only the solemn *morale* can reconcile us to the want of imitative — onomatopoeitic — movement in the earlier portions of the poem. The measure is too stately. The poem has more thought, but less music than Judge Meek's *Mocking Bird*; more energy and pathos, but less playful fancy than *To the Mocking Bird* of Fortunatus Crosby; more earnestness, but less lyrical flexibility than a poem on the same subject by Richard Henry Wilde; more dignity, but less rhythmical polish than that of Rodman Drake; more accurate conception than those of Miss Hannah F. Gould, St. Leger L. Carter, or Charles Hubner; more completeness than the melodramatic touch of Henry Flash. Yet all these have done something well; and among them all General Pike's poem will endure with the most lasting.

General Pike seems to be, to a great extent, devoid of literary ambition, and falls with reluctance into the life editorial, which is too glaring and noisy for his quiet tastes and love of repose.

His chirograph is light, small, and very neat-looking; not very legible nor strong, but rapid, and yet short and round. It is an esthetical hand, indicating love of retirement and enjoyment of nature, especially in her solitudes; sensitiveness, culture, and a certain homeless self-reliance, that is in a strange way Poesque and bitter.

CHARLES A. PILSBURY.

Among the sprightliest of our young writers is Mr. PILSBURY of New Orleans. He is versatile, witty, and quick. Of delicate features, brown curly hair, and gentle bearing, he impresses a stranger as rather feminine; but the tone of his graver leaders in the morning paper, and his exhaustive statistical essays on political economy in *DeBow's Review*, are masculine enough. He is devoted to music; passionately fond of the opera; delights in

theatricals; has correct taste in the fine arts; sketches from nature; paints in oil and water colours; is ever ready with a *bon mot*; has a special partiality for the sea and nautical affairs generally; pets flowers, keeps them about him, and wears them; scorns not the rosy wine; appreciates "purple and fine linen"; wears fine jewelry; adores woman; and in general bestows a high and properly appreciative estimate upon the "good things of this life." He is a great favourite with both women of *esprit* and men of wit; and enjoys the Bohemian spirit of editorial life.

Mr. Pillsbury was born in 1839, and has led a roaming life from British America to Mexico. He spent two years in Texas, mostly in the Indian country. While in that region he wrote regularly for the New-Orleans press—also for other journals North and South—sketches, poetry, and correspondence from the wild West. In 1859, he crossed the plains into Utah, and spent some time with the army there. In 1859 or 1860 he became editor of the Halifax (Nova Scotia) *Morning Journal*, and continued in that position until the surrender of Lee, in 1865. *The Morning Journal* was the first newspaper in British America to espouse the Southern cause, and continued to advocate it unto the bitter end. It was popularly known as the "rebel" organ. Mr. Pillsbury at the same time contributed editorials on American affairs to *The Halifax Reporter*, and was a contributor to various colonial journals, and also correspondent of the London *Index*, the well-known Confederate organ in England. In 1865 he returned to New Orleans; and to-day writes contributory leaders for the New-Orleans *Times*, and also had therein, recently, a series of sketches, called *Pepita and I*, which have been highly praised. He writes statistical and politico-economical papers for *De Bow's Commercial Review*. He is engaged upon a novel, which promises to determine a position for him in literature proper; and those who know him best feel most confidence in that position's being a high one.

A little poem—*At the Ball*—is a peculiar mixture of the

naive, the common-place, and the *piquante*; and I give it as a specimen of his verse style:—

In the garden I plucked them;
Twin rosebuds on a single stem;
One for you and one for me—
How fresh and fair their petals be!

Winter winds had nipped and chilled them,
Cruel frosts had well nigh killed them,
But, despite the wintry weather,
Fair twin buds, they bloomed together.

When at the ball to-night we meet,
These shall be our emblems sweet—
All unknown to stranger eyes—
Of true love that never dies.

Yours lies nestled in your breast—
Happy flower to be so blest!
Mine in button-hole I'll twine
Above this captive heart of mine.

Now and then, as you are dancing,
O'er your shoulder you'll be glancing
Toward the flower which cruel fate
Thus has severed from its mate.

At each glance from out your eyes
Cupid's wingéd arrow flies,
Unseen, unthought of, save by one,
Yet it's mission's surely done.

As each keenly-pointed dart
Makes a target of my heart,
Out the crimson blood comes gushing,
And through all my veins is rushing.

While my neighbor, grey and prosy,
Wonders why I've grown so rosy.
He may wonder; little chance is
He will intercept our glances.

But I never dance, you know,
So while through the swift *galop*,
Polka, quadrille, or the lancers,
A peerless queen among the dancers,

Lightest, brightest, sweetest, best,
With my rose upon your breast,
Swift you glide with winning grace,
I look ever for your face.

One might take me for a statue
As I stand here looking at you;
Looking doubtless somewhat lonely,
As my thoughts are for you only.

Deaf and dumb to all around me —
By some potent spell you've bound me —
Steeled against the charms of all,
I stand here against the wall.

Doubtless people look, and wonder
"Who's that stupid fellow yonder,
Who seldom talks and never dances—
Ever stealing furtive glances,

As if looking, hoping, longing,
For some one to him belonging."
But these flowers they ne'er discover,
Worn by mistress and by lover.

.
When you rest your weary feet
I will come to you, my sweet,
Touch your hand, and say "Good-morning,"
For the day is nearly dawning.

WILLIAM S. PLUMER, D.D., LL.D.

Dr. PLUMER is at present Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina. He is a native, I believe, of western Penn-

sylvania; was educated at Washington College, Lexington, Virginia; has been pastor in Richmond, Petersburg, and Baltimore; was at one time, a Professor in Alleghany Seminary, in western Pennsylvania; was, during his ministry in Richmond, an editor also; married a lady of South Carolina; and moved to Columbia directly from Pottsville, Pennsylvania, whither he had been called to ministerial duties from Baltimore, where he had fallen into disfavour, in consequence of his moderate or conservative views in politics—rather, as I infer, because he declined to mix religion and politics in his ministry of the gospel. His published works are the following:—

1. *The Grace of Christ*. This volume appeared in 1849, issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, by which were also issued the four following:—

2. *The Law of God*. 1863.

3. *Saint and Sinner*.

4. *Words of Truth and Love*. 1867.

5. *The Ribbon Room*.

6. *Short Sermons for Little Children*. Published by the S. S. Union.

7. *The Church and her Enemies*. Issued by the Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, as were also the two following:—

8. *Rome Against the Bible*.

9. *The Bible Against Rome*.

10. *Thoughts Worth Remembering*. Published by the Methodist Book Concern, New York.

11. *The Bible True*. Published (also the two following) by the New-York Tract Society.

12. *Vital Godliness*. 1864.

13. *The Rock of our Salvation*. 1866.

14. *Jehovah-jireh*. 1865. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

15. *Studies in the Book of Psalms*. Same publishers. 1866.

Dr. Plumer (the word is pronounced *Plummer*) is noted for the practical character of his mind, and for the untiring industry

with which he pursues his vocation. He is spoken of by the critics as being rather positive than polemic in the manner of presenting his thoughts to the reader. He is an adoptive son of the South. Has a family.

MISS ELIZA JANE POITEVENT.

Under the *nom de plume* of *Pearl Rivers*, Miss POITEVENT has won a place of great favour in the hearts of our Crescent-City and Gulf-State readers. She is quite young and charming as a poet should be ; and is a native of Mississippi, the place of her nativity being near Pearl River, at Habolochitto, some thirty miles inland from Bay St. Louis.

A little over three years ago she made her appearance in print as a contributor to *The South*, a literary sheet then conducted, in New Orleans, by John W. Overall, Esquire. Since that time, she has been a constant contributor to the *N. O. Sunday Times*, *The Picayune*, and, more recently, to the *New-York Home Journal*. An editor of the Crescent City characterizes her style as "simple, delicate, and truthful"; and a reverend editorial critic of Nashville, himself a poet, thus speaks of her :—

"Her Muse inspires the deepest pathos, the most earnest sympathy of sorrow or of joy ; the softest, gentlest, sweetest breathings of love ; and her song is as easy, and mellow, and natural as the joy-notes of the lark soaring toward the empyrean ; or the mock-bird of her own sunny clime, as in exultant gyrations, or aerial flights he trills and carols his outgushing joys, or anon in the turtle's cooing notes, more plaintive, to be sure, but no less sweet, simple, natural."

One of Miss Poitevent's characteristic pieces is *Waiting*—a lyric very delicate, dreamy, and ideal—which quote entire :—

Down the golden shores of Sunset,
 On the silver Twilight strand,
 For my dark-eyed poet-lover
 I in dreamy waiting stand.

O'er the waters deep that part us,
 In the fairy barque of Thought,
 Winged with silken sails from Dreamland,
 By the hand of Fancy wrought,

He is floating, floating softly,
 Floating straight to love and me.
 Hark ! the mellow, mellow music
 Of his voice upon the sea.

Reason guides the fairy shallop,
 And his heart-throbs dip it low ;
 With a dreamy, dreamy motion,
 Rock it gently to, and fro.

He has passed the shoals of Pleasure,
 Though the sirens singing there
 Sought to bind him to their bosoms
 With their golden, golden hair.

And he brings a precious freightage,
 Sparkling gems of Poesie,
 Gathered from the Isles of Beauty,
 And this wealth is all for me !

All for me ! his chaste, his chosen,
 Standing by the Sunset-land,
 Like the spirit of a Lily
 On the silver Twilight strand !

As unlike *Waiting* as it is possible for Miss Poitevent to write or even conceive — and yet it is characteristic of her ideal nature — is *Only a Heart*, which I give as a counter-piece to the gentler melodies just quoted : —

Only a heart, a woman's heart ;
 Step on it ! crush it ! so !
 Bravely done, like a man, and true.
 Turn on your heel and go.

Only a heart ! Do not fear, my lord,
Nobody on earth is near
To come to the cry of the wounded thing,
And God is too far to hear !

Only a heart ! What matters it, pray,
My lord of the iron heel ?
Crush it again, with a pitiless smile ;
'Tis weakness, my lord, to *feel*.

Nay, stoop not to touch it, or soothe it, my lord,
With the balm of a gentle word.
So — so — coldly turn from the crushed, bleeding thing ;
It is only a heart, my lord.

Only a heart ! What harm is done ?
Let it bleed in the dust and moan,
Or stifle its anguish as best it may,
Or stiffen, my lord, into stone.

Only a heart ! It was fresh, and young,
And tender, and warm, I know.
As pure as the spirit of chastity,
My lord ; and it loved you so.

But nothing is lost. Let it die, my lord.
Let its death be quiet or slow.
Such hearts are plenty as summer leaves ;
We find them wherever we go.

Only a heart ! and for loving you so !
The cup that you gave let it drain
To the bitterest dregs. Let it quiver and bleed.
Let it beat a full rhythm of pain.

Nay ! Stay not to make it a grave, my lord ;
But back to your pleasures depart —
No blood on your hand, no stain on your soul ;
It was only a weak woman's heart !

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

Mr. POLLARD was during the war probably the most widely known journalist in the Confederacy; as the *Richmond Examiner*, of which he was one of the chief editors, was at the head of its class of journals. He was known as an opposition man; and his paper was fearless, independent, pungent, anti-administration, and able; and *par consequent*, was eminently popular, although the body of the people perhaps felt that its asperities were often too severe and its denunciatory criticisms of public affairs and officials sometimes misplaced.

Mr. Pollard was born on Monday, the 27th of February, 1832, in Nelson County, Virginia. His father, Hon. Richard Pollard, was for eight years United States Minister to Chili, under the appointment of President Jackson. His mother was a sister of Senator William C. Rives of Virginia. The relationship embraces the Cabells, a large and influential family in that state.

Our author was educated at the University of Virginia, where he graduated in some branches in 1849; and at William and Mary College, where he studied law under Judge Beverly Tucker, the eminent jurist. He was a great favourite of Judge Tucker, and imbibed from that source, no doubt, the tenor of his political views.

The occasion of Mr. Pollard's leaving William and Mary before graduation in law, furnishes an incident illustrative of his character. He was an opposition man at that early date. He led a revolt against a rule of college discipline which required the students to testify *privately*, in the Blue Room, as to their pranks and disorders. This mode of educing testimony had been long unpopular with the students, especially so with those of sensitive tone and Southern opinions of honour and truth. This movement required his withdrawal from the college, although he was not publicly expelled. Judge Tucker has left upon record the highest testimonials of his appreciation of the

great ability of his *élève*, and of his confidence in the promise of a brilliant future that lay before him. Mr. Pollard was at that time eighteen years of age.

After leaving William and Mary College he finished his law studies with Joseph J. Speed, Esquire, a celebrated lawyer of Baltimore. He emigrated to California, and shared the adventurous life incident to that wild region until 1853, when he directed his wanderings southward, spending sometime in northern Mexico, and again in Nicaragua; and at length returned to the States. He next spent two years in Washington City, where he was employed during Buchanan's administration as Clerk of the Judiciary Committee in the House of Representatives. At the breaking-out of the war he was without political employment, and was studying for the Episcopal ministry, having been admitted a candidate for holy orders by Bishop Meade of Virginia. The only interval that he had during his editorial labours was about eight months, when he was a prisoner in the North, having been captured at sea on his way to England on a literary mission. Since the war he has been devoted exclusively to literary pursuits.

In the summer of 1868, just at the opening of the presidential campaign, Mr. Pollard commenced the publication of a weekly called *The Political Pamphlet*. The principles of the journal were democratic. It survived only two weeks.

His works are:—

1. *Black Diamonds*. Published in New-York, 1859. It consists of sketches of negro slavery, anecdotes, illustrative scenes, etc., and went through two editions.

2. *Southern History of the War*. Appeared in 1866. It is a large work of two octavo volumes. During the progress of the war there appeared in Richmond successively, from year to year, the *First Year of the War*, *Second Year of the War*, and so on, four volumes. These volumes, retouched and extended to the close of the war, make up the above *History*.

3. *The Lost Cause*. This is the *magnum opus* of Mr. Pollard.

It appeared in New York, 1866; is an octavo of 750 pages, and sold very largely. The publishers claim to have half a million readers—a hundred thousand copies sold. The work has been translated into French.

4. *Observations in the North.* Ten months in prison and on parole. A duodecimo of about 160 pages.

5. A number of *brochures*, among which are *The Southern Spy*, a paper-cover volume of 120 pages; *The Rival Administrations*; *The Two Nations*; and *A Last Appeal to the People of the South*, published three or four days before the fall of Richmond.

6. *Lee and His Lieutenants.* Appeared in 1867; consists of biographies of the distinguished leaders of the Southern armies; an octavo of 852 pages, illustrated.

7. *Life of Thomas Jefferson.* Was announced for the spring of 1868. The author's design in producing a biography of Jefferson at this time and "in connection with the present political condition of the country," is "to make this connection and to apply the great lessons it contains."

8. *The Lost Cause Regained.* Appeared in 1868. It is a kind of pendant to *The Lost Cause*.

9. *Life of Jefferson Davis.* This work appeared in 1869.

FRANCIS PEYRE PORCHER, M.D.

Dr. PORCHER is a physician of distinction in Charlseton, South Carolina, and was born there about the year 1825. He received his academical education at the ancient Collegiate Institute of Mount Zion, at Winnsboro in his native state. He took his literary degree at the South Carolina College at Columbia in 1844. His degree in medicine he received from the Medical College at Charleston a few years later.

He has devoted himself with great assiduity and marked suc-

cess to botany as a branch of physics immediately adjunct to his profession. His writings bear almost exclusively upon that subject.

Dr. Porcher is of Huguenotic ancestry, and of a family among the first in Charleston.

His published works are :—

1. *A Sketch of the Medical Botany of South Carolina.* This is an octavo of 250 pages, published in Philadelphia in 1849. It is a report made to the American Medical Association at its sessions held in Baltimore and Boston; Dr. Porcher being at that time corresponding member of the Medical and Surgical and Obstetric Societies, of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, and of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. The work forms part—in volume second—of *The Transactions of the American Medical Association.*

2. *The Medical, Poisonous, and Dietetic Properties of the Cryptogamic Plants of the United States.* This is an octavo of 126 pages, published in 1854, in *The Transactions of the American Medical Association*, volume seventh, it being a report made to that association at its sessions held in Richmond and St. Louis.

3. *Illustrations of Disease with the Microscope.* This is a prize essay, to which the first prize of one hundred dollars, offered by the South Carolina Medical Association, was awarded, in February, 1860.

4. *Clinical Investigations, Aided by the Microscope and by Chemical Reagents*; “with microscopical observations of pathological specimens, medical and surgical, obtained in Charleston, South Carolina.” This was published under the auspices of the South Carolina Medical Association, in Charleston, in 1861; and is an octavo of 132 pages. Its title-page designates it as “a contribution intended to disclose the minute history of the diseases prevailing in that latitude, and to assist the future student; with upwards of 500 original drawings from nature made at the time of the observations.” The epigraph is from Linnaeus, and is aptly significant—*Natura maxime miranda in minimis.*

5. *Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests, Medical, Economical, and Agricultural*; being also a Medical Botany of the Confederate States, with practical information on the useful properties of the trees, plants, and shrubs. This is a Confederate book, and was published by order of the Surgeon-General in 1863, and is a stout octavo of over six hundred pages. The author has kept this work under his hands, and has a second and enlarged edition ready for the press.

6. *A Medico-Botanical Catalogue of the Plants and Ferns of St. John's, Berkeley, South Carolina*. This is Dr. Porcher's thesis offered for the degree of M.D. in 1847; and was published by the faculty of the Medical College of South Carolina.

While a lecturer on the Practice of Physic and on Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Charleston Preparatory School, in connection with Dr. D. J. Cain, Dr. Porcher edited *The Charleston Medical Journal and Review* through five volumes, and contributed largely to its pages.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Authors are often impelled to literary pursuits by some stringent necessity; or, wakened from the repose of happiness by some great suffering, find refuge and utterance in letters. This is especially true of women who have laboured in this field.

Among the exceptions to this rule, in our Southern female writers, is Mrs. Preston, most widely known now as the author of *Beechenbrook*, a poem. To her the Muse has not been a *medicina mali*, and hardly a *curæ requies*, as Ovid's was; nor has she had Poverty to string her lyre, as the chief of the Roman lyrists said of his own. That which she has written has been the pastime and not the serious business of her life. Her utterances have all been spontaneous, and always thrown into literary form with great rapidity and ease.

Mrs. Preston, *née* Junkin, is a daughter of the Rev. Dr.

Junkin, once President of Washingtonics immediately adjunct to Virginia. She is the wife of Colonel J. T. exclusively upon that in the Virginia Military Institute, himself a culture, taste, and vigour.

Mrs. Preston is too happily situated in life to have a biography—a happy wife; a proud mother; the mistress of a home of affluence and taste; gifted as a poet; a lady of culture, of position, and of illustrious ancestry,—her boat is gliding over smooth waters. She has, notwithstanding these pleasant surroundings, published two volumes, both of merit. They are these:—

1. *Silverwood: a Book of Memories*, was published by Derby & Jackson, New York, in 1856. It is not a sensational novel in any sense of that word, and did not succeed in any noisy way, but had a fair-success. Its story is of course, then, simple; but it is full of pathos, affection, and true life; often too sad to please the thoughtless; light in its easy and unstrained naturalness; teaching the lesson of resignation; sad, but hopeful; and, in fine, true to the epigraph selected by the author—"From the sessions of sweet, silent thought, I summon up remembrance." The life described is Southern, and the *manner* of the writer—I do not mean the style—is also unmistakably Southern.

2. *Beechenbrook: a Rhyme of the War*, is a narrative poem of sixty-five duodecimo pages, written during the war, in the midst, as it were, of the scenes described. Beechenbrook is a Southern homestead. The heroine is the mistress of that home. The hero is a Confederate officer who fights and dies in that cause; and the *theme* of the poem is that wife's experiences in equipping her husband for the field, in enduring the agony of home-suspense, in doing the all that our women did in those days, and in bowing as only woman can beneath the final stroke. The poem is full of action too; we have—to quote the language of the poem itself,—

The clangour of muskets, the flashing of steel,
The clatter of spurs on the stout-booted heel,

5. Resources of the South
Economic, and Agricultural
the Confederate
properties of
book, &c.

The waving of banners, the resonant tramp
Of marching battalions, — the fiery stamp
Of steeds in their war-harness, newly decked out,
The blast of the bugle, the hurry, the shout,
The terrible energy, eager and wild,
That lights up the face of man, woman, and child;
That burns on all lips, that arouses all powers. . .

There is much tension of soul in the book, and the climax arrangement is well managed:—

When we think we have touched the far limit at last,
One throe, and the point of endurance is passed;
When we shivering hang on the verge of despair,
There still is capacity left us to bear.

And this capacity is fully and freely tried throughout *Beechenbrook*.

The general movement of the verse is anapaestic, though it is relieved from time to time with lyrics in other measures. I here present one of these lyric interludes — the opening of Chapter ten:—

Break, my heart, and ease this pain;
Cease to throb, thou tortured brain;
Let me die, since he is slain —
Slain in battle!

Blessed brow, that loved to rest
Its dear whiteness on my breast;
Gory was the grass it prest —
Slain in battle!

Oh, that still and stately form!
Never more will it be warm;
Chilled beneath that iron storm —
Slain in battle!

Not a pillow for his head;
Not a hand to smooth his bed;
Not one tender parting said —
Slain in battle!

Straightway from that bloody sod,
Where the trampling horsemen trod,
Lifted to the arms of God, —
Slain in battle !

Not my love to come between,
With its interposing screen ;
Naught of earth to intervene —
Slain in battle ! —

Snatched the purple billows o'er,
Through the fiendish rage and rear,
To the far and peaceful shore —
Slain in battle !

Nunc demitte, thus I pray ;
What else left for me to say,
Since my life is reft away ?
Slain in battle !

Let me die, O God ! the dart
Drinks the life-blood of my heart ;
Hope, and joy, and peace, depart ! —
Slain in battle !

This sounds like the utterance of genuine feeling — sounds as if laden with terrible experience ; and did we not know that the poet suffered no such bereavement, we might readily conclude that it records a heart-known sorrow. I make this personal reference because it conveys an idea of the poetic art displayed in the production of *Beechenbrook*. None but a genuine artist can thus both create and utter such profound feeling.

A contemporary speaking of this poem characterises it as “a remarkable production, pervaded by an intense love of nature, and deep and touching pathos — one of those books, which, being written *from*, go *to* the heart of every reader.” And the characterization is eminently just.

Regulus is also a poem of power. The reference is patent. I quote entire : —

Have ye no mercy? Punic rage
 Boasted small skill in torture when
 The sternest patriot of his age —
 And Romans all were patriots then —
 Was doomed, with his unwinking eyes,
 To stand beneath the fiery skies,
 Until the sun-shafts pierced his brain,
 And he grew blind with poignant pain,
 While Carthage jeered and taunted. Yet,
 When day's slow-moving orb had set,
 And pitying Nature — kind to all —
 In dewy darkness bathed her hand,
 And laid it on each lidless ball,
 So crazed with gusts of scorching sand, —
 They yielded, — nor forbade the grace
 By flashing torches in his face.

II.

Ye flash the torches! Never night
 Brings the blank dark to that worn eye:
 In pitiless, perpetual light,
 Our tortured Regulus must lie!
 Yet tropic suns seemed tender; they
 Eyed not with purpose to betray;
 No human vengeance, like a spear
 Whetted to sharpness, keen and clear,
 By settled hatred, pricked its way
 Right through the bloodshot iris! Nay,
 Ye have refined the torment. Glare
 A little longer through the bars,
 At the bayed lion in his lair, —
 And God's dear hand, from out the stars,
 To shame inhuman man, may cast
 Its shadow o'er those lids at last,
 And end their aching, with the blest
 Signet and seal of perfect rest!

This is remarkably vigorous, suggestive, and free from affectations.

As a general lyric, womanly in its style, and womanly in its

theme, I present *Attainment*, which its author labels a *carmen natale*, and give it entire:—

Rare-ripe, with rich, concentrate sweetness,
All girlish crudities subdued,
You stand to-day in the completeness
Of your consummate womanhood.

The stem supports no pensile flower,
No merely graceful petalled shoot;
But all, through fostering sun and shower,
Devellops into perfect fruit.

And this is what we looked for: can it
Fail of such ends, in Nature's law,
Who marvels at the full pomegranate,
That watched the blossom free from flaw!

Yet 'tis not only summer weather
That purples o'er the laden vine;
Fierce heats, slant rains combine together,
To fill the grapes with golden wine.

We heed too carelessly, the uses
Of the rude buffets of the wind;
Or how they stir the quickened juices
Or crimson tint the fruity rind.

E'en while we mark the mellowed graces,
The ripened heart, the mind mature,
We disallow the trials' traces
That wrought results so high and pure.

We learn through suffering: 'tis the story
World-old and weary; and we know,
Though we renounce the wisdom hoary,
That all our tests will prove it so.

You've conned the lesson: every feature
Is instinct with the dear-bought lore:
You comprehend how far the creature
Can meet the creature's need; and more

Then this; you've gauged and weighed the human,
 With just, deliberate, firm control,
 And found the perfect poise of woman,
 The pivot-balance of her soul.

And thus, sustained and strengthened by it,
 You front the future: bring it balm,
 Or bring it bitter, — no disquiet
 Shall mar the inviolable calm.

Let the years come! They shall but double
 God's benison within your breast:
 Nor time, nor care, nor change shall trouble
 The halcyon of this central rest.

Mrs. Preston's translation of the famous *Dies Ira*, published in 1855, is full of earnest and musical versification. It commences:—

Oh! that day—that day of ire!
 Earth shall be dissolved in fire—
 Witness seer's and David's lyre.

The whole translation is well sustained.

Of sonnets—where so many fail—Mrs. Preston has written several with fair success. Her characteristic excellence consists in a judicious selection of a theme suited to sonnetic expression; and in not attempting to bend themes indiscriminately into such form. I give *Non Dolet* as a fair illustration of her sonnet:—

When doubt, defeat, and dangers sore beset
 The Roman Arria, —yielding to the tide
 Of ills that overwhelmed on every side,
 With unheroic heart, that could forget
 'Twas cowardice to die, she dared and met
 The easier fate: and luring, sought to hide,
 For her beloved's sake—true woman yet!—
 The inward anguish, with a wifely pride.
 Not so our Southern Arria!—in the face

Of deadlier woes, she dared to live, and wing
 Hope out of havoc: till the brave control,
 Pathetic courage, and most tender grace
 Of her "*non dolet*" nerved her husband's soul,
 Won him to life, and dulled e'en failure's sting!

Mrs. Preston's chirograph is eminently illustrative of combined delicacy, clearness, and vigour — self-assertion and a directness of thought, feeling, and action, decidedly *prononcé*.

MRS. ELIZA LOFTON PUGH.

A novel with the title of *Not a Hero* appeared in 1867 of which Mrs. Pugh of Louisiana was announced as the author. It was the initial number of a series of "select novels by Southern authors" gotten up in cheap style.

THOMAS N. RALSTON, D.D.

Among the theological works of the Methodist Episcopal Church, *The Elements of Divinity* — a good-sized octavo — by Dr. Ralston, ranks very high, if not the highest in its line. The same writer also edited an edition of Bishop Bascom's *Posthumous Works*.

HENRY S. RANDALL.

The only work I find by this author is *A Life of Thomas Jefferson* in three octavo volumes, which appeared in 1858. It is a work of great labour, and is *the* Life of Jefferson for all Southern men. A work entitled *Sheep Husbandry; with an account of the different breeds and general directions in regard to management*, appeared in 1859, from a New-York house, under the name of this author.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

The timeliest war-song of the South during the War of Secession was *Maryland*. Not the Greek Tyrtæus, nor the German Körner, nor the Italian Berchet, nor the Irish Mangan ever dashed off as opportune a lay; and only Rouget de l'Isle has been more fortunate in that regard.

Maryland bears date of April, 1861. The world does not need to be told why at that date this poem found an echo in the hearts of seven millions of people.

The name of the author of *Maryland*, *My Maryland*, stands at the head of this paper.

The song was published with music in Baltimore; the air being that of an old German Burschen-lied, commencing, —

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Wie grün sind deine Blätter! —

The song was sung in every drawing-room in the South.

The metre and tone of this song is in some degree like those of *The Karamanian Exile*, one of James Clarence Mangan's characteristic poems "(from the Ottoman)," as he puts it forth, commencing, —

I See thee ever in my dreams, Karaman!

The song was opportune. Such words as these were stirring in those days: —

Hark to a wandering son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

And these words burn and blaze with the passion of aroused and indignant genius :—

Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Maryland lived a year or two in the heart of a struggling and hoping people ; but passed out from those hearts, when they ceased to feel the hope that found utterance in the song.

Then it was parodied and burlesqued, and became the scoff and rally of a camp rabble. Yet all that while it thrilled many a heart at home, where the ribaldry of camp could never come ; and it thrills many a heart in those homes to-day.

Twin sister of song with *Maryland* is *There's Life in the Old Land Yet*. This latter appeared, I believe, before a poem with the same name, having the same refrain and almost the same theme, by Frank Key Howard. Both poems have high merit, and one has the demerit of being a little too much like the other.

Like these, but more definitely warlike, is *The Battle-cry of the South*, than which no more stirring voice ever rose from the heart of Southern poet. It stands with Timrod's *Cry to Arms* and Hayne's *Black Flag*, and compares to advantage with either ; and recalls the impulsive fire of Arndt, whose fatherland-lays filled the hearts of his people.

Of war tone and colouring are also *Fort Pillow*—an indignant and defiant outburst of outraged feeling, which some consider the author's best poem.—and *The Lone Sentry*,

One of the best of the war-songs of the South is *John Pelham*—best in its simple pathos, its catholic interest, its classic grace, and its happiness of allusion. Its pure and earnest humanity has touched a million hearts over which passed unnoted the blaring clarion-notes of many a blood-and-thunder war-song, that we are

to find treasured in the collections. I give this little poem entire:—

Just as the spring came laughing through the strife,
With all its gorgeous cheer;
In the glad April of historic life—
Fell the great cannoneer.

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath
His bleeding country weeps;
Hushed, in the alabaster arms of death,
Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Grandeur and nobler than the child of Rome,
Curbing his chariot steed,
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle's brunt—
The champion of the truth—
He bore his banner to the very front
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres 'mid Virginia's snow,
The fiery pang of shells, —
And there's a wail of immortal woe
In Alabama dells.

The pennon droops that led the sacred band
Along the crimson field;
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand,
Over the spotless shield!

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face,
While, round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber, flashed the grace
Of a divine surprise.

O mother of a blessed soul on high,
Thy tears may soon be shed!
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky,
Among the Southern dead!

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,
 Fevered with swift renown—
 He, with the martyr's amaranthine wreath,
 Twining the victor's crown.

The *Cobra Capello* is in quite a different vein:—

Beautiful! yes, for her basilisk eyes
 Glean out when the features are luscious and mellow,
 Beautiful! yes, but adown the disguise
 I detect just a tinge of the *Cobra Capello*.

And I think Mother Eve looked exactly like this
 When she played such a prank on uxorious Adam;
 I've a chronic dislike to a serpentine kiss,
 And never eat apples in any style, madam.

Beautiful! yes, as she paddles her fan
 'Mid the brodered lagoons of her robe of white muslin;
 And the tight little boot taps a quick rataplan,
 In a way most piratical, not to say puzzling.

She prates to Tom Noddy, the handsome young goose,
 Of Don Trombonnetti, divine on the flute;
 And then, with a smile that's as arch as—the dame,
 Quotes pert panegyrics on somebody's foot!

She'll sing you a hymn or tell you a fib
 (Just one of those cynical, feathery trifles),
 And then, with a smirk that I think rather glib,
 Sigh after some monster that left with the Rifles.

She vows I'm a miracle walking with men—
 (Ugh! I swallow it all with a groan and a cough)
 For I know that most women are comical, when
 Their night-caps are on and the visitors off!

Aye! rattle ahead and prattle away,
 But, in sepulchered thought, I brood over another;
 We parted, alas! about nine months to-day,
 And we never must meet again—somehow or other.

They tell me, poor bird, it is painful to see
How you've changed, since we rode in the hot summer weather—
And oh, if I felt you were pining for me,
I'd hew me a path that would bring us together!

In your solitude still do you sing the old songs!
O, the "Long weary day!" shall it cease for us never?
But here, in the ruck of the sumptuous throngs,
Your name in my lone heart is sacred forever!

Ah me! I am chill, for 'tis fearful to sit
By the Cobra, when languished with tenderer matters—
Ha! I see that my secret is guessed—every bit—
For she's nibbling her lip, and the fan is—in tatters.

Beautiful! yes, but I shall not succumb,
Though wifeless from Beersheba to Dan;
Heigho! if my heart were but under her thumb,
She'd crumple it too, like the innocent fan!

The Cameo Bracelet—produced before the fall of New Orleans, where he was then residing—is thought by many to be his best general poem. Our readers may judge:—

Eva sits on the ottoman there,
Sits on a Psyche carved in stone,
With just such a face and just such an air
As Esther upon her throne.

She's sifting lint for the brave who bled,
And I watch her fingers float and flow
Over the linen, as thread by thread,
It flakes to her lap like snow.

A bracelet clinks on her delicate wrist,
Wrought as Cellini's were at Rome,
Out of the tears of the amethyst
And the wan Vesuvian foam.

And full on the bauble-crest alway,
A cameo image, keen and fine,
Gleams thy impetuous knife, Corday,
And the lava-locks are thine.

I thought of the war-wolves on our trail,
 Their gaunt fangs sluiced with goutts of blood,
 Till the Past, in a dead, mesmeric veil,
 Drooped with its wizard flood;

Till the surly blaze through the iron bars
 Shot to the hearth with a pang and cry,
 While a lank howl plunged from the Champ de Mars
 To the Column of July;

Till Corday sprang from the gem, I swear,
 And the dove-eyed damsel I knew had flown;
 For Eva was not on the ottoman there
 By Psyche carved in stone.

She grew like a Pythoness, flushed with fate,
 'Mid the incantation in her gaze,
 A lip of scorn, an arm of hate,
 A dirge of the Marseillaise!

Eva, the vision was not wild
 When wreaked on the tyrants of the land—
 For you were transfigured to Nemesis, child,
 With the dagger in your hand!

Stone Apples is an allegory of startling vividness, and of a brilliant antithesis that reminds one of Owen Meredith. *A Sunday Revery* is as quiet as an idyl and yet rich in melody and fancies charming as this:—

The pulse of Nature throbs anew,
 Impassioned of the sun;
 The violet, with eyes of blue,
 As modest as a nun.

This is dainty, notwithstanding the comparison of the violet to the nun has—by Timrod, Theo. Hill and possibly others, to say nothing of Hood—been made before. The poet speaks from his exile—away from *My Maryland* again—and this reference is to the “grand cathedral notes” that his boyhood had heard, “from out the minster eaves” of his home church:—

Vibrating to each sturdy tone,
 My soul remembers well
 The mild Madonna's statue-stone
 Within its ivory cell;

The ritual read, the chaunting done,
 The belfry music rolled,
 And all my faith, like Whittington,
 Was in the tales it told.

And oh, I feel as men must feel
 Who have not wept for years!
 Upon my cheek behold the seal
 Of consecrated tears.

A mighty Sabbath calm is mine
 That baffles human lore,
 A resurrection of Lang Syne,
 A guiltless child once more!

And mother's school-boy with his mines,
 This beamy Sunday morn,
 Forgets the grim tumultuous times
 That hardened him in scorn.

I remember nothing more touching in this direction—the mingling of memories of childhood, of mother and of innocence, with the peaceful scenes of manhood's folly-stained records of to-day; the flying back to childhood and its sweet innocence upon the wings of a dreamy memory—I remember nothing more touching than this since the *Better Moments* of Willis, who sang:—

I can forget her melting prayer
 While leaping pulses madly fly,
 But in the still, unbroken air,
 Her gentle tones come stealing by—
 And years, and sin, and folly flee,
 And leave me at my mother's knee;

and again :—

Have felt my mother's spirit rush
 Upon me as in by-past years,
 And, yielding to the blessed gush
 Of my ungovernable tears,
 Have risen up—the gay, the wild—
 Subdued and humble as a child.

I beg leave to present one more little lyric in a different vein, and illustrative of another phase of Mr. Randall's mind. It is *Magdalen*—brimful of charity, purity, and poetry :—

The Hebrew girl with flaming brow,
 The banner-blush of shame,
 Sinks at the Saviour's sinless feet
 And dares to breathe His name.
 From the full fountains of her eyes
 The lava globes are rolled—
 They wash His feet, she spurns them off
 With her ringlet scarf of gold.

The Meek One feels the eloquence
 Of desolating prayer,
 The burning tears, the suppliant face,
 The penitential hair;
 And when, to crown her brimming woe,
 The ointment box is riven—
 "Rise, daughter, rise, much hast thou loved,
 Be all thy sins forgiven!"

Dear God ! the prayers of good and pure,
 The canticles of light,
 Enrobe thy throne with gorgeous skies,
 As incense in thy sight.
 May the shivered vase of *Magdalen*
 Soothe many an outcast's smart,
 Teaching what fragrant pleas can spring
 From out a broken heart.

Here and there we find a touch of rare power. This, from *The Lone Sentry*, is a fine picture of Stonewall Jackson :—

A grave and solemn man was he,
 With deep and sombre brow;
 The dreamful eyes seemed hoarding up
 Some unaccomplished vow;
 The wistful glance peered o'er the plain,
 Beneath the starry light;
 And with the murmured name of God
 He watched the camp that night.

This picture of "revelry by night," is worthy of Owen Meredith:—

Mid the shimmer of lamps and the redowa's dash,
 Where the trumpet the trick-tongued song salutes;
 'Mid the flutter of gauze and the diamond's flash—
 'Mid the masquerade of flutes.

It is vivid, onomatopoeic, and suggestive.

One feels the sensuous rapture and whirl of the *valse ravis-*
sante in such a verse as this:—

The vivid, voluptuous waltz is done,

Though Mr. Randall has not published a volume of poems yet, and has written but little comparatively, and though he writes too much by impulse and with too little system, yet there need be no hesitation in ranking him very high among the young poets of the South.

As a prose-writer—rather, I should say, as a writer of prose—Mr. Randall is forcible and clear; and this is saying a great deal. His editorial pen is apt, bold, and direct. I am not aware that he has contributed anything to our prose literature outside of his ephemeral pennings for the daily press.

James Ryder Randall was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on New-Year's day of 1839. His lineage is French and English, "with a dash of Irish." He received a good classical education at Georgetown (D. C.) College, a Catholic institution. When quite a young man he went to Louisiana, and for some time edited a newspaper at Point Coupée; and from that place re-

moved to New Orleans, where he was engaged upon *The Sunday Delta*, a literary weekly. It was at this period that he wrote *Eidolon*, *Maryland*, and *The Cameo Bracelet*, upon the occupation of New Orleans by the Federal forces in 1862. At a period some months later we find him assigned to duty in Augusta, Georgia, where he wrote *There's Life in the Old Land Yet* and *The Battle-cry of the South*. Later he was on duty at Wilmington, North Carolina. At the close of the war he went again to Augusta, where he became associate editor and afterwards—in 1866—editor in chief of *The Constitutionalist*, which position he now holds. Is married.

The *personnel* of Mr. Randell is striking. He is of medium height—five feet ten, probably—rather slender, with shoulders broad but not erect. His head is large and well formed; nose Roman, or Syro-Roman, and prominent; eyes large and dark, hair black, and complexion Italian. The *pose* of his head is good; and the expression of the face, the head, the eye, and the man in general, is that of the poet that he is.

In disposition he is gentle, quiet, amiable, sensitive; a bit dreamy; and bears the impress of culture, abated a little by something like indolence.

He does not write much of late; cultivates the domestic virtues; is happy in them; needs stirring occasions to rouse his Muse to activity. In conversation he is ready; happy in bandying trite quotations, good upon a pun, and quick and facile at illustrative reference to history and fiction.

His chirograph is neat, delicate, and fluent; too rapid; is irregular, with a perceptible dash at display, indicating a sensitive temperant with quick powers that want composure and uniformity.

INNES RANDOLPH.

As a writer of occasional poems of spirit, pith, and humour, Mr. Randolph of Richmond, Virginia, stands very high. There is in most that he writes a facility in versification and a certain *grotesquerie* of image that remind one forcibly of the famous *Ingoldsby Legends*.

The poem that gave Mr. Randolph the greatest *éclat* was one for which the opportuneness of the theme did more than the merits of the production. It is entitled *I'm a Good Old Rebel*, and has a happy vein of broad humour, but is far inferior to both the following poems.

The former, entitled *Chief Justice Marshall on the Stand*, was produced upon the occasion of placing on its pedestal the statue of Chief Justice Marshall in front of the capital in Richmond.

We are glad to see you, John Marshall, my boy,
So fresh from the chisel of Rogers,
So take your stand on the monument there,
Along with the other old codgers,

With Washington, Jefferson, Mason, "and such,"
Who sinned with a great transgression,
In the old-fashioned notions of freedom and right,
And their hatred of wrong and oppression,

But you've come rather late to your pedestal, John;
Things are much changed since you've been here,
For the volume you hold is no longer the law,
And this is no longer Virginia.

The old Marshall law you expounded of yore
Is no longer at all to the purpose;
And the "martial law" of the new brigadier
Is stronger than *habeas corpus*.

So shut up the volume you hold with such care,
For the days of the law are over;
And it needs all your brass to be holding it there,
With "Justice" inscribed on the cover.

Could life awaken the limb of bronze
 And blaze in the tarnished eye,
 What would ye do with a moment of life,
 Ye men of the days gone by?
 Would ye chide us or pity us, blush or weep,
 Ye men of the days gone by?

Would Jefferson tear up the scroll he holds,
 That time has proven a lie?
 Would Marshall shut up the volume of law,
 And lay it down with a sigh?

Would Mason roll up the Bill of Rights
 From a race unworthy to scan it,
 And Henry dash down the patriot's sword,
 And clang it against the granite?

And Washington, seated in massy strength,
 On his charger that paws the air;
 Could he see his sons in their deep disgrace,
 Would he ride so proudly there?

He would get him down from his big brass horse,
 And cover his face with shame,
 For the land of his birth is now "District One"—
 Virginia was once the name.

The second poem is longer, and is more fairly illustrative of the peculiar vein of Mr. Randolph's Muse. It is entitled *A Fish Story; a Parable without a Moral*. I give it entire:—

In the Chesapeake and her tribute streams,
 Where broadening out to the bay they come,
 And the great fresh waters meet the brine,
 There swims a fish that is called the drum—
 A fish of wonderful beauty and force,
 That bites like a steel trap and pulls like a horse,
 He is heavy of girth at the dorsal fin,
 But tapering downward keen and thin;
 Long as a salmon, if not so stout,
 And springy and swift as the mountain trout;

For often at night, in a sportive mood,
 He comes to the brim of the moonlit flood,
 And tosses a glittering curve aloft,
 Like the silver bow of the god—then soft
 He plashes deliciously back in the spray,
 And tremulous circles go spreading away.
 Down by the marge of the York's broad stream,
 An old darkey lived, of the ancient *regime*,
 His laugh was loud, though his lot was low,
 He loved his old master and hated his hoe.
 Small and meagre was this old Ned,
 For many long winters had frosted his head,
 And bated his force and vigour;
 But though his wool all white had become,
 And his face wrinkled up like a wash-woman's thumb,
 And his back was bent, he was thought by some

A remarkably hale old nigger.
 But he suffered, he said, with a steady attack
 Of "misery in de head and pain in de back,"
 Till his old master gave him his time to himself,
 And the toil-worn old bondsman was laid on the shelf.
 Though all philanthropists clearly can see
 The degrading effects of slavery,
 I can't help thinking that this old creature
 Was a great advance on his African nature,
 And straighter of shin and thinner of lip
 Than his grandsire that came in the Yankee ship.
 Albeit bent with the weary toil
 Of sixty years on a "slave-trodden" soil,
 Untaught and thriftless and feeble of mind,
 His life was gentle, his heart was kind;
 He lived in a house, he loved his wife,
 He was higher far in his hopes and his life,
 And a nobler man, with his hoe in his hand,
 Than an African prince in his native land.
 For perhaps the most odious thing upon earth
 Is an African prince in the land of his birth,
 With his negative calf and his convex shin,
 Triangular teeth and his pungent skin,
 So bleated of body, so meagre of limb,
 Of passions so fierce and of reason so dim,

So cruel in war, and so torpid in peace,
 So strongly addicted to entrails and grease,
 So partial to eating by morning light
 The wife that had shared his repose over night;
 In the blackest of black superstitions demented,
 In his horrible rites to his beastly god,
 With their bloody and loathesome and hideous mystery—
 But that has nothing to do with the fish-story.
 Happy old Edward—his labour was done,
 With nothing to do but sit in the sun,
 And free to follow his darling wish
 Of playing his fiddle and catching his fish.
 He had earned his play-time with labour long,
 And so, like the other old Ned of the song,
 “He had laid down the shovel and the hoe,
 And caught up the fiddle and the bow.”

Now I cannot say:

That his style of play
 Would suit the salons of the present day,
 For the *four de force* of the great Paganini
 Have never found favour in old Virginny;
 He never played a tune that went slow,
 For he perfectly scorned an adagio,
 But with eyes half closed, and a time-beating toe,
 His elbow squared, and his resinous bow
 Not going up high, nor going down low,
 But sawing steadily just in the middle—

He played by the rule

Of the strictest school
 Of the old-fashioned, plantation nigger fiddle.
 And now if that fiddle is heard no more,
 Nor the corn-shucking laugh, nor the dance of yore,
 When the rhythmical beat
 Of hilarious feet

Struck the happy “hoe-down” on the cabin floor;
 But deserting those cabins in discontent,
 And thinking it free to be indolent,
 They leave the fields of the rice and the maize,
 And huddle in cities to die of disease;
 If the Christian hymn forgotten should be,
 And idols be raised by the great Pender;

Or if, misted by villainous men,
To enact the mad scenes of Jamaica again,
They fall, as they must, in the deadly assault,
We only can say that it wasn't our fault.
For the South did certainly try her best
To rescue them from the philanthropist,
In a strife that shall redden the page of history—
But that has nothing to do with the fish-story.
To return, old Ned went fishing one day,

And out on the blue,

In his dug-out canoe,

He carried his fiddle along to play.

Long he fished with his nicest art,

There came not a nibble to gladden his heart;

So he tied his line to his ankle tight,

To be ready to haul if a fish should bite,

And seized his fiddle. So sweet did he play

That the waves leaped up in a laugh of spray,

And dimpled and sparkled as if to move

To invisible water-nymphs dancing above,

Reminding one, as he fiddled there,

Of the charming little Venetian air—

"Pesceator dell'onda—Fidulin."

But slower and slower he drew the bow,

And soft grew the music, sweet and low,

The lids fell wearily over the eyes,

The bow-arm stopped, and the melodies;

The last strain melted along the deep,

And Ned, the old fisherman, sank to sleep.

Just then a huge drum, sent thither by fate,

Caught a passing glance at the tempting bait,

And darted upon it with greedy maw,

And ran the hook in his upper jaw.

One terrible jerk of wrath and dread

From the wounded fish as away he sped;

With a strength by rage made double,

And into the water went old Ned—

Not time for any "last words" to be said,

For the waves settled placidly over his head,

And his last remark was a bubble.

Let us veil the struggle beneath the brine,

Of the darting fish and the tangling line.
The battle, of course, was a short one, since
Old Ned, not gifted with gills or fins,
And, down in the waves, was as much out of place
As a mermaid would be in a trotting race;
And motionless soon at the bottom he lay,
As mute as the fiddle that floated away.
They were washed ashore by the heaving tide,
And the fishermen found them side by side,
In a common death and together bound
In the line that circled them round and round,
So looped and tangled together
That their fate was involved in a dark mystery,
As to which was the catcher, and which the catchee;
For the fish was hooked hard and fast by the gill,
And the darkie was lassoed around the heel,
And each had died by the other !
And the fishermen thought it could never be known,
After all their thinking and figuring,
Whether the nigger a fishing had gone,
Or the fish had gone out a niggering.

In Mr. De Leon's *South Songs* appears only one selection from Mr. Randolph's pen — *A General Invitation* — which is a punning roll of a dozen or more Confederate Generals. It has humour, but no poetry in it.

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER.

Mr. REQUIER is of French descent, and was born in Charleston, South Carolina. He was educated in his native city, and adopted law as his profession, being admitted to the bar at the early age of nineteen. Three years before that time, however, he had appeared before the public as an author. He practiced law a short time in Charleston; then moved to Marion Court-house, in the eastern portion of the state, continuing his profession there

for four or five years; and then, in 1850, removed to Mobile, Alabama, where, in 1853, he was appointed United States Attorney for the Southern District of Alabama. During the war of secession he held the office of Confederate States Attorney for Alabama. At the close of the war, after a residence of fifteen years in Mobile, he removed North, and is now practicing law in the city of New York.

Upon the occasion of his departure from Mobile to New York a journal of the former city thus gracefully spoke of him :—

“It is natural that we should grant grudgingly what we cannot afford to part with ; and, in the present case we thus constrainedly contribute a jurist of eminent skill, energy, and acquirements ; an orator who blends the impassioned fervour of Prentiss with the laboriously informed acumen of Pinckney ; a *littérateur* whose productions are foremost amongst those which illustrate the artistic resources of his section ; and last, but not least, a gentleman whose amiable deportment and refined manners are the genuine reflex of a soul incapable of guile.”

In person, Mr. Requier is a small man, nervous, and quick-moving ; has black eyes, beard, and hair ; speaks with earnestness and with lively play of features ; is scrupulously nice in person, elegant and attractive in manners, and rather French in general style ; is married, and has a family.

His chirograph, like his mind, is a model of neatness, compactness and clearness. A never-wearying will seems to run like a thread through his ornate and uniform handwriting. This style of penmanship always accompanies minds that are both earnest in logical habits and fastidious in matters of taste. He punctuates, as he thinks, with remarkable exactness and scrupulous attention to the niceties of that difficult art. He does nothing carelessly. His chirography is calligraphy.

As an author, Mr. Requier—he is popularly known as *Judge Requier*—has produced the following works :

1. *The Spanish Exile*. A play in blank verse, which was pub-

lished in the author's seventeenth year. It enjoyed a fair popularity and was acted with success.

2. *The Old Sanctuary*. A pre-revolutionary romance, of which the scene is in South Carolina. It was published a year or two subsequent to the preceding, and makes quite a small volume.

3. *Marco Bozzaris*. A tragedy.

4. *Poems*. A duodecimo volume, published by Lippincott in 1859, of which the initial poem is *Crystalline*. This volume is an eclectic one, made up of the author's miscellaneous poems, written at various times.

In the course of a year or two Mr. Requier proposes to issue another volume of a similar character, to embrace, also, poems written since 1859.

The list of his works shows us that Mr. Requier has exercised his powers in several departments. He has devoted his attention, and with success, to fiction, the drama, law, the essay, and the lecture; but in none of these has he taken a position so marked and distinctive as he has in the domain of lyric poetry—using that term in its widest sense.

He stands before the world as a poet, and it is in this capacity, especially, that I propose to consider his claims to distinction as a *littérateur*.

Mr. Requier has written for the few—the select and the cultivated. He is in no sense a Burns, a Dupont, a Bürger, or a Berchet. He is as nearly as possible the antipodal of Hudibras Butler, Kortum, Scarron, and that style of thinkers. Cultivated and sensitive himself, he has tastes that separate him from the many. His genius is chaste, logical, vigorous, ideal, and subjective. In chastened energy, ideal purity, and symmetrical art, he stands clearly first among the poets of the South. He has less sensuous fervour than Hayne; less geniality and naturalness than Timrod; less melodramatic *verve* and brilliant antithesis than Flash; and less dash and graceful fire than Randall; but at the same time he has more suggestive ideality, greater philosophical art, and a more elevated range of thought than any of them. He

is metaphysical, and in the same degree removed from the sensuous and the popular. In this he bears some relation to Shelley in English, and Lenau in German. His poems will rarely be sung in drawing-rooms, and never in the streets. His is not the lyrical fire of Béranger, nor the lyrical facility of Moore; nor has he aught of the popularity of Elliott, nor of the simplicity of Wordsworth.

I propose to give some specimens of his lighter verse, before taking up the longer and superior, though less popular poems.

In the way of light and playful fancy, these stanzas, entitled *Who Was It?* are dainty and pleasing:—

I met — when was it? Oh! between
 The sunset and the morn
 Of one indelible day as green
 As memory's oldest born.
 I met her where the grasses grow —
 Away from tower and town —
 Whose gypsy bonnet clipt the glow
 Of chestnut isles of brown!

I asked the rose to breathe her name;
 She pouted and she said,
 She could not speak of her who came
 To pale her richest red.
 I asked the lily, ripple-rimmed —
 A flake-like curve of snow —
 She sighed her glory had been dimmed
 By one she did not know.

I stooped beside a tufted bed
 Of leaflets moist with dew,
 Where one sweet posy hung its head
 Of deep, divinest blue;
 And asked the violet if her power
 Could reach that spell of flame.
 She smiled, "I am her favourite flower,
 And — Lizzie! — is her name"

To the indifferent reader of verse the following exquisite utterance of a soul filled with that divinest of all human themes will probably suggest Morris's *Near the Lake*; because there is a lake, a maiden, a love, and a death, in both. The *theme*, the metre, and the rhythm, are all different, however; and in all these respects the true artist will recognise the vast superiority of this, which Mr. Requier calls *Only a Dream*:—

By the lake beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow —
As the young moon dipt and lifted
Her reflected bow ! —
Lived and died a dream of beauty,
Many years ago.

Something made the milk-white blossoms
Even whiter grow ;
Something gave the dying sunset
An intenser glow,
And enriched the cup of rapture,
Filled to overflow.

Hope was frail, and Passion fleeting —
It is often so ;
Visions born of golden sunsets
With the sunsets go :
To have loved is to have suffered
Martyrdom below !

By the lake beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow —
O ! the glory there that perished,
None shall ever know —
When a human heart was broken,
Many years ago !

Among the sad utterances of lament for a lost cause — the threnodies of a sorrowing South in her recent defeat, and the furling and folding of her conquered banner — Mr. Requier's *Ashes of Glory* holds honourable place. I give it entire :—

Fold up the gorgeous silken sun,
By bleeding martyrs blest,
And heap the laurels it has won
Above its place of rest.

No trumpet's note need harshly blare —
No drum funereal roll —
Nor trailing sables drape the bier
That frees a dauntless soul !

It lived with Lee, and decked his brow
From Fate's empyreal Palm :
It sleeps the sleep of Jackson now —
As spotless and as calm.

It was outnumbered — not outdone ;
And they shall shuddering tell,
Who struck the blow, its latest gun
Flashed ruin as it fell.

Sleep, shrouded Ensign ! — not the breeze
That smote the victor tar,
With death across the heaving seas
Of fiery Trafalgar ;

Not Arthur's knights, amid the gloom
Their knightly deeds have starred ;
Nor Gallic Henry's matchless plume,
Nor peerless born Bayard ! —

Not all that antique fables feign
And Orient dreams disgorge ;
Nor yet the Silver Cross of Spain
And Lion of St. George

Can bid thee pale ! Proud emblem, still
Thy crimson glory shines
Beyond the lengthened shades that fill
Their proudest kingly lines.

Sleep ! in thine own historic night,
And be thy blazoned scroll :
*A warrior's banner takes its flight
To greet the warrior's soul !*

Mr. Requier has written but few sonnets; yet a sonnet in his hand could never be a failure, and would come as near being a success as sonnets usually do.

Of his longer poems four deserve especial mention here. Classified according to their length, these four are: *Crystalline*, *The Legend of Tremaine*, *Ode to Shakspeare*, and *Ode to Victory*.

The *Ode to Victory* was written early in 1862. It is the author's most elaborate production, and in artistic finish is not surpassed by any poem of the war. It is a national ode of which the theme is the then-new nationality of the South, with its opening struggles, its baptisms of blood, its several triumphs, and above all, its haughty hopes. The onomatopoeic touches are startlingly bold and of fair success — the rolling rattle of drums, the bugles' blare, and the tramp-tramp of armed hosts. The close of this *Ode* has been justly admired as a "masterpiece of poetic eloquence, imagery and vigour": —

Aspiring soul of our devoted land —
 Heroic Mother, hail!
 Still — though the foeman fringe thine ocean sand,
 And every gale
 Bring with it argosies of scorching sail
 To wrest thy summer jewels — thou shalt be
 Of Freedom yet, the fruit-dispensing tree!
 Again, in spite of thine unspoken woes,
 Thy wilted Paradises shall unfold
 And blossom as the rose;
 And o'er the outstretched arms of thine Illyrian coast,
 From rumbling marts to isles in purple distance lost,
 The world shall yield thee tribute-tithes of gold;
 And that pure flower
 Which pearls thy garments in a bridal shower,
 Shall yet behold
 Its garlands wrought into an ampler dower
 Than any fleece of which the Bards have told;
 And if it needs must spark thine altars now,
 And turn thy netted radiance into shade,
 Let it burn on! — no Priestess ever made

A grander offering or a holier vow !
 Already breathes the Oracle with lips
 (Prophetic of thy fortunes and of thee
 Glassed in the fair futurity),
 That thrilling say: "Thy winds shall waft the ships
 Of an all-conquering Commerce round the earth;
 While every star of thy beleaguered birth
 Rains overflowing Honour, Wealth, and Worth
 Among the banded Nations,
 Like Joseph blest of bowing constellations;
 Beloved, benignant — wise, and strong, and free —
 A nobler Venice on a mightier Sea !"

In the body of the poem, this picture of the emergence of the nation in the silvery purity of an unvested virgin from the agitated ocean below, is slightly out of Mr. Requier's usual vein, but is very telling :—

But as an ivory moon,
 Translucent in the liquid eyes of June,
 When vapours dim
 The saintly rim
 Of all the starry seraphim,
 Ascending, steeps the raging deeps
 In floods of molten silver to the brim;
 So, with an astral motion,
 Above the wild commotion
 Of the greatest mortal feud
 Beside the greatest Ocean,
 The rising Constellation South has hurled
 Her coronetted Virgins, chastely nude,
 Upon a startled world !

The *Legend of Tremaine* was written for the English press just before the close of the war, and is the author's most purely ideal poem. Its very perfectness as an ideal work raises it above the sympathies, the range, and the intelligence, of the reading world — of the vast Many that make up the complex idea of the public. Not one in a thousand will see anything in it; and

probably not one in ten thousand will understand it ; while hardly one in a million will appreciate it fully.

To the popular mind it is somewhat like Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott* and Miss Talley's *Ennerslie* ; though he that regards the theme rather than the form of a poem will not find it much like either.

The story of this *Legend* is of the Lady Violet of Tremaine, who devotes herself to liberate from enchantment her lover, the Knight Ivor, who lay bound in a phantom-guarded cavern with a charm which cannot be broken,

Till a self-devoted maid
Have successfully essayed
There to read what is arrayed
In a sphinx-like token.

Lady Violet, through many a discouraging trial, succeeds in reading

— the dazzling riddle well,
Which the banded lore of Hell
Never has contrived to spell.

The dazzling riddle is the transcendently beautiful scheme of Life — of the Human, its dependence upon the Divine, and the relations between the two — all through the mystic symbolism of correspondence. The symbols that decorate the cavern the maiden reads — the sunlight that streams upon the carven gems : —

First, a diamond lily glows,
Next, a ruby-sculptured rose,
Then a nettle — black as crows
Of the Witch of Endor ;

and evolves their correspondential significance : —

Unto diamond, ruby, jet —
And the blossoms in them met —
One unchanging Sun supplieth,
From its waste, discarded glow,

Heat and light : these — as we know —
Are the Life of each below,
Which without them dieth.

But that single vital flame,
Unto everything the same,
Gilds the object or degrades it,
Just as this conspires to be —
Whether pebble, leaf or tree —
Since, within the jet, we see
That it only shades it.

So from him who rules the whole,
To the gem-like human Soul,
Heat and light, or shine or smother —
Heat — the Love we lean upon ;
Light — the Wisdom leading on ;
Life — the two combined in One ;
For there is no other.

Every heart may be a gem
In His living diadem,
While the garnered ages fill it ; —
Crystal, flashing, frozen fire,
Ruby, flushed with wild desire,
All to which we dare aspire,
If it only *will* it.

Sorcerer, in this lily see,
How my Maker dwells in me ;
And for swift elucidation
Of that rose's bleeding charms,
Belted warrior, spring to arms !
Monster ! shrieks are vain alarms —
Nettle means damnation !

The secret is thus read. The charm is dispelled. The monster vanishes. The lovers are happy. Allegory's veil is lifted. It is the story of Life.

The *Ode to Shakspeare* is one of the author's earlier productions ; and is, *par consequent*, more popular, more fervid, and

less artistic. It is more spirited than Sprague's *Shakspeare Ode*. Had I had the naming of Mr. Requier's poem, I should have called it an Ode *on* Shakspeare. The poem does not conveniently admit of extracts to illustrate its style.

Crystalline, however, I consider the *chef d'œuvre* of our author. It is not only his longest poem, but also his most finished. The thesis of Poe's *Eureka* I presume is familiar to most of my readers. That of *Crystalline* lies in the same field. The author of *Eureka* held that the Creator of the Universe is "one, individual, unconditional, a relative and absolute PARTICLE PROPER," which, by radiation, fills its sphere—the universe—with subdivisions of itself. The author of *Crystalline* holds that the Creator of the Universe is a Personal God, who, from Himself—analogously to the emanations of odour from a flower, or light from the sun—created the universe by radiation of particles of Himself. Poe was a pantheist or an atheist. Requier is a Christian.

The thesis of *Crystalline* is the presentation, in the form of a fictitious narrative, of the immutable law that obtained in the creation of the universe. More carefully and fully expressed, it is—the presentation, in the guise of a fictitious narrative, of the immutable law which governs the mode and order of the development or derivation of an art-product from a finite, imperfect, or *created* person, as demonstratively illustrating, through the Scriptural doctrine of analogy or correspondence, the same, and, therefore, equally immutable law which governed the mode and order of the original development or derivation of the universe from an Infinite, Perfect, or *Uncreated* Person—in other words, a Divine Humanity—in one word, God; and as farther evincing by necessary sequence from the same controlling analogy or correspondence, the immortality of the creaturely soul.

The theology of *Crystalline* is Swedenborgian.

The story is one of a young artist converted from atheism to Christianity.

The argument rests upon a peculiar analogy called correspondence. What is correspondence? I turn to Prof. Bush for an answer: "Correspondence is a technical term in the theological system taught by Emanuel Swedenborg, denoting that peculiar relation which subsists between the Divine ideas and the Divine works; between the essential and the formal; between the spiritual and the natural; between the mental and the material. While fable, figure, metaphor, comparison, serve merely to liken one natural object to another for the purpose of illustration, correspondence implies a formative force, and is thus the relation of a producing cause to its resulting effect, as of the soul to the body, and of the various faculties of the mind to the various organs or viscera of the body. Correspondence, in other words, is the embodiment of spiritual archetypes upon the natural plane. Thus, truth is to the spiritual world what light is to the natural world; truth and light, therefore, are correspondences. Love is to the spiritual world what heat is to the natural world; love and heat, therefore, are correspondences. The understanding is to the soul what the lungs are to the body; the understanding, therefore, and the lungs correspond to each other. So also the affections with the heart as an organ; so in fine with the whole microcosm of the body, the former being the sphere of causes, the latter of effects. It were easy to extend the principle of correspondence from the microcosm to the macrocosm, and to regard the whole material creation as a representative theatre, whereon are mirrored forth those primal essences and living substantial forces that give form under the Deity to all the organisms of the various kingdoms of nature, and through them elaborate an infinity of uses."

The story of *Crystalline* is brief: An Italian baroness, in the pride of her great beauty, had her portrait painted and put above the altar in her chapel, displacing the Madonna. A plague spreads through the land. The baroness regards it as a retributive visitation for her sacrilege; and, when her son is smitten, she vows that if he be spared her she will wear sack-cloth during

the remainder of her life, reinstate the Madonna, and submit the usurping picture to divers indignities, the last of which is to be its burning by her son on the thirtieth anniversary of his birth. This is done by the son—the hero of the story—an artist and an atheist. Upon that act there arises in his mind the desire to reproduce in a picture the face of his mother, the likeness of which he saw but on the day of its destruction, surrounded by emblems of her crime. This he does. The creation of his mind, thus embodied in the form of a maiden, is made to confound the atheistic logic of her creator; and his soul is lifted to a knowledge of God.

The poem itself is a masterpiece of condensation; and any analysis short of the whole must omit some essential points. To be appreciated, it must be read entire; and to be understood must be studied. It is not written for the Many; and the Many will not read it at all; but it is a great poem, and *that* is sufficient reason for the Many's want of appreciation.

The opening scene is an interview between the Artist and an aged Hermit, an *attaché* of the family, who had given religious instruction to the Artist years before. The Artist has just returned from Rome, where formalism had made him doubt the whole system of Christianity, and with it the whole system of a God. His defiant utterance of this negation, as the interview terminates, is brilliantly forcible:—

He paused, and lifting o'er his head
His haughty hand, at parting, said:
"Behind this canvass, far out-rolled,
From the teeming earth to the starry fold;
Behind its foliage, flower, and fruit,
Its reptile form and its reasoning brute,
There is no super-terrestrial sphere,
Where the Dead shall arise, and reappear
In the bosom of Him who placed them here.
I hate the fanatic, and scorn the lie,
That madly peoples a vacant sky;
And brand the whole mysterious scheme
A coward's hope and an idiot's dream!"

The burning of the picture of his mother by the Artist is the essential beginning of the poem as an argument. Here is born the desire—the *Love* part of the creative process—to create. This is an act of the will. Then follows the thought-scheme—the *Wisdom* part of the creative process—by which the desire can be carried out. This is an act of the understanding. Then results the creation—the *Power* part of the creative process—the effect of the warmth of Love directed by the light of Wisdom. The real thing created—the thought—came through the understanding, moved by the will, and is as immortal as its source. As with that thought, so with a human soul; it comes from the creative will and understanding, and is as immortal as God.

This process of reasoning is forced upon the mind of the atheist by means of a plot most adroitly managed, and this forms the main matter of the poem:—

“It displays a ravishingly beautiful woman, in the midst of an earthly Paradise, at the verge of sunset, undergoing the charm of a venomous serpent, and delivered from its fatal fascinations—in the supposed instant of delineation—by a suddenly interposed flood of moonlight, which has disturbed and broken the spell. In this ideal design the painter has reproduced the wondrous loveliness of his deceased mother, and blended the portrait with appropriate symbols of her sacrilegious egotism and its accepted atonement. The former—self-love—the root of *all* transgression—is expressed by the serpent with its deadly charm; the latter—saving grace, through genuine repentance and amendment of life—by the opportune effulgence of the moon.”

Gazing on this picture, the Artist, through an over-taxed and narcotized brain, *sees* enacted the scene he has represented on the canvass. The figures all live and move. “The reptile begins to weave his ensnaring spell around the maiden, to the extreme alarm and horror of the Artist, who, by one of those unaccountable aberrations which not unfrequently attend the evolution of abnormal visions, overlooks the saving moonlight

he had prominently introduced into the piece. The wily eye of the serpent — the incarnation of self-love — simulates the presentation of a graduated series of rare and alluring gems — types of the insidious disguises which that subtle principle assumes — until his victim, finally, begins to be enclosed in the meshes of an inextricable bewilderment. She then sees her peril without the power of averting it ; and exclaims, in audible anguish, against the Cause that had placed her in so beautiful a world, only to cast her from it into barren nothingness. To this the Artist eagerly replies :—

“Child of my soul, thou shalt not die;
 For thou wast framed, Oh ! dream divine,
 Not merely of the earthy dross
 Of thine investiture of gloss ;
 But, ere my pencil bade thee shine
 Within thy perishable shrine,
 Thou WAST—ART—MUST BE still a part,
 By crumbling matter unconfined,
 Of this, my own aspiring heart,
 Which sphered thee in my mind—
 An image of that shaping force,
 AS ENDURING AS ITS SOURCE.”

When thus spake he, how answered she,
 The maiden fashioned marvellously?

Amid the flash, the crash, the storm,
 As a bolt from its red bosom warm :

“Behind this canvass, far out-rolled,
 From the teeming earth to the starry fold ;
 Behind its foliage, flower, and fruit,
 Its reptile form and its reasoning brute,
 There is no super-terrestrial sphere,
 Where the Dead shall arise, and reappear
 In the bosom of Him who placed them here.
 I hate the fanatic, and scorn the lie,
 That madly peoples a vacant sky ;
 And brand the whole mysterious scheme
 A coward's hope and an idiot's dream.”

The poem continues :

Where the dying lamp doth shine,
Hurling the sculptured Vase, so fine,
Down, with its purple, perfumed wine,
He fell, quivering from the dart
Shot through his paternal heart.

But when the Morn as a martyr came,
Regenerate from the midnight flame,
Near the form whose locks of snow
On its shoulders overflow,
An altered man was kneeling there
For benediction on his prayer !

And thus he spoke, the hermit old,
Watching him with love four-fold :
"The perfect Lord who reigns above
Created thee from Perfect Love ;
Like that fair image thou wast made,
In a World of Light that cannot fade,
Save that he does spontaneously —
Harmoniously — consummately,
What mortals mould imperfectly ;
And as it triumphs in thine eyes,
Through beams of the benignant skies,
O'er the baffled Demon there,
Whose deadly charm works everywhere
To make the man a god appear ;
So, saved by His redeeming grace
From that serpent's slimy trace,
With His glory on thy face,
Live, for thou art born to be
Heir of His immortality. "

This is the essential end of the poem. Here the argument closes, complete.

JAMES L. REYNOLDS, D.D.

Dr. REYNOLDS is a native of Charleston, South Carolina; and is at this time Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Sacred Literature, and Evidences of Christianity, in the University of his native state, at Columbia. He has been connected with that institution for nearly twenty years; and previous to his election there had held chairs in other colleges. He is generally recognized as the best Latin scholar in his state; while his attainments in general literature and ethics are such as to rank him among the first scholars in the South. His studies in Anglo-Saxon are very thorough; and he has produced a *Grammar* of that language, which, however, has never been published. Dr. Reynolds's contributions to polite and ethical literature in the periodical way have been numerous; but none of these have taken book form. He has been connected at some time with journalism, as an editor; but his vocation in life has been to teach in the professorial lecture-room and in the pulpit. He is a leading minister in his denomination—the Baptist—and is one of their most popular divines.

During the present year he has prepared for publication a series of *Southern School Readers*, of which, numbers one to four have already appeared from the publishing-house of Duffie and Chapman, of Columbia. He wrote *de novo* a good deal of the matter for the earlier numbers of this series.

MRS. MARY C. RION.

Although a single volume, and that upon so practical a subject as floriculture, may not entitle its author to a place among authors, yet, in the present case, I include the author of *The Ladies' Southern Florist*—one volume, duodecimo—among Southern writers, upon the better grounds of mature culture,

thorough study, and general accomplishments, both literary and artistic.

Mrs. Rion, *née* Weir, is, I believe, a native of Columbia, South Carolina; and at present a resident of Winnsboro, in the same state. Her husband—Col. James H. Rion—is a prominent member of the bar, and served with distinction in the war of secession.

MRS. ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE.

The life of no other of the writers of the South presents so much that is striking and noteworthy as does that of Mrs. Ritchie. Her life has been a brilliant romance in itself. It will be found given with spirit and a considerable degree of detail, in Mrs. Freeman's *Women of the South*; and given with great piquancy and spirited candour in Mrs. Ritchie's *Autobiography of an Actress*.

She was born at Bordeaux, France, during a temporary residence of her father—Samuel Gouverneur Ogden, Esquire, a merchant of New York—in that city. Her infancy was spent at La Castagne, a fine country seat near Bordeaux. In her eighth year—in 1826—the family returned to New York; and she, with her sister, was placed at a boarding-school in that city. At an early age—at an infantile age, in fact—she showed her taste for histrionic pursuits; and at fourteen got up the *Alzire* of Voltaire to celebrate her father's birth-day. It was a success in its way.

When about sixteen years of age, she was married to James Mowatt, Esquire, a young lawyer of wealth and culture.

At eighteen her health gave way, and a residence in Europe of near two years followed. Upon her return to America, Mr. Mowatt failed through speculations, and they were left destitute. Mrs. Freeman thus states this point: "Very tenderly were these tidings unfolded to Anna, but her dream was broken. Alone, in

the bower built for her in the first butterfly phase of her married life, she went down into herself, and sat in solemn conclave with the present, the future, her own good gifts, and new-born thoughts. It was the crisis of her life, and she came out of it full-grown, with a purpose. She was possessed of a full, rich, *contralto* voice; she would give dramatic readings, like Mr. Vandenhoff, and redeem her home."

This course was noble; and right nobly she succeeded.

Later, she turned her attention to authorship, as a pursuit, and with abundant success. *Evelyn*, a novel, and *Fashion*, a comedy, gave her a prominent place in the public mind as an author. Here, again, a misfortune—the failure of her publishers—brought her to poverty. But again she rose to the occasion, and again set out in a new sphere in life—the stage. She appeared as Pauline, in Bulwer's *Lady of Lyons* at the Park Theatre; and with brilliant success. After two years of triumph on American boards, she tried her fortunes in England. Her reception there, at first cool, was changed to a sojourn of such triumph as had never before—nor has since—been accorded to an American actress. This triumph was two-fold—as an author and as an actress, she having published her *Armand* at that time.

Mr. Mowatt's death occurred at this time—in 1851, I believe—and two years afterwards, Mrs. Mowatt returned to America; revisited the principal cities professionally; took her farewell tour; retired from the stage, taking her final leave of it in June, 1854; and shortly thereafter became the wife of William Foushee Ritchie, Esquire, at that time editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*.

A tourist of that date, writing of our author's new home, and new life, says: "She lives, as a poet should, in a cottage *orné* a little distance from the city. I could have selected her house from a thousand, as easily as I could the fair occupant among a multitude of women. There were flowers before the door, flowers on the lawn, a flowery taste manifest in the disposition

of the window drapery; a pleasant, affectionate, *riant* expression, radiating from all around, fitly prelude the holy harmony of a happy home. Within, the *entourage* was more exquisite still. Books, pictures, statuettes, and all the every-day, yet elegant appliances of household life, completed the ideal 'poetry of home.'"

About this time appeared the *Autobiography of an Actress*, to be followed by a series of brilliant books relating mostly to scenic life, and the gayeties of fashionable experiences, remotely or otherwise connected with mimic life.

Edgar Poe said of Mrs. Mowatt as an actress, in the beginning of her career: "Indeed, the great charm of her manner is its naturalness. She looks, speaks, and moves, with a well-controlled impulsiveness, as different as can be conceived from the customary rant and cant, the hack conventionality of the stage. . . . Her action is distinguished by an ease and self-possession, which would do credit to a veteran. Her step is the perfection of grace. Often have I watched her for hours with the closest scrutiny, yet never for an instant did I observe her in an attitude of the least awkwardness or even constraint; while many of her seemingly impulsive gestures spoke in loud terms of the woman of genius, of the poet imbued with the profoundest sentiment of the beautiful in motion."

Just before the war, Mrs. Ritchie was taking conspicuous and practical part in the Mount Vernon Association movement, as Vice-Regent for Virginia; and went to that work, as she did to everything she ever undertook, with her whole soul.

The following are Mrs. Ritchie's literary productions:—

1. *Pelayo, or the Cavern of Covaadonga*. An epic in five cantos. This is a youthful production that has never asked nor received a great deal of attention, especially of late years. It was published by the Harpers, about 1838, under the *nom de plume* of *Isabel*.

2. *Reviewers Reviewed*. A satire aimed at the reviewers of

Pelayo; appeared probably in 1839—a brochure less ambitious, perhaps, than *Pelayo* itself.

3. *Galzara, or the Persian Slave*. A play; appeared about 1840. It is sometimes spoken of as *Gulzora*, instead of *Galzara*.

4. *Evelyn*. A tale of domestic life, in two volumes.

5. Abridgment of the *Life of Goethe*, was written before *Evelyn*, but the date of neither is at hand.

6. Abridgment of the *Life of Madame d'Arblay*. This goes with the preceding, as one of the failures at book-making.

7. *Fashion*. A five-act comedy; was "brought out with unusual magnificence," at the Park Theatre, in 1845, and was published some months later. Poe at that day thought but little of the literary merits of this play; though he thought there were indications of genius given forth in the production, notwithstanding its demerits. He rather flippantly says of it: "*Fashion*, in a word, owes what it had of success to its being the work of a lovely woman, who had already excited interest, and to the very commonplaceness or spirit of conventionality which rendered it readily comprehensible and appreciable by the public proper. It was much indebted, too, to the carpets, the ottomans, the chandeliers, and the conservatories, which gained so decided a popularity for that despicable mass of inanity, the London Assurance of Bourcicault."

8. *Armand, or the Prince and the Peasant*. A tragedy in five acts; was published in 1847, or thereabouts. This drama takes high rank, and deserves it. I shall give a few extracts below, illustrative of the author's blank-verse style.

9. *The Fortune Hunter*. A novel of New York society. This appeared, I believe, under the *nom de plume* of *Helen Berkley*; at least, I am informed now that that *nom* was used by Mrs. Mowatt about that time in the publication of some magazine stories. These same stories were spicy, racy, and generally wholesomely satiric upon the foibles of the fashionable world of the great metropolis.

10. *Autobiography of an Actress, or Eight Years on the Stage*; is one of the most readable books of its kind in our literature. Its title is fully descriptive of the contents. It appeared in 1855.

11. *Mimic Life*, "a series of tales and pictures of the stage"—full of the romance of theatre-life—appeared in 1855.

12. *Twin Roses*,—similar in its scenery to the preceding—"a sweet, sad narrative, dipped in the tenderest poetry of the writer's soul," says a woman whose own soul was all poetry and sympathy.

13. *Fairy Fingers*. A novel also characteristic of the writer; was published by Carlton & Co., about 1860.

14. *The Mute Singer*. A fascinating story, published by the same.

15. *The Clergyman's Wife, with Pen Portraits and Sketches*,—was issued by the same during the year 1867.

16. *Florentine Sketches* is said to be the work now in process of preparation—under pen, so to speak—by Mrs. Ritchie, at the present time.

To-day Mrs. Ritchie is temporarily resident in London, I am advised.

This scene from *Armand* is characteristic:—

King.

Nay, Blanche,

Mar not thy beauty with this frigid bearing;
Frowns do not suit those gentle eyes, nor fierceness
Thy timid nature—weak thou art—

Blanche.

Not weak,

My liege, when roused by insult and by wrong!
I tell thee, haughty king—presumptuous man!
That, like the unshorn locks the Nazarene
Vowed to his God, the purity of woman
Becomes at once her glory and her might!

King. Ah, Blanche! and is there no excuse for love?

Blan. Thy love is but *self-love*! that first and worst
Of passions—poisoned spring of every crime—
Which hath no attribute of perfect love!

King. This to thy king?

Blan. Art kingly in thy deeds?

The star that shines so brightly on thy breast
Is worthless if it shed no light within!

The throne that lifts thee o'er thy fellow-men
Should teach thee virtues, which alone can raise
Thee 'bove them!

King. At thy feet let me implore —

Blan. Stand off! approach me not!

King. Thou fearest me, then?

Blan. Fear thee? Danger should be where fear is—I see none!

King. Woman! thou shalt not brave me thus! (*Seizes her.*)
No human power can save thee — thou art mine!

What are thy feeble struggles in my grasp?

Blan. (sinking on her knees.) Spare me, my liege, spare me!

King. It is thy turn

To sue, and all in vain! Thou hast forgot
That I am king, and thou hast no protector!

Blan. (starting up) I have! I have! One who forsakes me not!
One whom thou dardest not brave. Unloose thy hold
Or dread his fury! Heaven protects me still!

The king releases her, awed by her manner.

Thou art my sovereign; I a friendless subject—

I woman, and thou man! my helplessness

Was of itself a claim to thy protection—

A claim thou hast rejected! Answer, King!

Hast thou done right? Man, was it well to use

Thy strength against my weakness? Thou art dumb!

Thou canst not answer! King of France, I scorn thee!

Exit.

King. Why should I shrink from one so powerless?

And can it be that Virtue's presence awes

Me thus? That Virtue which no weapon needs

Except its own resistless dignity!

She speaks; I'm hushed. She spurns me, and I cower—

She leaves me, and I dare not follow her!

There is power in that scene—a dramatic power of situation—that marks its author as one capable of feeling, uttering, and acting a passion, grand, even as that of the majesty of outraged and insulted purity. The speaking, it must be confessed,

is a little declamatory; but the occasion lifts it above that criticism. If it were not declamatory, it would be untrue to the attitude of the scene.

The following extract from the same has also power of the same kind:—

King. Beware! our patience is not made of stuff
For lasting—try it not beyond its strength—
Marry DeRohan's daughter! 'Tis thy king commands.

Armand. My gracious liege, no king can tear
The landmarks from the honest path of Truth.
Marry! call'st thou that marriage which but joins
Two hands with iron bonds? that *yokes*, but not
unites, two hearts whose pulses never beat
In unison? The legal crime that mocks
The very name of marriage—that invades,
Profanes, destroys its inner holiness?
No! 'tis the spirit that alone can wed,
When with spontaneous joy it seeks, and finds,
And with its kindred spirit *blends* itself!
My liege, there is no other marriage tie!

Another extract—the utterance of a woman, however—of a similar kind, and I shall close:—

Babette. You seemed so happy!

Blanche. Then did I—do I *seem* the thing I *am*!
Seem happy—how could I seem otherwise?
Tis happiness to me to live—to be!
My very instincts—nay, the very use
Of every separate sense by which we hold
Communion visible with external being—
Is happiness! To gaze upon the sky,
Arched in blue glory o'er my upturned head;
The forms of beauty, called by loving spring
Out of the affluent bosom of the earth;
The sun, beneath whose warm, resplendent light
All nature teems: these simplest, daily things,
Which custom cannot strip of loveliness—
To look on these is to be happy!—is
To feel my bosom swell with gratitude
To Him who made them to make us more blest!

Edgar Poe, who dares everything, thus writes of the *personnel* of Mrs. Ritchie, then Mrs. Mowatt: "Her figure is slight, even fragile. Her face is a remarkably fine one, and of that precise character best adapted to the stage. The forehead is, perhaps, the least prepossessing feature, although it is by no means an unintellectual one. Hair light auburn, in rich profusion, and always arranged with exquisite taste. The eyes are grey, brilliant, and expressive, without being full. The nose is well formed, with the Roman curve, and indicative of energy. This quality is also shown in the somewhat excessive prominence of the chin. The mouth is large, with brilliant and even teeth, and flexible lips, capable of the most instantaneous and effective variations of expression. A more radiantly beautiful smile it is quite impossible to conceive."

R. H. RIVERS, D.D.

Dr. RIVERS has some distinction among the clergy of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He was born on the 11th of September, 1814, in Montgomery County, Tennessee. He graduated at La Grange College in Alabama at the age of twenty-one. Upon graduation he was chosen Assistant Professor of Languages in the same, and one year later was elected Professor in the chair he had assisted; and continued to hold that position for seven years; when—in 1843, that is—he was elected President of the Tennessee Conference Female Institute in Athens, Alabama, which position he held five years. He was next called to Centenary College in Jackson, Louisiana, as Professor of Moral Science, and in 1849 was elected President of the same, which office he held until 1854, when he returned to Alabama and became President of his *alma mater*—La Grange College. This institution was the following year removed to Florence, in the same state. Dr. Rivers continued in charge of this college until its exercises were interrupted by the war, when he went to

Centenary College at Summerfield, Alabama, of which he retained charge during the war. After the war—in 1865—he undertook the management of a small school of young ladies at Somerville, Tennessee, where he now resides.

Our author entered the ministry at the early age of seventeen; and since his twentieth year has been both preaching and teaching. He has, during this very laborious life, found time to write two volumes of philosophy, and has contributed largely to the periodical press. Since the war he has written for *The Land We Love*, published at Charlotte, North Carolina.

The two works of this author just referred to are:—

1. *Mental Philosophy*.
2. *Moral Philosophy*. These are favourite text-books, I believe, in Methodist seminaries for young ladies.



WILLIAM JAMES RIVERS.

Professor RIVERS is, I believe, a Charlestonian by birth. He was, at least, for many years identified with that city as a teacher of a classical school. In 1856 he was elected Professor of Greek Literature in the South Carolina College at Columbia; and upon the reorganization of that institution after the war (1865) and its change to a University, he was assigned to the School of Ancient Languages and Literature, which position he now holds.

Professor Rivers has published:—

1. *A Sketch of the History of South Carolina to the Close of the Proprietary Government by the Revolution of 1719*; with an Appendix containing many valuable records hitherto unpublished; an octavo of 470 pages. 1856. Charleston. The work is a valuable contribution to the historical literature of that state.
2. As secretary of the South Carolina Historical Society, Professor Rivers has published some volumes of papers within the scope of that society. He has also published a few occasional poems, mostly lyrical.

A writer in *The Southern Quarterly Review*, upon the appearance of Professor Rivers's *Sketch of the History of South Carolina*, in 1856, thus speaks of it: "We have first to remark that our author, in the preparation of his work, had recourse to original investigations, and that at no inconsiderable expense he has brought to light a large amount of valuable material, which he has issued in an appendix. The accounts of our early history were so imperfect and unsatisfactory that a work was wanted which would give something like a complete and consistent outline, and place the facts of this remote period upon a sure historical basis. This was not possible in any other way than that which was pursued by our author; and before we close this notice we will be able to show that his efforts have been crowned with a large measure of success. The book consists of ten chapters. . . . Chapter I. opens with an account of the discoveries of the fifteenth century, the voyages to America, and the visits to the coast of South Carolina. In this chapter he has made some original contributions to our history, to a few of which we will call attention before we dismiss it. This was only possible by going *behind* the authorities on whom our historians have relied. Ramsay, the most distinguished of them, gives his authorities for our early history, and says that he relies more on Hewit than on any other. He adds, too, that he is indebted to Chalmers's *Political Annals of the United Colonies*. Ramsay's large obligations to Hewit could be easily exhibited, for, on some subjects, he has copied page after page from him; and an examination would show that wherever Hewit has spoken, Ramsay has done no more than repeat him. Simms has copied Ramsay. Hewit tells us his resources in his preface. These were good, but, in regard to the early period of our history, wholly deficient. Archdale and Oldmixon may have been in his possession, but they knew little about our early history. It is to be remarked of Chalmers's *Political Annals*, that it was so extensive in its design that only a partial account could be given of each colony, and hence it is deficient, though correct in its statements as far as it

goes. Neither Hewit, nor Ramsay, nor Chalmers, seems to have examined our own records. Professor Rivers has gone to the records from which Chalmers drew, and examined carefully our state records also. With copies of every paper in the office at London which he supposed would cast light on important or obscure points, and copies of manuscripts in all our public offices, he set to work to study out event after event, and made his conclusions paramount to all surmises or opinions of Hewit and other writers. When he was deficient in materials, he gathered from them, and compared his own conclusions; but in no instance does he seem to have adopted their opinions when he was in possession of materials for an independent judgment. Both Carroll and Simms have preceded him in introducing the events of the first chapter; but he differs from them in limiting the subject to its true bounds. He leaves out De Soto, the settlements on the St. John's in Florida, etc., and gives the events only which occur in our present borders; otherwise Georgia, Alabama, Florida, and Mississippi, would be compelled to repeat the same in their histories."

The reviewer's analysis of the other nine chapters develops the fact that Professor Rivers has excelled all his predecessors in that undertaking in the thoroughness and general ability with which he has accomplished his task. The reviewer then proceeds to give his general estimate as follows: "We regard the work of Professor Rivers as not only the best, but the only history of the period to which it refers. The author gives proof of his care and fidelity on every page, and we confidently predict for it a permanent reputation. It seems to be marked by a spirit of impartial justice. He strikes us as one who is in search of truth, and is willing to go wherever it may lead him. Though history and biography are technically distinguished, and in truth constitute different departments of knowledge and inquiry, yet practically there seems to be a necessary commingling of the two, and an impossibility, when dealing in the one, not to infringe upon the domain of the other. The exact line between them cannot be

drawn. Whether in the opinion of the critic he has transcended the boundary or not, his *personal* notices of individuals seem to be just and truthful, and lend great interest to the narrative. The style is neat, precise, perspicuous, and, when the author chooses, marked by a high degree of elegance and beauty. So well pleased are we with him, so successfully has he executed his task, that we trust he may be induced to continue his labours. In thus commending the work of Professor Rivers, we hope that we will not be charged with any design to depreciate the efforts of those who have preceded him in the same historical field, and especially of the authors of our own day and generation. We are very far from it. Simms, in writing his *History*, only aspired to write a book for schools, and in this he has succeeded well. We must also express our thanks to him for his series of historical novels, in which, like Scott, he has perpetuated the most stirring events of his country. These have charms for all, and especially for the young, in whose bosoms they enkindle a feeling of high admiration for the men who lived 'in the times that tried men's souls.' But the truths of history are there blended with the creations of the imagination. In that department he is without a rival, and enjoys an undisputed sovereignty. The design of our author was very different; he was more ambitious, had a higher historical mark, and they cannot, therefore, be justly compared. Carroll, in his *Collections*, was very modest; but he has given us a work of real value, which is highly creditable to his industry and ability. Nor do we pass by Gibbes's *Documentary History*, the least pretending of all, but yet not without its worth. Our complete history is yet to be written, and we envy not the patriotism of the man who will withhold the commendation so justly due to all who attempt to illustrate or to perfect it."

MRS. WILLIAM C. RIVES.

I am not aware that Mrs. RIVES has appeared as an author except in her pleasantly written and highly instructive work entitled *Tales and Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe*, published in 1842, through a publishing house of Philadelphia. Her husband's diplomatic relations gave Mrs. Rives the amplest facilities for direct observation of European society in its best phases.

STUART ROBINSON, D.D.

Dr. ROBINSON, a man of rare attainments, is a native of Ireland. He is at this time Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Louisville, Kentucky, and editor of *The Free Christian Commonwealth*, a sectarian sheet. He came to America when young, and received his education principally in Virginia. He has written the following works:—

1. *The Church of God.*
 2. *Slavery and the Mosaic Law.*
 3. *Discourses of Redemption.*
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W. S. ROCKWELL.

In Masonic literature the *Hand-book of Masonry* of Mr. Rockwell of Georgia appears to be one of the fullest and most exhaustive works we have on that branch of the art or craft.

LEONIDAS ROSSER, D.D.

Dr. ROSSER occupies a favourable position among the practical writers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He has written:—

1. *Regeneration.* Duodecimo.
 2. *Baptism: Its Nature, Obligation, Mode, Subjects and Benefits.* Duodecimo.
 3. *Open Communion.* Duodecimo.
 4. *Recognition in Heaven.* Duodecimo.
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ADRIAN ROUQUETTE.

Southern literature has the peculiarity of being bilinguous; and is like our civilization, Anglican and Gallican. The latter element, both in civilization and literature, finds its greatest development in Louisiana. Among the Creole and French names that have honoured our literature, these are prominent: Charles E. Arthyr Gayarré, the historian of that state; and the poets Tullius St. Cyran, Adrian Rouquette, François Dominique Rouquette, and Charles Oscar Dugué. Among these poets, M. l'Abbé Adrian Rouquette deserves the first mention, not only on account of his being the most voluminous, but also on account of the fervour and feeling he has thrown into all that he has written.

M. l'Abbé Rouquette was born in New Orleans; was educated at the college of Nantes in France, and prepared for the practice of law. He soon gave up the law to take ecclesiastical orders in the Papal Church; and is now a priest, attached, I believe, to the Catholic Seminary of New Orleans as chaplain, although resident at his retreat a few miles out of the city.

He is one of the few men who have written books in two languages; and one of the very few who have written well in both.

His published works are the following:—

1. *Les Savanes, Poésies Américaines*. With this modest volume our author, then a young man, made his *début* from publishing houses both in Paris and New Orleans in 1841. It was cordially received in France; and gave the author more notoriety there than all his writings have ever done in America. Saint Beuve, the Magnus Apollo of French literary critics of that day, wrote to the young author: "I have taken great pleasure in breathing in your *Savanes* all sorts of perfumes full of youth and freedom." Auguste Brizeau, the famous rural bard of grand old Bretagne, thus salutes him: "You are the bard of Louisiana, but France must claim you a place among *her* poets." The now-venerable Auguste Barthélemy also spoke warm words of cheer to our aspiring Creole. Some of his admirers, in their extravagant French way, styled him the Lamartine of America, and his pious friends of a kindred faith paid him their highest compliment in hailing him the Lacordaire of Louisiana. It was not to the honour of American discrimination nor of American taste that she did so little honour to one whom *la Belle France* was greeting so cordially.

2. *Fleurs Sauvages*. A volume of sacred poems, appeared in 1848, but added nothing to the Abbé's reputation as a poet. Had there been even more poetic merit in the book than there was, the adjective "sacred" (*sacrées*) applied to the poems would have shut them off from all chance of success, by shutting off readers. "Sacred" is a damper that few books of poems can ever survive.

3. *La Thébàïde en Amérique, ou Apologie de la Vie Solitaire et Contemplative*, appeared in 1851. It is a *brochure* in prose, as pedantic as the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and loaded with extended quotations. The title explains the scope of the work. The author appears to have exhausted the stores of ecclesiastical history to maintain his thesis—we cannot say his theory—of monasticism; urging the beauty and force of such examples as Elias and Elisha, the desert-crying John the Baptist, Saint John of lonely Patmos, Saint John the Anchorite, Saint Anthony of

many temptations, Hilarion with his self-imposed penance, Jerome the voluminous, Chrysostomos the eloquent, Saint Simeon Stylites with his haughty humility, Saint Augustine, Basil the Great, and Cyprian—these of ancient and medieval days—and quotes of later times such names as Picas Mirandola, Fénelon, Petrarca, Lacordaire, the Abbé Rance, and many minor lights of his own peculiar faith. All this is very learned and very dull; very pointless to one who does not believe beforehand in monachism, but very beautiful and impressive to one who does. This little volume, though written in prose, is in a high degree poetical in its fervid French declamation; far more poetical than his sacred poems mentioned above. One is sometimes reminded of Chateaubriand and his fervent poetical rhapsodies, here, in this quiet but florid little book. It is *very French*—*plus Français qu'en France*, one feels tempted to say. It seems to be the author's pet.

4. *L'Antoniade, ou la Solitude avec Dieu; Poème Erémitique.* This volume was announced in 1859.

5. *Le Conciliabule Infernal.* This was announced in 1860.

6. *Poèmes Patriotiques.* This volume was announced with the one just mentioned, in July, 1860, as then forthcoming.

In this country probably the best known and the best appreciated of our author's poems in French is one in *Les Savanes*, entitled *Souvenir de Kentucky*. This is an earnest poem, often forcible, tinged sometimes with extravagance and, touched here and there with the awe of solitude. Indeed, this solitude, this veritable passion of loneliness, pervades in some way or other almost everything that M. l'Abbé Rouquette has ever written. He is himself the genius of solitude. In this *Souvenir de Kentucky*, for example, when he states the grandeur and gloom of the Bloody Land (*la terre de sang*), he concludes by averning that man must involuntarily kneel amid that grandeur and gloom—

et, chrétien sans étude

Il retrouve, étonné, Dieu dans la solitude !

We are reminded here that Chateaubriand, whom some have regarded as the Abbé's great exemplar, has somewhere said: "*Les grands passions sont solitaires.*" The Abbé *lived* that idea. The Abbé Rance has given it a fuller expression in saying: "*La prière est soeur de la poésie, l'ermitage est voisin du Parnasse, l'anachorète est l'ami du barde enthousiaste.*" Our poet has taken to himself the *ideal* of his master:—

Remote from man, with God he passed his days,—

in his retreat at Bayou Lacombe, enjoying, as far as his engagements of a professional nature would permit, what Motherwell calls "the luxury of solitude."

The following expressions from our author's own account of his vacation pursuits and inspirations, are in every respect characteristic and striking. He says:—

"In that flowery and sunny month [May], I at last retired to Bayou Lacombe, my Thebaïs, the land of my mother and my boyhood's land, my shelter and my nook: I fled from the tumultuous city, there to roam amid balmy shrubs and odoriferous flowers, in the lonely evergreen, and harmonious groves of aged oaks, dark cedars, and lofty pines; and it was there, during the lingering hours of twilight, while the mystic and mellowing hues of the sky were blending in slow-coming darkness, there it was that I felt the mysterious working of a poetical rapture, and was visited by the wild and swaying messenger. . . . I *wrote* because I could not do otherwise; and my thoughts and feelings gushed forth and flowed like a stream of living waters winding through the desert. . . . Then only, by that sudden burst, by that uncontrolled and poetical effusion, then only was my heart relieved of its oppressive sadness, my soul roused up and revived in its divine spirit of faith, of hope, of love; of study, prayer and enthusiasm."

Nobody in the world but a poet—a French poet—a Catholic Frenchman—could have written that. It is full of character.

It is just M. l'Abbé Rouquette himself. We need no better pourtraiture.

In a small volume entitled *Esquisses Locales*, understood to have been written by M. Cyprien Dufour of New Orleans, I find the following mention of the style and *personnel* of M. l'Abbé Rouquette: "Ce phénomène de son talent prête par momens un charme inexprimable à sa parole; sa phrase se baigne dans des flots de poésie et en sort presque avec les couleurs de l'éloquence. Mais cette éloquence, je puis la comparer un peu à la terre de la Louisiane—si elle a ses champs fertiles, ses plaines opulentes, elle a aussi ses prairies tremblantes où le pied hésite et ne sait trop où il est. C'est une éloquence sans expérience, peut-être sans art; mais elle ne manque pas d'audace, et c'est là son salut. Plus tard, quand le geste sera plus sûr, la voix mieux dirigée, quand les synthèses, parfois plus précieuses que solides, auront laissé un peu de place à la simplicité de l'analyse, quand l'auditoire verra plus distinctement où veut aller l'orateur, l'église aura fait une belle conquête et notre pays aura une illustration de plus. La conversation de M. Rouquette est persuasive, attachante. Il a peut-être trop vécu en dehors du monde pour en connaître toutes les exigences, mais le goût et le tact sont innés chez lui. Sa jeunesse, sa douceur, sa tolérance, rappellent involontairement cette suave figure de Gabriel que Sue a tracée avec tant de bonheur dans son *Juif Errant*. Les préceptes évangéliques n'auront jamais de moniteur plus aimable."

This was written, however, twenty years ago.

His *Poète Méconnu* and *Le Présentiment* are also favourable specimens of his lyrics in French. For the English readers I quote a lyric in that language from the *Wild Flowers*. It may be a fair specimen of that volume, but is hardly such of the poems of the author, whose gems are in French.

TO NATURE, MY MOTHER.

O Nature, powerful, smiling, calm,
To my unquiet heart,
Thy peace distilling as a balm,
Thy mighty life impart.

O Nature, mother, still the same,
So lovely mild with me,
To live in peace, unsung by fame,
Unchanged I come to thee;

I come to live as saints have lived,
I fly where they have fled,
By men unholy never grieved,
In prayer my tears to shed.

Alone with thee, from cities far,
Dissolved each earthly tie;
By some divine magnetic star
Attracted still on high.

Oh! that my heart, inhaling love
And life with ecstasy,
From this low world to worlds above
Could rise exultingly!

That is earnest enough for Chateaubriand or Lamennais, pious enough for Hannah More, and plain enough for Mary Howitt; but withal it is very like the Abbé Rouquette.

M. l'Abbé Rouquette is of slender person, having a high, narrow head. The phrenologists would say of his head that his selfish propensities and passions are very small, while his moral sentiments and reflective intellect are large. His veneration, spirituality, conscientiousness, hope, and ideality are all very large. His religious fervour comes of these faculties; while the almost absence of earthly passions makes his abnegation of society and of the world in general no very heavy yoke.

His chirograph indicates perseverance, preciseness, and a little display; and is nervous, somewhat scratchy, and wanting in force.

FRANCOIS DOMINIQUE ROUQUETTE.

Among our Franco-American *littérateurs*—embracing such names as Oscar Dugué, Charles Gayarré, M. Chaudron, and the Rouquettes—the subject of our sketch deserves favourable mention. There are two Rouquettes,—the brothers Adrian, noticed above, and François, whose name stands at the head of the present sketch.

He was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, on Tuesday, the 2d of January, 1810; and, like his brother, was educated at the College of Nantes, France.

His works are :—

1. *Les Meschacébéennes*. A collection of poems in French.

2. *Fleurs d'Amérique*. A collection of poems in French upon American themes. This book is the mainstay of the author's reputation as a poet. It was published in Paris, and produced an impression greater, of course, upon the French reading-public than upon the American, from the simple fact that it was not read at all in America. Very few French books, of course I mean comparatively, are read in America. The reflex reputation of *Les Fleurs d'Amérique*, however, gave the author considerable notoriety. Méry wrote in favourable terms of the book; and Méry was himself a pet in France. Eugène Guinot—as well known by his pseudonyme, *Pierre Durand*—speaking of this American poetry, says: "It is true and good poetry, which merits well the name; sweet and fresh flowers from America opened under a beautiful sun, rare and fragrant;" and the great editor of *Le Pays* is a voice that France is accustomed to listen to. Emile Deschamps, writing to our author, under date of Versailles, 13th April, 1859, says: "Your *Fleurs d'Amérique* have all the grace, all the perfume, all the freshness, of their prototypes;" and *le Jeune Moraliste* is himself a great poet and one that Paris has done much to honour.

In 1858 M. Rouquette was said to be engaged upon a work,

of which I have heard nothing save the French announcement that styles it *un ouvrage historique, en Français et en Anglais, sur la nation Indienne des Choctaws*.

M. Rouquette is, I believe, a resident of his native city, but spends much of his time in France.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

The author of *The Conquered Banner* is a native of Virginia, and was born in the year 1840. His education was conducted principally at St. Mary's College, Missouri, and was finished with honours. He was until recently Pastor of a Roman Catholic church of Knoxville, Tennessee. He was an ardent and unfaltering adherent of the Confederate cause during the war; and since the war has laboured much in lecturing for the benefit of the maimed soldiers and orphans of the South. He writes occasionally for General Hill's *Land We Love*, mostly in verse. During the spring of 1868 he undertook the editorial control of a Democratic newspaper in Augusta, Georgia, called *The Banner of the South*, where he now is. His *nom de plume* is *Moina*; which, however, had been previously used by Mrs. Dinnies of New Orleans.

The Conquered Banner may fairly take its place at the top of the list of the several exquisite wails that have gone up in verse-utterance from the crushed hearts of a conquered people for a lost cause. I give the poem entire, without further comment:—

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best:
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest.

Take that Banner down, 'tis tattered !
Broken is its staff and shattered !
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
 Over whom it floated high.
Oh ! 'tis hard for us to fold it !
Hard to think there's none to hold it ;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
 Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly—
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
 Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever
Till that flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom or their grave !

Furl it ! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low ;
And that Banner—it is trailing !
While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe,

For, though conquered, they adore it !
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it !
Weep for those who fell before it !
Pardon those who trailed and tore it !
But, oh ! wildly they deplore it,
 Now, who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner ! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
 Though its folds are in the dust :
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
 Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly ;
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never—
Let it droop there, *furled* forever,
For its people's *hopes* are dead !

Sentinel Songs breathes the same spirit, as does, however, everything that emanates from the same pen. This wants some of the fire of the former, but its truthfulness and earnestness are unmistakable. I quote entire :—

When sinks the soldier brave
Dead at the feet of Wrong,
The poet sings, and guards his grave
With Sentinels of Song.

“Go, Songs !” he gives command,
“Keep faithful watch and true ;
The living and dead of the Conquered Land
Have now no guards save you.

“And, Ballads ! mark ye well,
Thrice holy is your trust ;
Go out to the field where warriors fell
And sentinel their dust.”

And the Songs, in stately rhyme,
With softly-sounding tread,
March forth to watch till the end of time
Beside the silent dead.

And when the foeman's host
And hate have passed away,
Our guard of Songs shall keep their post
Around our soldiers' clay.

A thousand dawns may glow,
A thousand days may wane,
The deathless Songs, where the dead lie low,
True to the last, remain.

Yes, true ! They will not yield
 To tyrants or to time,
 At ev'ry grave and on ev'ry field
 Where men died deaths sublime.

Lone vigils they will keep,
 Obedient to their Bard ;
 And they will watch when we shall sleep—
 Our last and only Guard.

Ah ! let the tyrant curse
 The dead he tramples down !
 Our strong, brave Songs, in their sweet, sad verse,
 Fear not the tyrant's frown.

What though no sculptured shaft
 Commemorate our Brave ?
 What though no monument, epitaphed,
 Be built above their grave ?

When marble wears away
 And monuments are dust,
 The Songs that guard our soldiers' clay
 Will still fulfil their trust !

All the poems I have seen from Father Ryan's pen are pitched on the same key. The greatest favourites, after those I have mentioned, are, *The Sword of Robert Lee*, *Prayer for the South*, *The Land We Love*, *Our Day*, and some *Lines* written for the Memorial Association of Fredericksburg, Va. They all breathe the same spirit, and the same fire flashes through all.

I have never met Father Ryan ; and must depend upon others for matters pertaining to his *personnel*. The editor of the Memphis *Avalanche* gives us this pen-and-ink sketch of him :—

“ Father Ryan is a man of about thirty years of age, five feet seven inches in height ; is spare made, of fragile form and appearance ; his shoulders are slightly stooped and indicate a habit of leaning over books. His movements are rather quiet,

but indicate much firmness and decision. His easy manner exhibits a perfect confidence and strength of character. When he appears before his people, the most listless observer arouses to a sense that a most extraordinary man is before him.

“His impressive appearance consists of a beautiful expression of countenance, that is not dependent on outline for its cast, but rather on the intellectual light that shines from his eyes and radiates over his countenance. His face is long and beardless ; his hair is brown, and worn cast back from his high, broad forehead, and hangs in slight, graceful curls over his shoulders ; his eyes are soft and blue, mild in repose, and glow beautifully when he is aroused or eloquent ; his brows are high and regularly arched. The eyes often droop, and seem to fall with a violent light radiating from them. His mouth has a slight curvature at the corners, is small and of pleasing appearance ; his lips are mobile, and carry on their well-moulded surface a constantly varying smile that has much of that compassion that beams kindly from his eyes and face. His angular cheek bones are scarcely noticeable in a front view.

“His general appearance, as he stands in the chancel, is very feminine, yet giving the impression that he is an intellectual and poetical person of noble and good qualities. His manner, and particularly his distinct tenor tones, indicate an unusually powerful and impressive voice. His utterances often reach a high key, but they are musically modulated and very pleasing to the ear. His thrilling sentences flow rhythmically, like poetry, and are not only exquisitely pleasing, but convincing in every respect. Short currents of eloquent words flow from him easily and without labour. No unkindly references ever grate on the ear of his varied listeners. Kindly and calmly he tells the beauties of the Church ; firmly he asks for faith from his hearers, and without bigotry, he demands devotion and Christian practice from its members.”

GEORGE HERBERT SASS.

Among the war poems that appeared in the South during the war *A Prayer for Peace*, by Mr. Sass, a young poet of Charleston, South Carolina, was received with much favour. Another poem under the same title, commencing,—

Peace ! Peace ! God of our fathers, grant us peace !—

appeared about the same date—1864, I believe it was—
from the pen of S. Teackle Wallis.

I give Mr. Sass's poem entire :—

Look forth, look forth from the pale hills of Time
Which, deepening in the distance, rise and swell
In shadowy surges to the great Sublime.
Look forth from those grey heights, look forth, and tell
If the Deliverer comes ! Long have we striven
And toiled, and waited—darker to our view
Grows the horizon of yon lowering heaven,
And the chill blasts blow menacingly through ;
Closer the shadows crouch around our path—
The billowy storm-clouds of impending wrath.

Look forth, pale Sentry of the Eastern hills,
Wan with long watching, gaunt with vigil sore ;
Speak the wild thought which through my bosom thrills.
Comes the Good Master never, never more ?
Hath He forgot His people in their woes ?
Is the Great Ruler impotent to save ?
Are these sharp pangs but Life's expiring throes,
And tend our blood-stained footsteps to the grave ?
When comes of all our ills the blest surcease ?
Where loitereth, prison-bound, sweet-featured Peace ?

For two long years the wine-press have we trodden,
Sure Thou wilt hearken as we turn to Thee,
Lifting our bridal-ropes, all stained and sodden
With the red tears of wounded Purity !

Sure Thou wilt bare Thine arm's avenging might,
 Till in Thy glorious kingdom upon earth
 We stand a nation of the nations, bright
 In all the grandeur of heroic birth,
 Clad in the purple, yet with mourning weeds,
 The proud heart throbbing, even while it bleeds.

Ah, yes! triumphant still, though stricken sore—
 Like some fair barque, whose prow hath wooed the wave
 Which leaps in maddening surges on the shore,
 Where foam-crowned eddies lure her to her grave, —
 Yet still hath borne her proudly on her way,
 Though tempests rage, and billows roar and swell,
 Into the haven of eternal day
 Hath passed, and is at rest, and all is well!
 Ay, even though the lordly mast hath bowed,
 And the breeze murmurs through a storm-rent shroud.

With wistful glance the dying western sun
 Looks down upon a lone and peaceful grave;
 Full lovingly the shadows, pale and dun,
 Guard the last home of him who died to save
 His fair fame from foul slander's blighting breath—
 His country from the foe's polluting tread;
 Bright smiling in the phantom arms of death,
 With no vain sigh or throb of craven dread,
 Where weeps the wave of that calm western river,
 Fell the true knight, a hero now forever.

Once more the shadows darken through the land;
 Once more goes forth that wild, despairing cry;
 The bright blade falleth from the nerveless hand,
 The light of battle fadeth from the eye!
 A moan of woe in Shenandoah's vale;
 One quick, short sigh on Rappahannock's shore,
 And then butswelleth proudly on the gale
 The grand old shout, the battle-cry of yore!
 Still Jackson's name the foremost charge hath led,
 Still Jackson's war-cry thunders at their head!

Yes, all unshaken is the patient trust,
 The steadfast heart, the calm, undaunted will,

And now we lift us to Thee from the dust
 Of penitence, and pray that Thou wilt still
 The raging of the waters, till the calm
 Of peace shall brood upon the troubled deep,
 And the soft billows, murmuring a psalm
 Of love and glory, gently charm to sleep
 The storm-tossed mariner, soft as the chime
 Of distant home bells in a fairy clime.

And so, as some rich-freighted Argosie
 Which glides in swan-like grandeur o'er the main
 While all the treasures of a tropic sea
 Flash round her prow and glitter in her train,
 In triumph o'er the waves our Ship of State
 Shall proudly ride, while yet the soft breeze fills
 Her sails, until at last the crystal gate,
 Deep-bosomed 'mid the Everlasting Hills,
 Shall open to her prow, her wanderings cease,
 And o'er her decks shall brood love-crownéd Peace

Mr. Sass took the prize offered during the war by *The Southern Field and Fireside* for the best poem.

Among the poems of Mr. Sass not yet published, I present *Far* as representative of his latest muse-work :—

Far around — the long hush of the summer;
 The swell of the breezes of morn;
 The infinite, echoless murmur
 From the low fields of shadowy corn;
 Blue reaches of sea through the elm-boughs;
 Red light on the crests of the trees,
 As the dim east lifts slumbrous eyelids;
 Far around — only these.

Far away — a dim mystical vapour,
 Drawn down o'er the grave of the moon;
 A light cloud whose bosom is shaken
 With the sighs of the wakening June;
 A white sail adown the horizon,
 Sinking slow with the last fading star;
 A sweep of the billows between us
 Far away — ah, how far!

Far down — a dear head calm and peaceful ;
Far down a sweet face, passion-pale ;
And the daisies in beauty above it,
Soft-wooded by the soft summer gale ;
A hope, and a love, and a life-throb,
Folded close to the Great Mother's breast,
And kissed into slumber forever ;
Far down, there is rest.

Far up — a great glory of living !
A door in the fathomless blue !
A sweet voice, on earth hushed forever ;
Dear eyes, darkened here, shining through.
Far up — the great rapture of Heaven !
Far down — a soul's joyful release !
Far around, far away, here and ever,
God's infinite Peace !

Mr. Sass continues to write occasionally ; but with the withdrawal of the excitement of war and a suffering country, he has abated his interest in the intense utterances of song.

He has been engaged in mercantile or commercial pursuits, and is just now entering upon the practice of law.

His chirograph is *clerkly*, and indicates directness of mind and a fondness for display.

He is, I judge, about twenty-three or four years old ; and his youth leaves grounds for the hope that he may yet do efficient work in the field of letters.

JOHN SCOTT.

During the year 1867 there appeared an illustrated octavo, entitled *Partisan Life with Mosby*, by Major John Scott of Fauquier, Virginia, late C. S. A. It was published by subscription only.

I have never seen the book, but have seen many complaints of its faults. The author, according to the reviewers, creates

some of his characters *de novo*; and gives exploits, conversations, and opinions to these fictitious personages, as if it were all history. A writer, who appears to have been of Mosby's command, thus speaks of the work:—

“It was hoped that when the author was entrusted, by his own request, with the responsibility of furnishing the public a correct exposition of the character and achievements of an organization which had hitherto been shrouded with so much mystery, that he would give to the world a history that could be credited by strangers, and prized as a *souvenir* by those who had participated in the exploits to be recorded. The advantages afforded Major Scott for doing this were great, and it is not my purpose in this article to question the correctness of his descriptions of Mosby's encounters with the enemy. But no matter how vividly he may have presented to the reader those brilliant exploits, the objects for which he represents the Partisan as fighting, and the character he gives the men themselves, will destroy all interest which might have been felt in their successes. Had his object been to gratify the most bitter enemies of partisan warfare by producing a work which should conform to their prejudices, he could not have been more successful; for he has represented Mosby's command as a reckless band of ‘conglomerates,’ fighting entirely for plunder, and with no respect for religion.”

These are heavy charges; but from the quotations made, the reviewer appears to make out his case very fully. There are several other objections urged against the work, but it is not necessary, in a literary view, to push a consideration of them any farther. I am not aware that Major Scott has written any other books.

VICTOR SEJOUR.

According to the Baptismal Registry in New Orleans, M. Victor Séjour was born in that city on the 12th of June, 1809; although M. Vapereau, in his *Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains*, states that he was born in Paris towards the end of 1816—*né à Paris, vers la fin de 1816*.

He made his *début* in literature in 1841 by an ode upon *The Return of Napoleon*, but has acquired his main distinction as a dramatist, actor, and dramatic writer. His principal works are:—

1. *Retour de Napoléon*. Published in octavo. 1841.
2. *Diégarias*. A five-act drama in verse; 1844. It was produced at the Theatre Français, Paris, the same year.
3. *La Chute de Séjan*. Also a five-act drama, produced in 1849 at the same theatre.
4. *Richard III*. A five-act prose drama, produced at the Porte Saint Martin in 1852; written for the actor Ligier.
5. *L'Argent du Diable*. A piece in three acts, produced at Variétés in 1854.
6. *Les Noces Vénitiennes*. A five-act drama. 1855.
7. *Le Fils de la Nuit*,—five-act. 1857.
8. *André Gérard*. A five-act drama, produced at the Odéon as the farewell representation of M. Frédéric Lemaître, in 1857.
9. *Le Martyr du Cœur*. A five-act drama, written in conjunction with M. Brésil in 1858.

Since that time M. Séjour has continued his labours; but I have not a list of his more recent works. He sojourns—a French actor can hardly be said to reside or live—in Paris rather than in his native city; though his friends in New Orleans consider him an American and a Southern author. He is, I am informed, a quadroon. He writes only in the French language.

RAPHAEL SEMMES.

The story of the hero of the *Sumter* and the *Alabama* belongs rather to the history of the war than to that of contemporary literature. His book, however, is a part of the matter before us.

Admiral Semmes is a native of Maryland, and was born about 1810. In 1828 he was appointed a midshipman on board the *Lexington*; and by the year 1855 reached the rank of commander. In 1858 he was appointed secretary to the Lighthouse Board; and the commencement of the war found him in that position. In March, 1861, he entered the Confederate service; and was at once appointed commander, and assigned to service in charge of the steamer *Sumter*. After the brief but brilliant career of that vessel, which he sold at Gibraltar, he was assigned to the command of the 290, to which he gave the name of *Alabama*. As commander of that vessel he rivalled the exploits of the famous Paul Jones of the American Revolution. The *Alabama* was finally sunk in the British Channel, nine miles from Cherbourg, by the Federal frigate *Kearsarge*. In reference to this affair, I heard Admiral Semmes, in January, 1865, in a speech delivered within the Confederacy, say that he exulted in the fact that no foot of the foe ever polluted his decks; that, as he had christened the *Alabama*, he also buried her; that the victor off Cherbourg captured not a splinter of her smallest spar, nor a shred of her flag; that he buried her in English waters, side by side with the old ships and the old flags of Old England, safe from the reach and the insult of an overreaching foe.

In person Admiral Semmes is rather more *distingué*-looking than handsome. He is about five feet ten, wears a moustache and imperial; has a complexion touched by the suns of many climes; and his nose is noticeably long and large.

He has been for the greater part of the time since the war, and I believe now is, editor of a daily newspaper in Memphis, Ten-

nessee, and has lectured with some success in the Southwest upon his cruising.

In 1864 there appeared a small volume, in London and New York simultaneously, entitled "*The Cruise of the Alabama and the Sumter*, from the Private Journals and other papers of Commander Raphael Semmes, C. S. N., and other officers."

Our author's own work appeared in 1868, under the title of "*Memoirs of Service Afloat in the Sumter and the Alabama*, during the War between the States, by Admiral Raphael Semmes, of the late Confederate States Navy." This is a royal octavo volume of nearly 800 pages, illustrated with a steel engraving of the author and fourteen engraved portraits of the officers of the two vessels, besides half a dozen illustrations in chromo tints. It was published in Baltimore. A Northern journal—*The Round Table* of New York—after characterizing the extreme partisan tone of the writer, adds: "When, however, he has his sailing orders and gets on the blue water he is natural, easy, and graphic, and the narrative is kept up with spirit and interest to the close." And further: "*Au reste*, it is fair to an author who makes frequent slips in scholarship, and who is too trustworthy a partisan to see both sides of the shield, that we should acknowledge his unusual descriptive powers, the closeness of his observation for natural phenomena, and the fidelity with which he has studied and brings forward for our instruction the minutiae of his adventurous profession. Were he to put his best force in the attempt, we have little doubt Mr. Semmes could produce sea fiction that would do no discredit to Cooper, Marryat, or Chamier."

Two works—*Campaigns of General Scott in the Valley of Mexico*, Cincinnati, 1852, 12mo.; and *Service Afloat and Ashore During the Mexican War*, Cincinnati, 1851, 8vo.,—appear under the name of this author.

MRS. MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

Miss MARY STANLY BUNCE PALMER, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer of Beaufort, South Carolina, was born in that place in 1810.

When she was four years old the family removed to Charleston, where Dr. Palmer had been called to the pastorate of the Independent Church.

Miss Palmer was educated at the school of the Misses Ramsey in Charleston; at the Seminary of the Rev. Mr. Emerson at Wethersfield in Connecticut; at the Young Ladies' Seminary at Elizabethtown, New Jersey; and (not to be tedious with details) at a seminary at New Haven in Connecticut.

As a school-girl she contributed to Mrs. Gilman's monthly *Rose-Bud*.

In 1835 she became the wife of Mr. Charles E. Dana of New York, and lived there with him three years.

In 1839 she was left a widow, and as a solace began to devote herself regularly to literature.

In 1845 Mrs. Dana embraced the Unitarian faith. She published *Letters to Relatives and Friends*, a good-sized volume, explanatory of her change of religious views.

In 1848 she became the wife of the Rev. Robert D. Shindler, an Episcopal preacher; joined her husband's church; and in 1850 they removed to Maryland, and afterwards to Shelbyville, Kentucky, where I believe they now live, Mr. Shindler being a professor in Shelby College.

Mrs. Shindler's published books are:—

1. *Southern Harp*, published in 1841, is a collection of her sacred poems adapted to popular airs—airs like those Scotch ones of which some one has said God made the tunes and the Devil wrote the words. Mrs. Dana wrote sacred, not diabolical, words for such popular tunes.

2. *Northern Harb.* The success of the preceding encouraged the author to prepare this work, similar in character.

3. *The Parted Family, and Other Poems.* A volume of original verses, which is said to have had a large sale. I shall give a specimen below.

4. *Charles Morton, or the Young Patriot.* A story of the Revolution of '76, appeared in 1843.

5. *The Young Sailor.*

6. *Forecastle Tom.*

7. *Letters to Relatives and Friends.* 1845. This is the work mentioned above—the largest of her prose works—and appeared the same year in London. It is her *magnum opus*, though possibly now, with her altered views on theology, the author may not choose to consider it so.

The following little poem is graceful and suggestive. It is entitled *The Faded Flower and the Crushed Heart*:—

I have seen a fragrant flower
 All impearled with morning dew;
 I have plucked it from the bower,
 Where in loveliness it grew.
 O, 'twas sweet, when gayly vying
 With the garden's richest bloom;
 But when faded, withered, dying,
 Sweeter far its choice perfume.

So the heart, when crushed by sorrow,
 Sends its richest streams abroad,
 While it learns sweet balm to borrow
 From th' uplifted hand of God.
 Not in its sunny days of gladness
 Will the heart be fixed on Heaven;
 When 'tis wounded, clothed in sadness,
 Oft its richest love is given.

This is, and claims to be, only a song, and a moral song at that—two conditions rather against the purity of its poetry.

BARNARD SHIPP.

The heroic verse as a form for didactic utterance has never found favour to any great degree in our country. Many poems have been written in it; but I refer to men's making it the common form for their poems, as Pope and some of his contemporaries did.

In the South two of our poets have written in this verse almost exclusively—Grayson, late of Charleston, who wrote *The Hireling and the Slave*, *The Country*, and *Chicora*; and Mr. Shipp, the subject of this paper.

Mr. Shipp was born on the 30th of April, 1813, upon his father's plantation—The Elysian Fields—five miles north of Natchez, Mississippi. His father, William Shipp, was a native of Virginia, but for thirty years a merchant of Natchez. His mother—*née* Barnard—is a native of Mississippi. His teachers were Rev. Benjamin O. Peers of Lexington, Kentucky, and Professor John S. Hart of Philadelphia.

The first book of poems that he read was Pope's translation of the *Iliad*. This was at the age of twelve, and it made a great and durable impression upon his mind. He is more indebted to Pope for his poetical form and also for his style of thought—philosophy of life may better convey the idea—than to any other author.

He is at present resident in Louisville, Kentucky.

His published works are two volumes of verse:—

1. *Fame and Other Poems*, was published in 1848. In this volume the poems of greatest length are *Fame*, *Fayette*, and *Cosmopolis*. Speaking of *Fame*, a writer of that day, after mentioning that it was written "in the heroic couplet of Pope and Dryden," says of it:—

"The reader in perusing it is reminded constantly of the former of these authors, not from any identity of expressions or thoughts, but from a certain similarity of manner, which is perhaps

the more noticeable from the fact that this peculiar style is now so uncommon."

The following lines will serve to illustrate both the poem and the poet :—

Deem not that man, unaided, e'er hath trod
O'er prostrate empires with an iron rod,
To chasten kingdoms and reform mankind,
Their morals darken and degrade their mind;
Nor think the bolts at sinful nations hurled
Proclaim God's vengeance to a guilty world;
Approving Mercy points their destined course,
And wings their fury from her fountain source;
Poor simple mortals, to their being blind,
See not the glory, nor the good designed,
But only wrath, and God's vindictive soul,
In fiery clouds and dreadful thunder roll,
What ! God the Father made this world so fair,
Produced mankind for anguish and despair;
And feelings exquisite to mortals gave,
To tread the earth a demon or a knave?
Displayed yon glories o'er his humble head,
And in his paths the lights of science shed?
Disclosed the realms for meaner beings born,
Yet placed him here all friendless and forlorn?
Could thy frail acts, poor feeble thing, offend,
Cause wrath divine in vengeance to descend?
Could mercy infinite by thee be moved
(From nature springing and by God beloved),
To curse the being that he might have left
Devoid of feeling, or of sense bereft,
Or perfect made to tread his courts above
In endless rapture and eternal love?
For shame, such faith should ever fostering find,
To bow the spirit and debase mankind !
Appal the souls of blinded millions bound
To drag existence grovelling on the ground,
With no fond hopes, no aspirations given,
"Outcasts of earth and reprobates of heaven."

In the minor poems of this volume the author appears to far less advantage, and makes one regret that he should have ever attempted the amatory or the playful, when the didactic, and that grave, is so incontestably his *forte*.

2. *The Progress of Freedom, and Other Poems*, appeared in 1852, and is a volume about the size of the preceding—near two-hundred duodecimo pages.



WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, LL.D.

These are the works that Mr. Simms has written:—

1. *Lyrical and other Poems*. A *début* volume, written previous to the author's twentieth year, and published in Charleston, 1827.

2. *Early Lays*. 1827.

3. *The Vision of Cortes, Cain, and other Poems*. 1829.

4. *The Tricolor, or Three Days of Blood in Paris*. A celebration in verse of the French Revolution of 1830, published in that year.

5. *Atalantis: A Story of the Sea*. A narrative poem of life among the Nereids, of submarine magic, and human sympathy; published by the Harpers of New York in 1832.

6. *Martin Faber: the Story of a Criminal*. A striking fiction of intense interest and power, published in New York in 1833.

7. *The Book of My Lady*. A *mélange*; published in 1833.

8. *The Cosmopolitan: an Occasional, No. 1*. An alternation of tales and conversations; the first of a series that never went beyond No. 1.

9. *The Partisan*. 1835.

10. *Mellichampe*.

11. *Katherine Walton, or the Rebel of Dorchester*. This and the two preceding constitute a trilogy, delineating life in South Carolina, centralized in Charleston during the revolutionary period; covering the varied fortunes of that soul-trying crisis,

including the parts taken by Marion, Sumter, Moultrie, Pickens, Hayne, and Horry. This is perhaps the author's most successful series of pure fictions.

12. *Southern Passages and Pictures*. A volume of poems, lyrical, sentimental, and descriptive, published in New York, 1839.

13. *Donna Florida, a Tale*. A narrative poem, conceived and written under the influence of *Don Juan*; the express aim being a poem in the style of Byron's reckless heroic. It was dropped in midway, and remains a fragment, which is not much to be regretted. Published in Charleston, 1843.

14. *Castle Dismal, or the Bachelor's Christmas*. A domestic legend; a South Carolina ghost-story. 1844.

15. *Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies*. A collection of sonnets.

16. *Areytas, or Songs of the South*. Miscellaneous poems, published in 1846.

17. *Lays of the Palmetto*. Lyrics and ballads commemorative of the exploits of the Palmetto (South Carolina) regiments in the Mexican war of 1848.

18. *The Eye and the Wing*. A collection of poems. New York; 1848.

19. *Poems Chiefly Imaginative*. Another volume of miscellaneous verse.

20. *The Cassique of Accabee, a Tale of Ashley River, with other pieces*,—the leader being a narrative poem, a legend of Indian life and love in the lang-syne of aboriginal days; published in New York, 1849.

21. *The City of the Silent*. A poem delivered by the author at the consecration of Magnolia Cemetery, at Charleston, in 1850.

22. *Norman Maurice, or the Man of the People*. A drama of the present day, dealing with current events and feelings; a representation of every-day American life, political and social.

23. *Michael Bonham, or the Fall of the Alamo*. A drama,

romantic and tragic as its title imports. This and the preceding were produced upon the stage in the North, with a fair measure of success; this being the more successful of the two.

24. *Poems*. Two duodecimo volumes of miscellaneous poems, culled from several earlier volumes, with fresh additions. These were published by Redfield, in 1853.

25. *The Kinsmen, or the Black Riders of the Congaree*. A spirited fiction of revolutionary life and times; the scene, as the name imports, being laid in the author's native state. This novel was largely successful; and several years after its appearance was reproduced, under the title of *The Scout*, in a uniform edition of the author's novels.

26. *The Sword and the Distaff*. Like the preceding, this was subsequently reproduced under another title—*Woodcraft, or Hawks about the Dovecot*.

27. *Eutaw*. Another war novel, including an account of the celebrated battle known as Eutaw Springs, in South Carolina. This, I believe, is the latest of Mr. Simms's revolutionary tales.

28. *Guy Rivers*. A border tale of rough old times in Georgia, wherein the rough hand and the stout heart ruled the day.

29. *Richard Hurdis, or the Avenger of Blood*. A tale of Alabama.

30. *Border Beagles*. A tale of Mississippi.

31. *Beauchamp*. A tale of Kentucky.

32. *Helen Halsey, or the Swamp State of Conelachita*.

33. *The Golden Christmas: A Chronicle of St. John's, Berkley*.

34. *The Yemassee*. A romance of Carolina; an Indian story, historical, founded upon the conspiracy of the Yemassees to massacre the whites in 1715. The delineations of Indian character in this novel are classed among the best portraiture of the Southern Indian on record.

35. *Pelayo: A Story of the Goth*.

36. *Count Julian*. A sequel to *Pelayo*. This brace of fictions

deals with the Saracenic invasion of Spain, the dark fate of Roderick, and the treachery of Julian.

37. *The Damsel of Darien*. A story of the discoverer of the Pacific, the celebrated Vasco Nuñez de Balboa.

38. *The Lily and the Totem*. A story of the Huguenots in Florida.

39. *Vasconcelos*. In which we find the story of De Soto in Florida. This novel was published under the *nom de plume* of Frank Cooper; a device to determine, it is said, how much the immense popularity of the author's works depended upon his name. The book was a success without the adventitious aid of an already famous name.

40. *Carl Werner*. A novel in the style of *Martin Faber*, returning to inner life.

41. *Confession of the Blind Heart*.

42. *The Wigwam and the Cabin*.

43. *Marie de Berniere*. A tale of the Crescent City.

44. *History of South Carolina*.

45. *South Carolina in the Revolution*. A critical and argumentative work, corrective of certain errors and oversights in history.

46. *Geography of South Carolina*. This work was prepared, as also was the history of the state, as an aid in the education of the author's daughter.

47. *Life of Francis Marion*. A biography as fascinating and attractive as a fiction.

48. *Life of John Smith*. A biography of the hero of the Pocahontas-Powhattan episode in Virginia history.

49. *Life of Chevalier Bayard*.

50. *Life of General Greene*.

51. *Father Abbott, or the Home Tourist*. A medley—sketches of Southern scenery, society, feelings, and fancies.

52. *Southward Ho!* In which a party of travellers discuss Southern themes, peoples, scenes, and things generally. It has been styled a species of Decameron.

53. *Paddy McGann, or the Demon of the Stump.* A humorous novel, published in *The Southern Illustrated News*, in 1863 or 1864.

54. *Joscelyn: a Tale of the Revolution.* A serial tale, published in *The Old Guard*, early in 1867. This appears to be rather a favourable specimen of Mr. Simms's war novels.

55. *Views and Reviews of American History, Literature, and Art.* A collection of graver papers—critical, biographical, and discursive.

56. *Egeria, or Voices of Thought and Counsel for the Woods and Wayside.* A thesaurus of aphorisms and brief thoughts and fancies, thrown together in the style of Goethe's *Opinions*, or of Montesquieu's *Pensées Diverses*.

57. *The Morals of Slavery.* A series of papers published in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, and then envolumed, with other able essays by other authors on cognate points, in a work entitled *The Pro-Slavery Argument*.

58. *War Poetry of the South.* A collection of lyrics by Southern poets, appeared late in 1866. This is a valuable book, but indicates some carelessness in preparation, and has a good many mistakes.

59. *Reviews.* These have not been gathered in volumes yet, but would fill several. While editor of *The Southern Quarterly Review*, Mr. Simms wrote the greater part of several issues; and he always supplied the shortcomings of his contributors by writing largely for every number while he had editorial charge. He contributed liberally to various other periodicals—*The Knickerbocker*, *Orion*, *Graham's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, *American Quarterly*, and many others; besides editing *The Southern Literary Gazette*, *The Magnolia*, *The Southern and Western Monthly Magazine and Review*, and no doubt others, longer since forgotten than some of these.

60. *Orations.* Stated, elaborate, and numerous.

61. *Lectures.* Courses of lectures on Poetry and the Practical, on Hamlet; and single lectures too numerous to enumerate.

62. *Historical and Social Sketch of Craven County.*

63. *The Star-Brethren, and Other Stories.*

64. *Voltmier, or the Mountain Man.* A tale of the old North State; was copyrighted in 1868, and published in serial in *The Illuminated Western World* in 1869.

65. *The Cub of the Panther.* A mountain legend; published in serial in *The Old Guard*, 1869.

Mr. Simmas is a native of Charleston, South Carolina, of Scotch-Irish descent, born on Thursday, the 17th of April, 1806. Early left an orphan, in the care of his grandmother, of limited means, he found himself while yet almost a child, thrown upon his own resources, and the stringency and solitude of that youth nurtured a power of self-reliance and noble will that have borne him to his present high place in our country. He wrote verses at eight. He read miscellaneously everything that fell in his way. In the absence of a regular classical education he seized and assimilated all the information that lay within his reach. He acquired with great rapidity; so that, at eighteen, he possessed a fund of knowledge remarkable in one so young; unprecedented in one for whom the regular training of the schools had done so little.

He was originally designed for the study of medicine; but his tastes revolted at the course, and he betook himself with diligence to Blackstone; and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one.

He practiced law, however, but a short time. It was too slow. Success—the brilliant success that he considered worth his endeavour—lay too remote in the future. Besides, a taste, amounting to a passion—a necessity, in fact—for literary utterance, led him from law to literature. The event has proved the choice to be fortunate both for himself and for the country.

His first pen-labour was in editing *The Charleston City Gazette*, a political news-sheet, of union or anti-nullification principles. The whole concern sunk, and left its adventurous helmsman afloat. The influence of this catastrophe upon him

seems to have been healthy ; for he thereupon devoted himself afresh to literature proper, with spirit and rapid success.

He made his *début* as a *littérateur*, about his nineteenth year, in a *Monody on General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney*. The success of this effort was highly gratifying to the young author ; and from that time till the present—nearly forty years—he has devoted himself uninterruptedly to literature as a profession ; and honourable results have accrued to the country from that devotion.

He served one term as a representative in the Legislature of South Carolina, and made his mark there.

As a *prosateur*, Mr. Simms made his appearance as the author of *Martin Faber*, a romance of absorbing interest. A unit in conception, clearly conceived, and written in a style aglow with energy and passion, *Martin Faber* was a decided success ; for an unknown Southern author, a brilliant success. The book fully deserved it. The story of guilty love, the complex nature of crime, the cry of blood from the mute earth, and above all, that mysterious law in the moral government of the universe by which the bloody hand of the murderer is made to point to his own bosom ; these things are delineated with graphic power.

Once fairly before the public as a novelist, our author laboured assiduously, and threw off from year to year, sometimes from month to month, his rapid series of fictions ; now dealing with the rugged original and aboriginal characters of early American life ; now depicting the heroic achievements of the knights of elder Spain and the crafty Saracen ; now amid the tropic blooms of Florida ; now in the *abandon* of Southwestern life ; now on the Dark and Bloody Ground—over the whole wide range of Southern and Southwestern American life. He was most at home in the revolutionary times, when war, and craft, and treachery, and love, and death, ruled the hour ; or in the older and pre-revolutionary times, when the stalwart and sturdy Indian yet struggled with bloody hands for his erstwhile dominions, and yet hoped to wrest his lands from the pale-faces.

From his little *Legend of the Table Rock* to his elaborate fiction of *The Yemassee*, he has done these things well.

The tendency of our author's mind has been from the subjective to the objective; from the inner life to the outer; from motives and their analyses to deeds and events. *Martin Faber* presents to us subtle analyses of inner action, evolved through events; but we see that the author keeps in view his hero's motive nature. Gradually, in subsequent books, Mr. Simms has left out of view more and more the inner man, and has given us the outer with increasing vividness and power. And, further yet, many of his fictions thrust forward events—*events*, rather than *deeds*—to the exclusion of almost everything else. We lose sight of the man—the hero—himself as well as his motives in the dizzying whirl of events. In doing this, Mr. Simms has determined for himself a position not held in the same degree by any other writer of fiction, North, South, or British. In that wielding of events, that sacrificing of characters to situations, he stands unsurpassed—to a great extent unapproached. In America, neither Brown nor Cooper is his equal in this regard; though both surpass him far in certain other qualities. Here the contest for first place in general merit, or in the balance of merits (including quantity), lies between our author and Cooper. In characterization and in polish, Cooper has the advantage; while in the energy of action, variety of situations, and perhaps in literal truthfulness of delineation—I mean the absence of fanciful and impossible personages—Mr. Simms has clearly the advantage.

In general results—take both for all in all, quantity, versatility, and quality—it may be reasonably questioned whether Mr. Simms has an equal in America. I believe he has not. In general value to his sphere of literature he is *facile princeps* both North and South.

With this position I may safely, I presume, make mention of what the critics—a disagreeable class of meddlesome persons—call our author's faults.

"He gives us too much ruffianism," says the reverend dogmatist of New-York criticism. This may be true; but the fault is in the times portrayed rather than in the author who faithfully portrays them. It is not maintained—even Griswold did not venture to announce—that Mr. Simms's books are more ruffianly than the ruffian times and society of which he writes. The error, if error there be, lies in choice of subject.

It is urged that there is too much profanity and coarseness in the conversations; but Mr. Simms, in substance, very properly replies: "If Brown and Jones *will* deal in smut and damns and use bad words, he really cannot prevent them; it is a way they have. It may be very wicked in Brown and Jones; but if these gentlemen are to appear before the world of readers at all, truth as well as art demand that they (Brown and Jones) should appear *as they are*." To so present them is exactly what Mr. Simms set out to do. No one seems to desire a quarrel with Defoe because Moll Flaggon is not a pink of perfection; nor with Fielding, because Jonathan Wild is not an exemplary young man; nor with Smollet, because Ferdinand Count Fathom is a scamp of the first water; nor with Scott, because the Lily of St. Leonard's is as frail as she is fair. Then, may not Guy Rivers use a strong expression or two without the critic's holding Mr. Simms responsible?

It is objected further that his literal truthfulness becomes a fault; that the author mistakes when he gives us the disgusting and repulsive in place of the merely horrible; that he nauseates rather than moves with tragic horror. It is a feature in which he has gone beyond Defoe, the foster-parent of the literal in fictitious narrative in modern literature. In this case I am constrained to leave Mr. Simms with his critics.

The ease with which Mr. Simms writes has often betrayed him into carelessness in style. His English suffers thereby. This effect is, unfortunately, too often apparent. One critic, though not the severest, has charged upon the English of his earlier works that it was "verbose, involute, and not unfrequently

ungrammatical." This may be putting the point too forcibly. Elegance of composition, however, can scarcely be noticed as the characteristic of any of his works.

Edgar Poe says of Mr. Simms: "He has more vigour, more imagination, more movement, and more general capacity than all our novelists (save Cooper) combined."

In attestation of our author's descriptive powers, a little fact of literary history is noteworthy. It is this: When Sealsfield, a German writer of some note, appropriated whole pages together from *Guy Rivers*, by translation into his own works without a word of acknowledgment, these stolen passages were seized upon by the laudatory critics, quoted in their notices, and lauded all over Germany "*as superior to anything done by Americans in describing their own country!*"

Gilmore Simms is the Walter Scott of South Carolina. Both have done for their native lands the same thing—have traced up the stream of history to its sources; and from the *terra incognita* of legend and tradition have given us pictures of life in striking and fascinating colours. Both have swept the dust and grime from the cobwebbed canvass of history with the brush of fiction, and made the dim features salient and attractive.

As a historiographer our author has not aimed high, and has accomplished just what he proposed—a readable history of South Carolina for the young, something fresh with new life; something of less "immemorial dust and dignity" than Ramsay and Carroll, and something of far less research than Rivers. It is largely drawn from Ramsay, as Ramsay is largely drawn from Hewat.

As a biographer Mr. Simms has produced four creditable volumes; an almost inappreciable portion of his many works, yet enough alone to make considerable reputation for a second-rate *littérateur*. The *Life of Bayard* is the one upon which he seems to have bestowed most pains and in which he felt most direct interest. A reviewer remarks that this *Life* was written

con amore; but that may be said of almost everything he has ever written. *Con amore* is his style.

As a poet also Mr. Simms has written a great deal—more than any other Southern writer.

It would be pleasant for me to record my conviction that he stands as high in this department of letters as he does in that of prose fiction; but the conviction is wanting, and I cannot make the record.

Mr. Simms's long poems are *Atalantis*, *The Cassique of Accabee*, *Donna Florida*, *The Vision of Cortes*, and perhaps I should add, *The Tricolor* and *The City of the Silent*. This is exclusive of his dramas. He has published, I believe, counting in one or two revisals and several recombinations, eighteen volumes of verse and two dramas.

Atalantis is perhaps the best of the narrative poems. It was written when the author was young. The story is an impossible one of a Nereid, a sea-monster, and a Spanish knight—a fairy fiction of passible merit as a story. It is told mainly in blank verse. The interest of the narrative is meagre, far removed as it is from human sympathies and from the heart-life of mankind in general. Its success when published was moderate, but fully equal to its merits. There are in it some passages of true poetry, and numbers of detached thoughts that are very fine. This, for example:—

They had a gentle voice,
Tremulous as an echo, faintly made,
The replication of an infant's cry,
Thrown back from some rude mountain.

The force and delicacy in the above are worthy of Shelley in his happiest moods. I could quote several passages of this kind found here and there throughout the poem.

If *The Cassique of Accabee* were given in good prose, the effect would be better than as it is; and the story—a love legend of Indian life and Indian passion in the long ago—would stand

properly upon its merits ; stand, I mean, unencumbered with the detriment of second-rate versification. That it is a romance, and not a poem, is abundantly apparent at every step in the perusal ; and, at the conclusion, one naturally wonders why it has been put into verses or stanzas at all. I maintain that the *Laws of the Confederate Congress*, for instance, would not become poems by being versified. It is so with a mere history, a mere oration, or a mere romance.

Of *Donna Florida* it is scarcely fair to speak, since, I believe, the author apologized for it many years ago, upon the plea of youthful indiscretion. The aim of the author was high—to rival *Don Juan* ; to place beside Byron's work, just then fresh in the public enthusiasm, an American poem like it. It is useless to say that the effort was a failure, failure being too feeble a word. The effort was sublime in its daring, and the result is just one step removed from the sublime—the one step of the proverbs that lies between the sublime and—*Donna Florida*.

The City of the Silent is apparently the least ambitious of all these more elaborate poems ; certainly the most successful. It is a grave theme, in its nature poetical, handled with earnestness, and full of thought.

The minor poems—lyrics, sonnets, ballads, odes, epodes, eclogues, serenades, madrigals, idyls, monodies, Anacreontics, lays, roundelays, and canzonets—come next in order. These are equal, as a mass—perhaps I should say superior—to the longer poems noticed above. They fill several volumes, and number several hundreds, if not thousands.

Among all these there is not one single poem of any kind, that has caught hold on the affections of our people ; no single lyric that has become a favourite upon the lips of beauty ; no song that lies upon all our pianos ; not a stanza that has come to pass *per ora virum* as household words ; nothing like *My Life is Like the Summer Rose*, '*Tis Said that Absence Conquers Love*, *My Maryland*, or *Florence Vane*, or even *The Health*.

I should not feel warranted in making this stricture, did not

the *form* of so many of these miscellaneous poems suggest it. They are designed for the many.

Time, I am aware, may sometimes be necessary for this kind of poem to make way to the popular heart; not generally so, however. But Mr. Simms "wrote verses at eight" — *half a century ago*.

Let us see more immediately the style of these poems.

Spring has always passed for a poetical subject. Anacreon has something to say of it; and so has nearly every poet since his time, and a goodly number before it. And moonlight is eminently poetical. In selecting a single lyric of Mr. Simms's as illustrative of his vein, we find these two poetical themes united in *Moonlight in Spring*, a song, selected by its title from *Arctos*, a collection of *Songs of the South*.

I.

The moonlight creeps from plain to grove;
The green to silver turns; and soon
The bird of spring, made glad with love
As grateful for the generous boon,
Pours forth his tune.

II.

His songs find echoes in my heart,
Yet moves me not like him to sing;
For I have seen my birds depart,
My moonlight, with my joys, take wing,
And leave no spring.

III.

Yet, better thus the memories keep,
Of bliss that once the heart hath known;
They soothe, e'en while they make us weep,
And, though the flowers they brought be gone,
The scent's our own.

IV.

Thus watching through the night I see,
 As glides the moonlight to the grove,
 Some shadowy forms, that seem to me
 Sweet wooers, that persuade to rove,
 Still seeking love.

This is fair, at least passable; pretty well—*pas mal*—and the same terms would, unfortunately, apply to the mass of poems beside this. Everything is passibly good; and the passibly-goodness is oppressively *uniform*. No one thing stands above all others, like the *Elegy* of Gray, *Alexander's Feast* of Dryden, Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*, Poe's *Raven*, Wilde's *Summer Rose*, Shelley's *Sky Lark*, Woodworth's *Old Oaken Bucket*, Cook's *Florence Vane*, Pinckney's *Health*, or even *Woodman, Spare that Tree*.

The grand difficulty with our author's poems, considered in general, is comprised in a generality; a generality, however, that will impress any one who reads the volumes themselves. That difficulty pertains to both manner and matter. It is that they are *prosaic*; excellent things, many of them, in their way, but not poetically excellent. They evince thought, information, reading, and a sense of beauty, and even imagination and fancy; but they are *prosaic* for all that.

The author's mind seems often to be *genial* enough; but when giving utterance for others, he manifests a want of *congeniality*, and that want is painfully manifest at every step. It arises from a too absorbing ego-personal character of mind. The poet can not forget, can not sufficiently ignore, himself.

Besides the prosaic, one finds too much of what may be called the commonplace. This element appears more in the choice of subject—rather in the subjects chosen—than in the style. But it is fatal in both.

One is constantly reminded of something one has read before—read years ago, and hardly thought worth remembering.

Here is an example or two, to illustrate my meaning. We read in *Aretyos*:—

Destined to sever,
Thrice hapless ! for years,
Perchance again never
To meet, or in tears;

and a faint remembrance steals over us of these lines from Byron:—

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years.

If I should meet thee,
After long years,
How could I greet thee? —
With silence and tears.

And that was a vein of the truly poetic that Byron well-nigh exhausted.

But again, when the author of *Aretyos* dashes off in this style:—

I seek to sing of glory,
And for my deathless name,
To win from future story
A high and holy fame.
I strike the eager lyre,
The fond desire to prove;
But ah ! the sounds expire,
And glory yields to Love,—

can any one keep Anacreon out of his head? Is it possible to forget Moore's free and easy translation of Anacreon's first Ode — *To a Lyre*—beginning thus:—

I often wish this languid lyre,
This world of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime
To men of fame in former time;
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
"Our sighs are given to Love alone."

Perhaps Byron's rendering is better; Cowley's certainly is.

And so, as we turn from page to page of *Aretyos*, these suggestions occur again and again. This is what is meant by the commonplace.

I am not speaking of plagiarism. I have no intention or desire of making that charge here; nor do I wish to insinuate it beyond what I say. I could give a number of other instances of the commonplace to which I have referred, but the few given will illustrate my meaning. As specimens they are clear.

There is a something else — a *tertium quid* — in these poems that is neither the prosaic, merely, nor the commonplace, merely, but (the necessity for a new word is absolute) a something *Tupperesque*.

Tupper — I mean of course the proverbial philosopher — appears to have a method peculiarly his own in getting up poems. He first selects a subject. *To-day* occurs to him as a theme upon which it appears reasonable that a poem may be constructed. He accordingly sets to work and *makes* a poem (not to be too exacting in the use of terms); sometimes getting an idea into it, sometimes not; but, idea or none, a poem must be made. It is finished. He then finds some correlative or cognate, as *To-morrow*, or *Yesterday*, and by the same process turns out a match poem. The sense in this brace of poems (if they have any) may be smooth, the English entirely passable, the *unoriginality* not obtrusive, the *prosaic* somehow kept in abeyance; but yet the thing moves, like Maelzel's

famous chess-player, as if on hinges and cranks — moves as if Pegasus were a hobby-horse.

- There is something Tupperesque in these *Songs of the South*.

The following stanza shows the effect when Mr. Simms attempts to combine the playful and the fanciful:—

The birds that sing in the leafy spring,
With the light of love on each glancing wing,
Have lessons to last you the whole year through.
For what is "Coo-coo! te weet tu whu,"
But, properly rendered, "*the wit to woo!*"
Coo-coo! te weet tu whu, *the wit to woo!*
Te weet tu whu!

In summary, then, we find these poems to be prosaic, commonplace and Tupperesque. These three weights make enough Bathos to sink any poetic genius that ever embarked upon the sea of literature.

Our author has several of the elements of the true poet, such as a fertile and vivid imagination, a quick sense of effects, and a ready faculty of construction. These qualities make his prose often rich in imagery, and pleasing in happy illustration.

His poetry may be prosaic but his prose is poetic.

Among the many poems before me there is a paraphrase of a chapter of Isaiah, in verse. Above, I called attention to the author's effort at rivalry of Byron. That I thought decidedly enterprising for a young man—courageous to the very verge of heroism. This—the undertaking to turn *Isaiah into poetry*—rushes past the verge of heroism and plunges into the abyss beyond.

Within the last few years, however, he has given us another specimen of this kind of moral heroism in paraphrasing—turning into poetry, isn't it?—that thrilling and well-known passage in the Prologue to Goethe's *Faust*, spoken by the *Poet*, in which that personage breaks forth with the wild and earnest passion of misapprehended genius in this wise:—

"Then give me back again the times when I myself was still forming; when a fountain of crowded lays sprang fresh and unbroken forth; when mists veiled the world before me, the bud still promised miracles; when I gathered the thousand flowers which profusely filled all the dales! I had nothing, and yet enough—the longing after truth, and the pleasure in delusion. Give me back those impulses untamed—the deep, pain-fraught happiness, the energy of hate, the might of love! Give me back my youth!"

As a writer of dramas Mr. Simms has been more successful, I am disposed to say, than in any other branch of the art poetic. His two dramas—*Norman Maurice* and *Michael Bonham*—are vigorous productions. They are, as the design evidently was that they should be, popular. The scenes are striking, and are such as tell upon an auditory; but there is too much speech-making—too much stumping—especially in *Norman Maurice*. The style in general is too diffuse, too full and hurried, and the language is verbose, turgid, and popular; but in these features, it must be confessed, it is true to nature. *Michael Bonham* is better in most of these respects; but there is a strong family likeness in all respects between these brother tragedies. For representation on the stage—a Western stage—they may pass pretty well, but for the closet they will not do.

In conclusion of these discussions I have a word to add.

My conclusions may not always be correct, but I have wished them to be so. In justice to Mr. Simms, I am free to acknowledge that I have not read *all* of his books, and in justice to myself, it is but fair to say that I shall probably never do so.

Mr. Simms has not written an epic. Why, I have no idea; but we may be infinitely grateful that he has not.

Mr. Simms resides at his country home, Woodlands, in Barnwell County, South Carolina. The elegant buildings were destroyed by fire a year or two before the war, and a large brick structure upon the same plan was built upon the same site. The mansion was a handsome building, with equal wings, and a

fine front. This, together with an extensive and valuable library, was destroyed by Sherman's forces in their transit through the state in 1865. The proprietor has been twice married. His small family reside with him. His style of life and his hospitality were, in the days of his prosperity, those of the wealthy and cultivated Southern gentleman.

In person he is of medium size, five feet ten inches in height; having blue eyes of earnest expression; beard and hair now grey, both worn full, but not long. His manner is direct and initiative, free and confident. He talks a great deal; in company discourses constantly; rarely, if ever, *converses*.

In a poem published in 1864 by Dr. J. Dickson Bruns, Mr. Simms is thus referred to:—

And "Woodland's" harp is mute; the grey old man
Broods by his lonely hearth, and weaves no song;
Or, if he sing, the note is sad and wan,
Like the pale face of one who's suffered long.

Mr. Simms's chirograph is full of character—wonderfully like the author and like the man.



MISS CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR.

In 1860—though dated 1861—at the same time and in similar style with Miss Blount's volume of verses, appeared one by Miss Sinclair of Augusta, Georgia. This volume also is entitled *Poems*. They are the verses of a girl.

Miss Sinclair was born in Milledgeville, Georgia, on the 22d of May, 1839, and is the daughter of an itinerant Methodist minister, who lived a while in Macon, awhile in Savannah, awhile in North Carolina, awhile in Georgetown, South Carolina, and finally in Augusta, Georgia. Miss Sinclair is a niece of Robert Fulton of steamboat fame.

The following stanzas will serve to illustrate her style of thought and of utterance. The poem is entitled *Dreaming* :—

Dreaming a dream of long ago,
Of a brow as cold as the winter snow ;
Dreaming of lips that pressed my own ;
Dreaming of joys that all have flown ;
Dreaming of hands that lie at rest
Over a cold and pulseless breast ;
Dreaming, idly dreaming on—
What are these dreams to me ?

Dreaming of eyes that meet my gaze
Through the dusky shadows of by-gone days ;
Dreaming of words that filled my ear
When the form of a lover lingered near ;
Dreaming of what he said to me
As he clasped my hand on bended knee ;
Dreaming of vows that then were spoken ;
Dreaming of vows that now are broken ;
Oh ! what are these dreams to me ?

Dreaming of music half forgot,
That lingered one eve on a shaded spot ;
Dreaming a dream of an olden time,
Filling my soul with its merry chime.
Dreaming again of by-gone years ;
Dreaming of smiles ; dreaming of tears ;
Dreaming, idly dreaming on—
What are all these dreams to me ?

Dreaming now of a homestead dear,
Of the father who sat in the old arm chair ;
Dreaming of soft blue skies that smiled
So lovingly there when I was a child ;
Dreaming of things that meet my gaze
Through the dusky shadows of by-gone days,
Dreaming, idly dreaming on—
What are these dreams to me ?

Dreaming of shady, sunny bowers !
 Dreaming of music, song, and flowers ;
 Dreaming o'er tales of love I told
 Ere my brow grew sad and my heart grew old ;
 Dreaming a dream by the moon to-night ;
 Dreaming a dream, oh ! wondrous bright ;
 Dreaming a dream as fair as truth,
 Too sweet to fade with the hopes of youth,

Dreaming again of my homestead dear,
 Of the pale, cold forms that slumber there ;
 Dreaming of things that meet my gaze
 Through the dusky shadows of by-gone days ;
 Dreaming to-night of other years ;
 Dreaming of smiles ; dreaming of tears ;
 Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming on —
 When will these weary dreamings end ?

This poem is **not** without good points ; and were it not for the affectation of a **sere** and **yellow-leaf-edness** of heart that might suit a *blasée* of ninety, would be very creditable to Miss Sinclair. It promises something far better, and let us hope the promise will be kept.

If the following poem did not in some way suggest *The Isle of the Long-Ago* — a poem of contested authorship — I should accept it at once as Miss Sinclair's best. It is of recent date, I believe. She entitles it *The Long Ago* :—

There's a beautiful isle in the Long Ago,
 All flooded with golden light ;
 And a river that glides by the magic shore,
 Whose waters are wondrous bright !
 And a bark that moves with snowy sails,
 And the music of silver oar,
 That carries us back to the shining gates
 Of that beautiful Past once more !
 And every heart holds some sweet dream
 Of a beautiful Long Ago !

There were bright hopes nursed in that Long Ago;
Fair flowers have perished there;
And the walls of the beautiful Past is hung
With pictures bright and fair;
And oh! there is room for our feet to tread
The path of these by-gone years!
There are joys that bloom in Memory's field,
And a fount for our bitter tears;
And that fount is filled with hallowed tears
We wept in that Long Ago!

There are happy dreams the heart holds dear —
Sweet dreams of the Long Ago!
And sacred tears for the perished joys
That will return no more;
And thus in the tangled web of life
We weave our smiles and tears,
And cling to the holy memories
That hang round departed years!
Ah! drop the silken curtain now
Of the beautiful Long Ago!

Shut out the light of those vanished years,
Close the door of the Past again,
And hush the yearning thoughts that rise
To give the bosom pain;
Ah! roll the heavy stone against
That sepulchre—the Heart!
Why should these buried forms again
To life and beauty start?
The Future may hold some dream as bright
As those of Long Ago!

The exquisite poem to which I made reference above — *The Isle of the Long Ago* — has been attributed to the late Philo Henderson of North Carolina; to Benjamin F. Taylor of Chicago; to Miss Whittlesley of North Carolina; to Henry J. Howard of Baltimore; and to an anonymous English source. The only parties to whose claim there remains the shadow of a probability are Henderson and Taylor.

A new collection of Miss Sinclair's *Poems*, including all her war-poems, is now ready for publication, under the title of *Heart-Whispers, or Echoes of Song*. Several of these war-songs have been put to music.

In person Miss Sinclair is small, having fair complexion, blue eyes, and dark-brown hair; features small and general expression often one of sadness.

Her chirograph indicates earnestness, constancy, quickness and acuteness of feeling, hopefulness, and a limited desire for applause.

PHILIP SLAUGHTER.

In noticing the volume mentioned below, the *Southern Review* makes this mention of the Rev. Mr. Slaughter: "Few persons, if any, suffered more from the war than the venerable and beloved author of the pious little book in question. His library was burned, or destroyed, or scattered to the four winds by the Vandals of the Northern army; and it fared little, if any, better with his furniture, house, and other property." The author is defined as Rector of Cavalry Church, Culpeper County, Virginia.

His "pious little book" is: *Man and Woman; or the Law of Honour Applied to the Solution of the Problem—Why are so Many More Women than Men Christians?*

I am not aware that Mr. Slaughter has written any other works.

CHARLES H. SMITH.

Of the many humorous writers in the broad-burlesque vein who have obtained at various times popularity in the South,

none, I venture—not even Thompson, Hooper, or Longstreet—has ever struck a deeper and more universal current of popular sympathy than “Bill Arp—So Called.” His letters began to appear in 1861; and from that time to the present they have been universally read. During the war every soldier in the field knew Bill Arp’s “last;” and throughout the country everybody read his irresistible and inimitable Letters.

Our humorist is also a lawyer, a statesman, a mayor, and a gentleman. He is one of the firm of Underwood & Smith, attorneys-at-law, Rome, Georgia; and has been a member of the Senate of his native state. He is to-day mayor of the town of Rome, Georgia.

I have never enjoyed the pleasure of seeing Mr. Smith; but the following sketch of him, by an itinerant newspaper correspondent, impresses me as being sprightly enough to be true: “Tall, stoutly-built, with black eyes, hair, and beard, slightly bald, and of rather a grave expression of countenance. . . . A lawyer of fine abilities, and in social intercourse a very interesting gentleman, when shaking off what seems an habitual reserve. Often, however, when saying least, an arch curve of the lip will betray beyond mistake some facetious thoughts flitting through the brain of the great Unharmonized Father of Chickahominy and Bull Run Arp.”

Our author’s only book, as far as I am advised, is the collected Letters referred to above, published in volume by the *Metropolitan Record* establishment in 1866, under the title of—

Bill Arp—So Called. It is gotten up in good style, illustrated, and well finished. Instead of giving either an analytical estimate of the book or an illustrative and characteristic extract I give an extract from a letter from the author to his publisher about his Letters—a kind of preface to the volume. It is under the author’s real name:—

“For the sentiments that pervade these Letters I have no apology to make. At the time they appeared in the press of the South, these sentiments were the silent echoes of our people’s

thoughts, and this accounts in the main for the popularity with which they were received. Of course they contain exaggerations, and prophecies which were never fulfilled; both sections were playing 'brag' as well as 'battle,' and though we could not compete with our opponents in the former, yet some of us did try to hold our own. At both games we were whipped by overwhelming forces, and we have given it up. Conquered, but not convinced, we have accepted the situation, and have pledged ourselves to abide by it. We have sworn to do so. We have declared it most solemnly in convention. We have asserted it in every act and deed; and Southern honour, which our enemies cannot appreciate, but which is untarnished and imperishable, is the seal of our good faith. Whoever testifies to the existence among us of an association designing a renewal of the rebellion, is either the victim of his own cowardice, or else the author of a selfish and heartless lie. I say this with feeling and indignation, for we see in such testimony a willingness, nay, a desire on the part of our military rulers to retain over us their power and their tyranny for malicious or avaricious ends.

... "To the charitable reader let me say, Forgive me if you find something to condemn in the following pages. It is not in my heart to offend a good man, whether he live North or South; and there be better judges than I of what should have, or have not, been written. It may be said that the character of these letters has no tendency to soften the animosities engendered by the late unhappy strife. I can only answer that it is not in rebel nature to be humble to those who would put the heel of tyranny upon us. Our people are a unit upon the moral of the fight they made. They sincerely felt that the provocation of the war was not of their begetting. Many a time and oft have men and nations been conquered, but not convinced. The story of Ireland, Poland, and the 'Hero of the Lakes,' has been often reproduced, to illustrate that wrongs are not remedied, nor rights secured, by wager of battle.

"While mourning the loss of thousands of the noblest of our

race, while suffering the poverty and desolation with which our conquerors have visited us, while memory stings with the rape and arson which barbarians under arms enforced and heartless officers permitted, it is not in human nature to smother resentment against those who would still play the tyrant and grind us into dust.

"But to you, kind reader, who can speak gently to the erring (if we have erred), who would pour oil upon the troubled waters, and proffer the hand of kindred love, let me say that, though proudly defiant of our enemies, the noble manliness of our people will meet you cordially at the first sincere effort toward an honourable reconciliation. Otherwise we will close up the avenues of our hearts, and like the red men of the forest, transmit our bitterness and our wrongs as a heritage to our children.

"Republicans, Puritans, Pharisees, Saints—you who were suckled with songs of pity for the charcoal race, whose hypocritical sympathies have been for years playing leap-frog over the poverty and distress around your own doors, and alighting afar off in the sunny land; who have seen and are seeing thousands of your dusky pets perishing and passing away, from the lack of food and lust of freedom; you whose morning hymn is, 'I love my love with a B because he is black,' and whose evening prayer, 'May the Lord send freedom without money and without price;' you who look upon our people as a race of turbulent devils and a foul blot upon the good name of the land—to you I commend all the comfort that you can find within these pages. Small though this volume be, it will nevertheless save you the exclamation, 'Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!'"

THOMAS SMYTH, D.D.

The most voluminous theological writer in the South is Dr. Smyth, an eminent Presbyterian divine of Charleston, South Carolina.

He was born in Belfast, Ireland, of Scotch-Irish parentage, in 1808; was educated in part at Royal Belfast College, and later in London; came to America in 1830; graduated at Princeton College, New Jersey, in 1831; and in 1832 he removed to Charleston, to take charge of the Second Presbyterian Church in that city, which position he has continued to hold since then, and holds to-day.

In 1843 he received from his American *alma mater* the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Smith made his *début* as a writer by the publication of two discourses, in pamphlet form, upon *The Theatre, a School of Religion, Manners, and Morals!* The exclamation point is a part of the title, and indicates the animus of these discourses. They are the fulminations of a Scotch genius hurled from the cloud-encircled throne of that stern theology. This *brochure* was published in 1838, when the author was just thirty.

Besides that he has published the following works:—

1. *Lectures on the Apostolical Succession.* Published in 1841.
2. *Lectures on Prelacy and Presbytery.* 1843.
3. *Ecclesiastical Republicanism; or the Republicanism, Liberty, and Catholicity of Presbytery, in contrast with Prelacy and Popery.* 1843.
4. *Presbytery and not Prelacy the Scriptural and Primitive Polity.* 1843.
5. *The History, Character, and Results of the Westminster Assembly of Divines.* A Discourse in Commemoration of the Bi-Centenary Anniversary of that body. 1844.
6. *The Claims of the Church of Scotland.* 1844.
7. *The Life and Character of Calvin the Reformer Reviewed and Defended.* 1844.
8. *An Ecclesiastical Catechism of the Presbyterian Church.* 1845.
9. *The Name, Nature, and Functions, of Ruling Elders;* wherein it is shown from the testimony of Scripture, the Fathers, and the Reformers, that the Ruling Elders are not Presbyters or

Bishops; and that, as representatives of the people, their office ought to be temporary; with an Appendix on the use of the title Bishop. 1845.

10. *The Romish and Prelatical Rite of Confirmation Examined*; and proved to be contrary to the Scriptures, and the practice of all the earliest and purest churches, both Oriental and Western; with an Appendix on the duty of requiring public profession of religion. 1845.

11. *Solace for Bereaved Parents; or Infants Die to Live*; with a historical account of the doctrine of infant salvation; also very full selections from various authors in prose and poetry. 1846.

12. *Unity of the Human Race Proved to be the Doctrine of Scripture, Reason, and Science*; with a review of the present position and theory of Professor Agassiz. 1850.

13. *The True Origin and Source of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence*.

14. *Why Do I Live?* 1857.

15. *The Well in the Valley*. 1857.

16. *Obedience the Life of Missions*. 1860.

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Mrs. SOUTHWORTH is a native of Washington, D. C., and was born on Saturday, the 26th of December, 1818. She is Franco-English in her descent, through her father from Charles, le Comte Nevitte, and through her mother from Sir Thomas Grenfeldt; a knight of the times of James I. She has written a vivid narrative of her early years, and from this I select a few sentences:—

“At the age of six,” she says, “I was a little, thin, dark, wild-eyed elf, shy, awkward, and unattractive, and, in consequence, very much—*let alone*.”

“Year after year,” she adds, “from my eighth to my sixteenth

year, I grew more lonely, retired more into myself, until, notwithstanding a strong, ardent, demonstrative temperament, I became cold, reserved, and abstracted, even to absence of mind—even to apparent insensibility."

Here occurs a hiatus in the narrative.

"Let me pass over," resumes our autobiographer, "in silence the stormy and disastrous days of my wretched girlhood and womanhood—days that stamped upon my brow of youth the furrows of fifty years; let me come at once to the time when I found myself broken in spirit, health, and purse—a widow in fate, but not in fact—with my babes looking up to me for a support I could not give them. It was in these dreariest days of my *woman's* life that my *author's* life commenced."

Her first works were written under the most trying circumstances—a heart tried as woman's rarely is, poverty, the unremunerated toil of teaching, sickness, loneliness, despondency—and the success that came, came suddenly.

"Friends," says our author herself, "crowded around me, offers for contributions poured in upon me; and I, who six months before had been poor, ill, forsaken, slandered, *killed* by sorrow, privation, toil, and friendlessness, found myself born, as it were, into a new life; found independence, sympathy, friendship, and honour, and an occupation in which I could delight. All this came very suddenly; as after a terrible storm, a sunburst."

It is not my design to trace the fortunes of our brilliant and popular author through its varied details and trials—details and trials that make up in themselves the materials for a volume as striking as her most successful fiction.

On achieving both fame and fortune, Mrs. Southworth secured a handsome villa on the the Potomac Heights, and made it her home. This was in 1853. Since that time she has responded to some of the handsomest and most liberal offers ever made to an American contributor. She had conquered fate, and is a successful author.

In 1859 she went to England for a change of climate, in

order to repair a slight decline in her health, the result of too close pen-work.

Mrs. Southworth's novels have had a greater popularity in their special sphere, I believe, than those of any other American novelist. Sensational they must undoubtedly be called; yet it is a kind of sensation of which the reading world—I mean more than the novel-reading world—has approved a great deal; and even staid, proper, and respectable England has petted a vast deal of just such sensation in Miss Braddon's earlier novels.

An accomplished and discriminating author of her own sex says of these novels:—

“Among our impassioned writers whose crowded and pungent lives seem to flow out resistlessly from their pens, no woman's name is more electrical to the popular ear than that of Mrs. Southworth. Voluminous as her writings are, embracing a wide personal and emotional range, we are told that she has never yet drawn upon her imagination for the basis of a single character. To this fact may be attributed the power of her portraiture, and the spell which holds her readers. Nothing is so strange as reality; and Mrs. Southworth, in bringing veritable men and women from the extremes of her observation, and allowing them full scope for self-assertion, has laid her stories open to the charge of unnaturalness. Then, too, if she has not *drawn* upon her imagination, as a pervading element of her mind, it has surrounded and infiltrated her characters. Peculiar circumstances having called into action all the fire and force of her nature, she has poured herself out through these living media, and their loves and hates have lost nothing by the intense attrition.”

In five years Mrs. Southworth wrote eleven large volumes—eleven of the most powerful and most popular of her impassioned productions.

Her works are these:—

1. *Retribution*. Published in 1849.
2. *The Deserted Wife*.
3. *The Lost Heiress*.

4. *The Gypsy's Prophecy.*
5. *The Discarded Daughter.*
6. *Love's Labor Won.*
7. *The Fatal Marriage.*
8. *The Bridal Eve.*
9. *Allworth Abbey.*
10. *The Fortune Seeker.*
11. *The Bride of Llewellyn.*
12. *The Three Beauties.*
13. *Vivia ; or the Secret of Power.*
14. *The Two Sisters.*
15. *The Missing Bride.*
16. *The Wife's Victory.*
17. *The Mother-in-Law*
18. *The Haunted Homestead.*
19. *The Lady of the Isle.*
20. *India.*
21. *Hickory Hall.*
22. *The Broken Engagement.*

23. *The Widow's Son.* This novel appeared in 1867. While the idea that almost all Mrs. Southworth's fictions have experience or at least fact as their basis constantly arises in the mind of the reader, it comes in this case directly from the author. In her preface she says : "I wish to say to my friends that this tale is no mere fiction. The scenes in the *Widow's Cottage* are photographed from life. The history of the *Widow's Son* is that of one of our wealthiest merchants and most celebrated philanthropists."

24. *Fair Play.* Published in 1868.

25. *Fallen Pride ; or the Mountain Girl's Love.* Appeared in December of 1868.

There are half a dozen other novels given as by this author ; but they appear to be either reissues of former ones under new titles, or the discarded titles of second issues.

In classing Mrs. Southworth among Southern writers, I have

followed Mrs. Freeman's classification. That writer—under the *nom de plume* of *Mary Forrest*—included Mrs. Southworth in her *Women of the South Distinguished in Literature*, which appeared in 1860. I infer from that fact that such was the desire—or at least the willingness—of the voluminous novelist herself.



MARTIN JOHN SPALDING, D.D.

Archbishop SPALDING is a native of Kentucky, and seems to be about sixty years of age. He is a graduate of the College under the direction of the ancient *Congregatio de Propaganda Fide* in Rome. He served several years as a priest; and in 1848 was consecrated Bishop of Legone, and coadjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. Flaget, Bishop of Louisville. In 1864 he was appointed to succeed the late Archbishop Kenrick in the See of Batimore. That See, in 1858, by decree of the Congregation of the Propaganda, confirmed by his Holiness Pope Pius IX., received the prerogative of place; and thus the Archbishop of that See became the Primate of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States; and accordingly has the seat of honour above all other Archbishops, without regard to promotion or consecration. No prelate, I believe, in the United States has ever stood higher either in ability as a scholar and a theologian or in enthusiasm and devotion to the interests of his Church.

He was first known in the literary world as a writer of argumentative reviews; but his strength lies in the larger works of his mature years. His published works are:—

1. *History of the Reformation*; in two large volumes. It is said to be one of the most searching and exhaustive histories of that movement that has ever been written from the hostile, or papal, stand-point. If there is a man living thoroughly possessed of the spirit and very genius of Catholicity, it is this author; and the nature and character of this work can be characterized in no

more appropriate and forcible manner than by saying that the author has thrown his own spirit and genius most heartily into it. The schismatics are handled without gloves.

2. *Evidences of Catholicity.*

3. *Sketches of the Early Catholic Missions in Kentucky.*

4. *Miscellanea.*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.

It is as a *littérateur* mainly, and only incidentally as a politician and statesman, that I propose to speak of the Vice-President of the late Southern Confederacy.

The speeches, addresses, orations and letters that he has published belong to the domain of politics; and I shall not enumerate nor discuss them here. All these matters, as well as a liberal amount of biographical information and a vast deal of praise, are to be found in Mr. Cleveland's work entitled, — *Alexander H. Stephens in Public and Private*. Mr. Stephens's political views upon the great questions of secession and the war are given in his work mentioned below.

Mr. Stephens was born in what is now Taliaferro County, Georgia, on Tuesday, the 11th of February, 1812. He is a self-made man; and his early life was severe, self-denying and laborious. His political history is well-known. He is unmarried.

His *personnel* is meagre, and indicates feeble health, bearing marks of great physical suffering. An air of unrest and discontent seems never to leave him. He is the most unhappy-looking great man I have ever seen. His residence — Liberty Hall — is at Crawfordsville, Georgia.

His *magnum opus* — in one sense I may say his *unum opus* — appeared early in 1868; and bears the title: *A Constitutional View of the War Between the States*; its cause, character, conduct, and results, presented in a series of colloquies, at Liberty

Hall. The parties to these colloquies are Judge Bynum, from Massachusetts, who speaks from the stand-point of the radical branch of the Republican party North; Professor Norton, from Connecticut, who represents the conservative branch of the same party; and Major Heister, from Pennsylvania, who represents the War Democrats. The introduction to the book gives the above points, and defines the scope of the work and the points at issue in the following words:—

“It is a postulate with many writers of this day that the late war was the result of two opposing ideas, or principles, upon the subject of African slavery. Between these, according to their theory, sprung the ‘irrepressible conflict,’ in principle, which ended in the terrible conflict of arms. Those who assume this postulate, and so theorize upon it, are but superficial observers.

“That the war had its origin in opposing principles, which, in their action upon the conduct of men, produced the ultimate collision of arms, may be assumed as an unquestionable fact. But the opposing principles which produced these results in physical action were of a very different character from those assumed in the postulate. They lay in the organic structure of the Government of the States. The conflict in principle arose from different and opposing ideas as to the nature of what is known as the General Government. The contest was between those who held it to be strictly federal in its character and those who maintained that it was thoroughly national. It was a strife between the principles of federation on the one side, and centralism, or consolidation, on the other.

“Slavery, so called, was but the question on which these antagonistic principles, which had been in conflict from the beginning on divers other questions, were finally brought into actual and active collision with each other on the field of battle.

“Some of the strongest anti-slavery men who ever lived were on the side of those who opposed the centralizing principles which led to the war. Mr. Jefferson was a striking illustration

of this, and a prominent example of a very large class of both sections of the country, who were, most unfortunately, brought into hostile array against each other. No more earnest or ardent devotee to the emancipation of the black race, upon humane, rational, and constitutional principles, ever lived than he was. Not even Wilberforce himself was more devoted to that cause than Mr. Jefferson was. And yet Mr. Jefferson, though in private life at the time, is well known to have been utterly opposed to the centralizing principle, when first presented, on this question, in the attempt to impose conditions and restrictions on the State of Missouri, when she applied for admission into the Union, under the Constitution. He looked upon the movement as a political manœuvre to bring this delicate subject (and one that lay so near his heart) into the federal councils, with a view, by its agitation in a forum where it did not properly belong, to strengthen the centralists in their efforts to revive their doctrines, which had been so signally defeated on so many other questions. The first sound of their movements on this question fell upon his ear as a 'fire bell at night.' The same is true of many others. Several of the ablest opponents of that state restriction, in Congress, were equally well known to be as decidedly in favour of emancipation as Mr. Jefferson was. Among these may be named Mr. Pinckney and Mr. Clay, from the South, to say nothing of those men from the North, who opposed that measure with equal firmness and integrity.

"It is the fashion of many writers of the day to class all who opposed the consolidationists, in this, their first step on this question, with what they style the pro-slavery party. No greater injustice could be done any public men, and no greater violence be done to the truth of history, than such a classification. Their opposition to that measure, or kindred subsequent ones, sprung from no attachment to slavery; but, as Jefferson's, Pinckney's, and Clay's, from their strong convictions that the Federal Government had no rightful or constitutional control or jurisdiction over such questions; and that no such action as

that proposed upon them could be taken by Congress without destroying the elementary and vital principles upon which the government was founded.

"By their acts they did not identify themselves with the pro-slavery party, (for in truth, no such party had, at that time, or at any time in the history of the country, any organized existence). They only identified themselves, or took position with those who maintained the federative character of the General Government.

"In 1850, for instance, what greater injustice could be done any one, or what greater violence could be done the truth of history, than to charge Cass, Douglas, Clay, Webster, and Fillmore, to say nothing of others, with being advocates of slavery, or following in the lead of the pro-slavery party because of their support of what were called the adjustment measures of that year?

"Or later still, out of the million and a half, and more, of the votes cast in the Northern States, in 1860, against Mr. Lincoln, how many could it, with truth, be said were in favour of slavery, or even that legal subordination of the black race to the white, which existed in the Southern States?

"Perhaps not one in ten thousand. It was a subject with which they were thoroughly convinced they had nothing to do, and could have nothing to do, under the terms of the Union by which the states were confederated, except to carry out and faithfully perform all the obligations of the constitutional compact.

"They simply arrayed themselves against that party which had virtually hoisted the banner of consolidation. The contest, so commenced, which ended in the war, was, indeed, a contest between opposing principles; but not such as bore upon the policy or impolicy of African subordination. They were principles deeply underlying all considerations of that sort. They involved the very nature and organic structure of the government itself. The conflict on this question of slavery in the

federal councils, from the beginning, was not a contest between the advocates or opponents of that peculiar institution, but a contest, as stated before, between the supporters of a strictly federal government on the one side and a thorough national one on the other.

"It is the object of this work to treat of these opposing principles, not only in their bearings upon the minor question of slavery, as it existed in the Southern States, and on which they were brought into active collision with each other, but upon others (now that this element of discord is removed) of far more transcendent importance, looking to the great future, and the reservation of that constitutional liberty which is the birthright of every American, as well as the solemnly-guaranteed right of all who may here, in this new world, seek an asylum from the oppressions of the old."

This work has been most elaborately reviewed; and the reviews have elicited a good deal of argument and a great deal of personality. The main discussion arose from an elaborate, pungent, violent, and personal review of the book in *The Southern Review* by Dr. Bledsoe, one of the editors of the review. To this Mr. Stephens replied elaborately, ably, and fully. Rejoinder followed; and so the war waged in the front; but the merits of the work were everywhere discussed *pro* and *con*, and the author in all respects came out the gainer.

MISS ZODA G. STITH.

A small volume of *Poems* by this young author appeared from the Southern Methodist Publishing House of Nashville in 1867, under the *nom de plume* of *Elloie*. *The Home Monthly*, to which Miss Stith contributes frequently, thus estimates the work:—

"We cannot rank her with the highest, nor can we place her

among those who rush thoughtlessly into print. She has a message for every pure heart. This message if not new and startling, is true and grandly important. Through the tears of sorrow she points to brighter skies overhead. It may be profitably read by any one. There is nothing morbid or insipid in the volume. These poems are the heart-utterances of a pure-minded, healthful-thoughted, Christian woman, and as such they are instructive and pleasing."

PHILIP STROBEL.

The *History of the Salzburg Colony at Ebenezer, Georgia*, was written by a Lutheran minister, the Rev. Mr. Strobel, and published, in octavo, a good many years ago. The colony at Ebenezer was one of Germans—Lutheran—and had an interesting history. Mr Strobel was born in Charleston, South Carolina; lived in Columbia of his native state; in Savannah, Georgia; and is now resident, I believe, somewhere North.

THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D.D.

This is the most voluminous writer among the Methodist polemist; and his influence in that field has been largely increased by his connection with the publishing establishment at Nashville. In this relation he has edited, revised, edited with introduction, edited with biographical introduction, or otherwise put his name upon the title-pages of forty-nine books and eleven tracts written by others. His own works, published by the same house, I believe, are the following:—

1. *Baptism*: A Treatise on the Nature, Perpetuity, Subjects, Administrative Mode, and Use of the Initiating Ordinance of the Christian Church; with an Appendix, containing strictures on Dr. Howell's *Evils of Infant Baptism*, plates illustrating the

primitive mode of baptism, etc. This is a duodecimo volume of 252 pages.

2. *Golden Censer*: An Essay on Prayer, with a selection of forms of prayer designed to aid in the devotions of the sanctuary, family, and closet—an octodecimo of 288 pages.

3. *Holiness*: A Treatise on Sanctification, as set forth in the New Testament. This is a smaller volume than either of the preceding; and is spoken of by a denominational critic as a work of “ability, perspicuity, and precision.”

4. *Refutation of the Theological Works of Thomas Paine, not Noticed by Bishop Watson in his ‘Apology for the Bible.’* This tractate is usually bound with Watson’s *Apology*, forming a kind of complement of that work. Separate, it is an octodecimo volume of 84 pages.

5. *Seasons, Months, and Days*. The design of this little volume—an octodecimo of 108 pages—with its embellishments, is “to make the reader acquainted with the origin and import of the names by which the seasons, months, and days are designated, including some of the historical, mythological, and poetical relations of the subject, and suggesting such moral reflections as may lead the contemplative mind through nature up to nature’s God.”

6. *Strictures on Dr. Howell’s Evils of Infant Baptism*. This is a *brochure* of 72 pages, duodecimo.

7. *Sunday-School Teacher; or the Catechetical Office*.

8. *Sunday-School Speaker*. A collection of original and selected pieces in poetry and prose, for Sunday-school celebrations. This is a compilation.

9. *Talks Pleasant and Profitable*. This is a book for youth, upon the subjects of orphans, May-day, birds, temperance, Peter and the tribute-money, retribution, and recognition of friends in heaven.

10. *Scripture Catechism*. Part 1. the Old Testament; Part 11. the New Testament.

Dr. Summers lives in Nashville, Tennessee, and is the editor

of *The Christian Advocate*—the weekly organ of the Southern branch of the Methodist Church, as I understand it; is also editor of *The Sunday-School Visitor*. He enjoys the reputation of being the best read man in that denomination.

MISS SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

(MRS. VON WEISS.)

The critics have always dealt kindly with Miss TALLEY. Griswold gives her unqualified praise, and Edgar Poe ranks her very high, and gives her distinctive quality as imagination. All the compilers, as far as I have seen, follow these Apollonian authorities. The praises that I shall feel at liberty to bestow, accordingly, have the basis of numerous and high authorities.

Miss Talley was born of Huguenotic ancestry, in the county of Hanover, Virginia. When she was eight years old her father moved to Richmond, and she entered school. Three years after, the world of sounds was almost entirely closed to her by a partial loss of the sense of hearing. This circumstance gave direction to her studies, habits, and tastes, and has determined, in no small degree, the character of her mental workings. At the age of twelve she manifested a remarkable cleverness at drawing and painting, and this was cultivated carefully. At thirteen she began to write verses. In her sixteenth year some of her verses were published in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, to which she continued to contribute for many years. She also contributed to several other journals.

In 1859 a volume of her *Poems* was published in New York.

There are some things in Miss Talley's *Poems* which irresistibly remind one of what one has read before. When one reads *Ennerslie*, her chief poem, one is likely to be reminded of Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott*. The hoary tower, grim and high, — the river that glideth by, — the lady fair, — the pale young lord

of Ennerslie, — and a number of distinctive touches in Miss Talley's poem, make one feel that he is in the atmosphere of many-towered Camelot; while the triplet and quartet rhymes in the stanzas with the curt relief of shorter verses, and the eternal ring of Ennerslie in the one and Camelot and Shalott in the other, are strangely — may-be vaguely, but strangely — alike. At the same time the repetition of the refrain-word in every stanza is an expedient that Mrs. Browning had well-nigh exhausted the novelty of, even at that date.

Again, when one reads Miss Talley's *Lady of Lodce*, vague shadows of Tennyson's *Sisters* flit over the sky of memory..

And here and there throughout the volume the captious critic *will* find faint, though they be sweet, echoes of Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Poe, and Longfellow.

Among the poems most admired — and most worthy of admiration after *Ennerslie*, are *Madonna*, *Cloistered*, *Guy of Mayne*, *Rest*; and of later date, *Autumn Rain*.

Ennerslie is far too long to quote entire in this place; but I give, as illustrative of the tone and rhythm, the concluding stanzas. Possessed of the secret of the curse resting upon the Lord of Ennerslie, the heroine proceeds to remove it, as follows: —

The nurse, she slumbered in her chair;
Then up arose that lady fair
And crept adown the winding stair,
Stealthily — stealthily;
A boat was by the river side;
The silken scarf as sail she tied,
And lovely in her beauty's pride
Went gliding down to Ennerslie.

Back upon the sighing gale
Her tresses floated like a veil;
Her brow was cold, her cheek was pale,
Fearfully — fearfully.
Was that a whisper in her ear?
Was that a shadow hovering near?
Her very life-blood chilled with fear
As down she went to Ennerslie.

As upward her blue eyes she cast
A shadowy form there flitted past
And settled on the quivering mast,
 Silently—silently.

The lady gazed, yet spake no word:
She knew it was the demon bird,
The dark, avenging spirit weird
 That dwelt at Ennerslie.

Fainter from the tower's height
Seems to her the beacon light,
Gleaming on her misty sight
 Fitfully—fitfully.

The river's voice is faint and low,
A chilly dew is on her brow;
She saith, "The curse is on me now,
 But 'tis no more on Ennerslie!

"And he will never know," she sighed,
When hither comes his Southern bride,
That one for love of him hath died,
 Secretly—secretly;
I knew that here I could not stay—
My heart was breaking day by day—
And dying *thus*, I take away
 The evil spell from Ennerslie."

Amid that tower's solitude,
He sitteth in a musing mood,
And gazeth down upon the flood,
 Mournfully—mournfully;
When lo! he sees a tiny bark
Gliding amid the shadows dark,
And there a lady still and stark;
 A wondrous sight at Ennerslie!

He hurried to the bank below,
Upon the strand he drew the prow—
He drew it in the midnight's glow,
 Eagerly—eagerly.

He parted back the golden hair
 That veiled her cheek and forehead fair;
 Why starts he at that beauty rare,
 The pale young lord of Ennerslie?

He called her name—she nothing said;
 Upon his bosom drooped her head;
 The soul had from the body fled
 Utterly—utterly!
 Slowly rolled the sluggish tide—
 The breeze amid the willows sighed;
 “Oh, God! the curse is on me!” cried
 The stricken lord of Ennerslie.

I have elsewhere made mention of this poem in its resemblance to Judge Requier's *Legend of Tremaine*.

The following little poem was written, I believe, since the war. It is called *The Autumn Rain*, and is genuinely poetical; though the rain and tears have been compared before, and cloudy days and hearts that are sad and dreary have been sung before; and, further “droppeth” and “falls” are not in what the Grammars call the same form. I give the poem entire:—

Softly, mournfully, slowly,
 Droppeth the rain from the eaves:
 It falls on the heads of the drooping flowers,
 In the hearts of the withered leaves.

And sadly, mournfully, slowly,
 O'er the distant hills
 The funereal clouds are gliding low,
 As the rain from the sky distils.

And my tears could fall as sadly
 For the pleasant days that are past—
 And dark as the clouds on the lonely hills
 Are the shadows around me cast.

But holier far, in its sadness,
 Is the desolate autumn time,
 Than the light that parcheth the fainting flowers
 In the fulness of summer's prime.

And holier, gentler, and purer,
Are the thoughts that hallow the heart
Which hath seen the buds of its hope decay
And the light of its joy depart.

For they were the April flowers,
And these are the golden sheaves —
The sad, sweet thoughts on the hearts that fall,
As droppeth the rain from the eaves.

During the war Miss Talley held for a while a clerkship in the War Department at Richmond; and late in the war became Mrs. Von Weiss—the wife of a German officer—and retired into the country. Her recent productions are dated at Richmond, from which I infer that she again resides in or near that city.

MRS. MARY T. TARDY.

A VOLUME entitled *Southland Writers*—a collection of sketches of female writers of the South—appeared a few weeks ago from the pen of this lady. She is resident in Mobile, Alabama.

GEORGE B. TAYLOR.

Mr. TAYLOR is a Virginian, and as far as I am informed has written but three volumes, under the general title of *The Oakland Series*. The three volumes respectively are:—

1. *Kenny*.
2. *Cousin Guy*.
3. *Claiborne*.

MRS. MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.

(MARION HARLAND.)

MARION HARLAND has written. —

1. *Alone. A novel.* 1854.
2. *The Hidden Path.* 1856.
3. *Moss Side.* 1857.
4. *Nemesis.*
5. *Miriam.*
6. *Husks.*
7. *Husbands and Homes.*
8. *Sunny Bank.*
9. *The Christmas Holly.* A new illustrated book for the holidays. This volume is elegantly printed on tinted paper, and illustrated from designs by Stephens.
10. *Theory Versus Practice* has recently appeared serially in *Godey's Magazine.*
11. *Ruby's Husband.* 1868.

Marion Harland's maiden name was Howes. She was born in Virginia, and spent most of her young life in Richmond.

In 1856 she married the Rev. E. P. Terhune, at that time pastor of a church in Virginia. In 1859 they moved to Newark, New Jersey, whither Mr. Terhune had been called to take pastoral charge of the First Reformed Dutch Church.

Marion Harland's novels are all of a certain moral tone ; good sort of books dealing with good sort of people, but sometimes a bit tame, though abounding in true touches of generous and Catholic humanity.

Our author, besides being an eminently popular novelist, is also a poet. The following verses—*Love Me*—are happily illustrative of the woman, the author, and the poet—all in one :—

Thy heart is like the billowy tide
Of some impetuous river,
That, mighty in its power and pride,
Sweeps on and on forever.

The white foam is its battle crest,
As to the charge it rushes,
And from its vast and panting breast
A stormy shout up gushes.

"Through all, o'er all, my way I cleave,
Each barrier down-bearing
Fame is the guerdon of the brave,
And victory of the daring!
While mine is like the brooklet's flow,
Through peaceful valleys gliding,
O'er which the willow boughs bend low,
The tiny wavelet hiding."

And as it steals on, calm and clear,
A little song 'tis singing,
That vibrates soft upon the ear,
Like fairy vespers ringing.
"Love me—love me!" it murmurs o'er,
'Midst light and shadows ranging;
"Love me," it gurgles evermore,
The burden never changing.

Thine is the eagle's lofty flight,
With ardent hope aspiring
E'en to the flaming source of light,
Undoubting and untiring.
Glory, with gorgeous sunbeam throws
An iris mantle o'er thee;
A radiant present round thee glows,
Deathless renown before thee.

And I, like a shy, timid dove,
That shuns noon's fervid beaming,
And far within the silent grove,
Sits lost in loving dreaming,
Turn, half in joy and half in fear,
From thine ambitious soaring,
And seek to hide me from the glare
That o'er thy track is pouring.

I cannot echo back the notes
Of triumph thou art pealing,
But from my woman's heart there floats
The music of one feeling —
One single longing, pleading moan
Whose voice I cannot smother—
“Love me—love me !” its song alone,
And it will learn no other !

FREDERICK WILLIAM THOMAS.

There is nearly half as much difficulty in fixing the natal place of the living Thomas as there was in fixing that of the dead Homer—three cities claim the honour. Duyckinck says that Mr. Thomas was born in Baltimore, Maryland. Coggeshall, in his *Poets and Poetry of the West*, says he was born in Charleston, South Carolina. Mr. Griswold states that he was born in the city of Providence, Rhode Island.

Mr. Griswold seems to give the statement with a detail that renders it probable that he is correct, that Mr. Thomas was born in Providence, and in his early infancy was moved to live in Charleston, and, while yet a youth, was removed to Baltimore. The day of his birth appears to have been Tuesday, the 25th of October, 1808. A fall from a furniture-box, on which he was playing, at the age of four, resulted in a lameness that rendered the use of a crutch necessary the greater part of his life. He received his youth-education in Baltimore, and commenced the practice of law there ; and there perpetrated his first literary effort, which was a lampoon upon some local fops ; but very soon—in 1830—he followed his father, who had, a year before, moved to Cincinnati, Ohio. There he did but little with law, but was editor, associate or in-chief, of some half a dozen newspapers. Meanwhile, he was engaging in literary pursuits. These are his published works :—

1. *Clinton Bradshaw*. This is a novel, of which the hero is a lawyer who blends politics with criminal practice in such a way as to serve his purposes of ambition and advancement. The wire-pulling of petty politicians, and the scheming of dirty party tools, detailed in the volume, give us a vivid idea of the repulsive life a people's politician must lead. The book was a decided success; and the impression created by it partook of the nature of the sensational. It was published in 1835.

2. *East and West*. A novel, published in 1836. The theme of this fiction is the contrast between the two sections of the country. It abounds in vigorous scene-painting, and in happy delineations of humorous and thorough-going characters.

3. *Howard Pinckney*. A story of life in America, like its predecessors, but dealing with quieter men and times. Published in 1840. These two later novels, while they were in their way successful, fell far short of the popularity of *Clinton Bradshaw*, the author's *chef d'œuvre* of fiction.

4. *The Beechen Tree, a Tale told in Rhyme, and other Poems*. 1844.

5. *John Randolph of Roanoke, and other Public Characters*. A collection of personal, biographical, and political sketches, originally published in newspapers. It was first put in book form in 1853.

6. *The Emigrant, or Reflections when Descending the Ohio*. This was our author's maiden effort in the book line, and should have stood chronologically at the head of his works, it having been published in 1833. It is a youthful poem, full of youth, and ardour, and crudeness, and rhetoric; but at the same time not wanting in points of genuine poetry.

Besides these, he has written innumerable poems, essays, sketches, leaders, paragraphs, and squibs for almost every respectable newspaper in the South, and for many North.

He has been many things—a lawyer, an editor, a poet, a professor, an author, a methodist preacher, a librarian, a lecturer, a satirist, and a stump-politician. He was for a—while, some-

time between 1852 and 1858 — Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the Alabama University.

In 1858, he settled, after his many wanderings in many lands, principally Southern lands, at Cambridge, Maryland, to practice law.

In 1860, however, he laid aside the robes of his profession, and took up the editorial pen, in conducting the literary department of *The Richmond Enquirer*.

During the war of secession, I believe he lived in the South. About the time of its close, he saw engaged in editorial labours on the staff of *The South Carolinian*, at Columbia.

As a poet, Mr. Thomas has written one of the most popular songs of his day — one that may be heard in any wayside cottage, as you traverse the country, no less than in the fashionable drawing-rooms of the cities. I speak of the little song, 'Tis said that *Absence Conquers Love*, a lyric that everybody knew in its day, just as *tout le monde* knew and sang the *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton* of Burns; or *When Stars are in the Quiet Skies* of Bulwer; or *When other Friends are Round Thee* of Morris; or like any one of the multitude of mere songs that have had their day, and afterwards are considered trite and old-fashioned; songs that have their use in lifting a class of souls up from the selfish and the sordid; songs that are not much in themselves, but are the ones best of all suited for the purpose they serve; and are, in one sense, better than better ones would be.

Mr. Thomas's song appeared first, I believe, in 1838. I give it entire, as by far the best thing he has done in the line lyrical:—

'Tis said that absence conquers love;
But, oh, believe it not!
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear,
As fixed in this devoted heart,
As when I clasped thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name ;
And yet, as if I thought aloud,
They know me still the same.
And when the wine cup passes round,
I toast some other fair ;
But when I ask my heart the sound,
Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return,
Like the returning dove.
In vain ! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot ;
For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favourite bower to die,
So, lady, I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh.
'Tis said that absence conquers love ;
But, oh ! believe it not.
I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

Of Mr. Thomas's chirograph, Edgar Poe says : "His MS. is more like that of Mr. Benjamin than that of any other literary person of our acquaintance. It has even more than the occasional nervousness of Mr. B.'s, and, as in the case of the of *The New World*, indicates the passionate sensibility of the editor man." This was written in 1841 ; and, since then, Mr. Thomas's hand has doubtless taken in several elements from the varied life he has meanwhile been leading.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

Mr. THOMPSON, a lawyer of Calhoun, Georgia, has been extensively known for a number of years as a contributor to most of the literary periodicals South, and some North. He writes poems, translations, criticisms, sketches, tales, and essays.

It is as a poet that Mr. Thompson has taken most distinctive position ; and I quote, as fairly illustrative of his style and sphere in that field, *An Allegory* :—

I.

“Soulless,” they said, but I was blind
To all things save the hazel deeps,
Unruffled by a gust of wind,
Wherein thy wondrous spirit sleeps,
“A *spirit* there, but *not* a soul !”
Kept ringing heavily in my ears,
But still I heard the passion roll
Of music from the coming years.

II.

It was a May-day dream of Heaven.
Was it a fancy and no more?
I thought the gales of Fate had driven
My bark upon a golden shore.
I saw the drowsy lotus droop
Beside the curled and solemn palm,
And in the sheeny distance stoop
The fresher, greener groves of balm.
Ah, this was glorious as a strain
Of martial music heard afar,
And sweet as flutes when peace again
Folds up the tattered flags of war !

III.

“Soulless !” I shouted back the word
From the cool deeps I revelled in,
And peeping from the waves I stirred,
Saw Helios where the sun had been !

The Persian peach-blooms flushed and fell,
 Through glary flecks of shade and sun,
 In many a vision-haunted dell
 Like those of sweet Helusion.
 All lovely things personified
 Looked each at each and gladly smiled,
 And joy by joy was multiplied,
 Until young Hope, the fair-haired child,
 Stood forth and beckoned with her hand,
 And murmured through her parted lips,
 Like a boat that murmureth to the land,
 When safely moored it rolls and dips:—
 “Come hither, I have that for thee
 Which neither gold nor fame can buy,
 Which it were worth thy life to see,
 If thou could'st only look and die!”
 Dear Hope, she blushed and kissed a rose,
 And coyly tossed it at my feet,
 While Joy sprang from a deep repose,
 Her red lips pouting passion-sweet!

IV.

Eremia, the mountains sleep,
 The twilight shimmers down the west;
 Close up mine eyes, lest I should weep;
 All nature slumbers, let me rest!
 Eremia, I fold my hands;
 I close mine eyes, but farther see;
 I rest, but wander many lands,
 And traverse many seas with thee!

V.

“Cold, soulless, false, designing, all
 That you could wish her not to be,
 Is the bright maiden whom you call
 Angelic in your ecstasy.”
 Too true, I see it now, —
 No passion that can wake
 A sympathy in such as thou,
 Though all the cords of being break.

Still there is something passing sweet
 In every withering memory,
 Whose restless and unwearying feet
 Go pattering down the Past to thee !
 Calling across the hush of night,
 Soft voices start me from my dreams ;
 Far in the starry deeps of light
 A vision of thy beauty gleams !

This, as every one will confess, is a poem of many fine points ; but an immense majority of even intelligent readers will not see "what it is all about" without a decided effort of mind ; and this effort one in a thousand may be willing to make. And this writing for the very few is Mr. Thompson's cardinal mistake as a writer for others. In making his audience too fit, he makes it far too few — for a popular poet, that is.

Twilight is perhaps the most natural of all Mr. Thompson's poems : —

So short the time, and yet it seems so long,
 Since I last saw thee, O my Beautiful !
 The very thought is resonant with song
 And wraps my spirit in a wondrous lull.
 I count the hours till I shall come again,
 Each moment seems a little rose of time,
 Each gust of wind thrills gently with a strain
 Of witching, wildering melody and rhyme.
 There comes a perfume from the sunset land,
 And from the sunset vapours comes a voice ;
 Some one in evening's gateway seems to stand,
 And o'er a flood of glory shout, "Rejoice !"
 I seem to look through all the lapsing years,
 And see my path wind through a holy land,
 While wondrous as the music of the spheres
 Is the soft murmur of time's golden sand.
 I see my springs go by, a golden trail
 I see my summers with their corn and wines,
 I see my autumns come and come again,
 And roar my winters through the windy pines !

Less natural than *Twilight*, but in most other points superior to it, is *In Love*. Far less mystical and obscure than *An Allegory*, it has all its fervour, less pedantry, and far more music. This is *In Love*:—

Love is an isthmus that doth link
This life with that which is to be;
On either hand rolls off a sea,
To eastern verge, to western brink
Of heaven that flashes goldenly;
To suns that rise and suns that sink.

And Love hath many winding ways
Among the blooming Yulan trees,
Where hum the honey-laden bees,
And linger long the sunny days.

All bird-songs that are ariose
Re-echo in the viny dells,
Where all the aromatic smells
O'erburden every breeze that blows.

Dear, we shall build our cabin here,
Where the chuchampac bourgeons low,
And Persian roses flash and glow
And vie with thy ripe cheeks, my dear.

Effete are all the other lands,
The sun there looks on woodless hills,
A lifeless glebe some idiot tills,
And tends his herds on scorching sands.

We'll flute our love from golden reeds
Cut from the margins of the lakes,
Where thickest grow the feathery brakes
And highest mount the winged seeds.

My beautiful, thine azure eyes
Shall be as twilight stars to me,
Seen in the depths of some calm sea
Whereon no storm can ever rise.

Thy sweet blue eyes, untaught to weep,
Shall close to dream—wake to rejoice,
While far away shall boom the voice
Of deep that answers unto deep!

The best translations I have seen from Mr. Thompson are of Anacreon, of whose Odes he seems to be especially fond.

Of sketches and tales Mr. Thompson has written a great number. Of the latter, *Burton Wade, Bachelor*, is his best—best in naturalness, and in having its *denouement* somewhat explicitly given. Leaving too much to the imagination of his readers is the chief fault I have to find with Mr. Thompson's stories. This characteristic tempers *The Mystery of the Yellow Gables, Eos*, and in fact nearly every fiction from this writer's pen. At the end of the story we find ourselves puzzling over the catastrophe. His heroes and heroines are all like Iphigenia, of Greek, but more like Jephtha's daughter, of Hebrew, story.

In his essays Mr. Thompson shows us more of the scholar; and here a continuous display of learning ceases to be pedantry but may become fatiguing. His *Essay on Virgil, Italy and the Arts, and Leibnitz*, show the direction of his studies and tastes. As illustrative of his sphere of speculative thought, of his literary style in general, and of his mystical proclivities, I submit his recent essay on the *Geometry of Thought*, which I give entire:—

“1. *Space*.—What if we premise that thinking is a purely physical operation, and is governed by physical laws, is there anything impossible in the proposition? Of this we will inquire, and for the sake of simplicity we will adopt a notation suggested by that of Leibnitz in his monadic scheme. We will suppose man to be the most exalted of all monads—an active energy made up of a collection of according, ultimate, particular, active forces. Now let us well understand what we mean by ultimate particularity, for we go beyond the indivisibility of matter. If the finest chalk be reduced to an impalpable powder, we can

easily imagine a single grain of this dust reduced a million-fold, and we might go on dividing *ad infinitum*. Now when, by a multiplicity of divisions almost infinite, we have concluded, if we take one of the inconceivably minute particles, we yet have a divisible body containing a vast multitude of living forces. Just here we arrive at a point where the mind springs forward to a conclusion beyond the paled limits of philosophy: There is no void or vacuum—there can be none. Then space in the abstract is the result of ultimate particular division.

“2. *Diffusion*.—Let us suppose a solid body to be infinitely diffused. This would naturally come about by a process of irradiation, the particles going off in straight lines from a common centre. Now, keeping the idea of infinite division in full view, we may boldly assert that there will be a particle for every possible line of radiation, and that ultimately these lines will become parallel, otherwise the division would be limited.

“3. *Attraction—Sympathy*.—Taking analogy, we may say that like attracts like, and that even the great Newtonian law is but the law of sympathy. One energy seeks another. This is the true idea of pre-established harmony. Effort is but a result of this law, and whenever the will acts, it is but the movement of particular energies toward an object—a partial diffusion caused by a disturbance of the ultimate particles.

“4. *Ratio—Capacity*.—If two lines start from a given point at a given angle, these lines will diverge by a ratio, and this ratio remains the same until infinity is reached; but when we reach infinity, all lines, no matter from what point they started, or at what angle, are equidistant.

“If the reader has given a moment's thought to the theorems in the above sections, it will only be necessary hereafter to occasionally refer to them by their respective numbers. Let us now attempt to measure thought, or rather let us evolve the law by which thought moves. To do this, let us imagine perfect harmony and quiescence among the ultimate energies that make up the grand *monas* man. In this state the forces are acted

upon by nothing extrinsic, neither do they act on anything extrinsic; this, then, is mere passive consciousness—self-consciousness—nothing more. At this point of utter quiescence, suppose an outside force acts on the body, which causes a mutual interchange of particles; the result is a thought, and the first impression is the idea of extension—the germ of the more perfect idea of form. Now, size is a mere word, for one object can be divided as often as another, and when we reach the limit of infinity, not only are there just as many particles in one body as another, but they are also precisely equal in extent, each being infinitely small. Therefore, when an outside force acts on the primal energies, disturbing quiescence, the idea is in direct proportion to the amount and nature of the particular commotion, and this commotion or thought is strong or weak according to the amount of particular displacement.

“Let us suppose an object—real, tangible—becomes the subject of thought. If we observe closely, two things become apparent: first, form; second, limit or size. But the idea is abstract, merely belonging to the actual solid as the shadow to the substance. Now if the particular disturbance is in proportion to the extent of the disturbing object, then we may reduce thinking to an exact science, either physical or abstract. For this purpose take the proposition of section 2, and we have an argument springing up at once, leading us to but one possible conclusion involving what may be termed the limit of capacity. To understand what is here meant, suppose that by a particular disturbance our thoughts are directed to a very minute body; of course a perfect irradiation will result reciprocally (see 2 and 3); and, since the object is very small, the energies flowing to the body will necessarily converge, while those flowing from the body, *e converso*, will diverge, therefore the only inconceivably small object is the infinitely small and the converse. For instance, let us suppose a body so small, abstractly, that it causes a particular disturbance barely discernible; this is the first conceivable step above the limit downward. Then suppose, apply-

ing a kind of calculus, we gradually increase this body; of course the particular displacement must vary with the increment. On the other hand, if we suppose a body so vast that it can not be increased, and at the same time be comprehended, we are then on the verge of the opposite limit. Pause a moment just here and reflect. The universe of matter is before you—the blue deeps of space are around you. Think of a grain of sand; then, by a regular progression, let your thoughts expand to the idea of the universe. Well, what is the result? Your mental vision is blurred, indistinct, inoperative. The diffusion becomes so great that you actually cease to think! This is in strict accordance with our fourth proposition. Now for the scholium—the sublime moral of these correlative propositions.

“Infinite diffusion is annihilation, annihilation is death; but infinite diffusion brings about the idea of infinity; the true infinity is God—there is no infinity but him; therefore we have but demonstrated that ‘no man can look upon God and live!’

“We may build our theories until they reach the sky; but, like the workmen of Babel, we will forget our own tongue. We may go out after infinity; but we travel in a circle. Circumscribed by humanity—mortality maturing but to decay—we can really conceive of nothing in the proper sense of conception, we can imagine nothing that is not subject to change, born to die, finite in every sense of the word! There is no affinity between the mortal and the immortal; there is no ‘interchange of energies’—the one knows nothing of the other. This is why the code of the *Biblia sacra* can not be amended, repealed, or questioned.

“In this short article, we have only aimed at suggestion. Let the reader follow the train of ideas springing perforce from our propositions, and he can not fail to be interested. A broad field is opened.

“We had prepared elaborate mathematical discussions of some of our propositions, but after mature deliberation we have concluded that the formulæ are entirely too abstruse for a maga-

zine article. We hope the reader will be able to enter into the spirit of our suggestions. In the meantime, *magna est veritas et prevalebit.*"

Mr. Thompson is specially devoted to mathematics; and, without a teacher, successfully pursued the subject from arithmetic up to the higher departments, including integral and differential calculus. He has a fine knowledge of the ancient classics, and some acquaintance with Hebrew and its cognate Oriental languages; and reads some of the modern tongues. He reads five languages. He is fond of speculative philosophy, being devoted to Leibnitz and his school. Mr. Thompson's speculative genius is peculiarly, and almost exclusively, retrospective. It has little to do with the present, and nothing with the future. He is a *laudator temporis acti*. He would doubtless appreciate to the full the spleen to which Horace gave musical vent one day during a fit of blues; and it will be in Mr. Thompson's own style for us to quote the original:—

Aetas parentum, pejor avia, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorum.

Of course Horace was joking. But Mr. Thompson sees nothing of the progressive and reformatory movements of to-day—he desires to see nothing. He is towards the past as Omar in Alexandria was to the Koran. All the vital, restless, inquisitive thinking of our time is to him all worthless trash and neologistic nonsense. His mind is monumental.

In person Mr. Thompson is of slender form, about five feet ten in height; having dark eyes and hair, a face rather thin forehead high and broad. He is reserved in conversation, methodical in thought, not a popular orator, and far more a closet-student than a man of the every-day out-door world. He was a Confederate officer in the late war. Has married since the war.

His chirograph is cramped ; but the sweep is short and the separately-made letters always distinguishable. It indicates more persistence than strength, a fondness for the recondite, a pervading self-consciousness, and a limited degree of congeniality of spirit—a dogged determination, a something like isolation, and a passion for developing startling effects through quiet and silent means.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Mr. THOMPSON has never published a book, yet his influence upon our literature has been far greater than that of many others who have made many books.

I consider him one of the best literary editors and critics in the South, one of our best lecturers and writers of correspondence, and a poet of fine ability, culture, and position. He combines scholarship with ability, cultivated taste, and industry.

He was born in Richmond, Virginia, on Thursday, the 23d of October, 1823. His school education was received at East Haven, in Connecticut. He graduated at the University of Virginia in his twenty-second year ; and after two years of reading he returned to the University, and took the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1845. He practiced law about two years. For fifteen years immediately preceding the war—since 1847, that is to say—he was editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, the longest-lived, and, in the main, the most successful of all the Southern monthlies. In this position his numerous critiques, book-notices, and essays upon literary points, were always well put, able, just, and generous ; inclining to praise rather than the contrary, yet rarely, if ever, espousing, in the Gilfillan style, the fames of unfledged Muses. During the same period he produced several poems for occasions, and essays in verse, delivered in public ; among which I may mention *Patriotism* [1856], a stirring poem ; *Virginia* [1856], a graceful verse-tribute to a noble

state by a gifted son; *The Greek Slave*, a poem delivered at the inauguration of the statue of Washington, on Capitol Square, in Richmond [1858]; and *Poesy*, a handsome verse-essay, in which he pays some clever tributes to several of our Southern poets. He has also contributed numerous lyrics and other smaller poems to various first-class literary periodicals, both North and South. As a poet his style is earnest, polished, and even.

As a lecturer, he has appeared on several occasions, and always with success. His immense fund of information, and the ready adaptive faculty of his mind, render him eminently fitted for this sphere, and eminently successful in it. The one of his lectures most attractive to myself personally, and upon a subject best suited to his genius, was that delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association in Richmond, during the war, upon the *Life and Character of Edgar A. Poe*. The lecturer's intimate personal acquaintance with Poe and the sphere of Poe's genius and labours, together with the lecturer's liberal views upon life and literature, and his broad catholic charity for the eccentricities of his erratic brother's fevered but God-like genius, made him pre-eminently the man to lecture on that subject, and made the lecture a masterpiece in its way. As a lecturer, Mr. Thompson's style is pure, clear, vigorous, direct and impressive.

As an editor and critical writer he stands, as I have said, very high; and his style in this sphere of labour is as fine, as polished, and ornate, as that of any American writer that I have read.

He was editor of *The Record*, a short-lived Confederate weekly, commenced during 1863, in Richmond. He was, during its existence, the Richmond correspondent of *The Index*, the Confederate organ in London.

As a poet Mr. Thompson is distinguished for his polish, correct taste, and timeliness. He has, for his reputation for originality, written too many *occasional* poems; and in this respect,

like Praed of England, and Thomas Davis of Ireland, he has sacrificed something of status by serving too often the utilities of occasion; and yet, the occasionals that he has thus written could have been done as well by not more than two other men in the South, and better by none.

During the war Mr. Thompson wrote several poems of unusual merit; two especially—the *Battle Rainbow* and *Stuart*—that are very fine. I have space for only one of these, and select the former, which is the shorter. It was written just after the Seven Days of Blood before Richmond in 1862, and is based upon the fact—a poem in itself—that on the evening that preceded the commencement of that “long week of glory and agony,” a magnificent rainbow, after a grand thunder storm, “overspread the eastern sky, exactly defining the position of the Confederate army, as seen from the capitol at Richmond.” I give the entire poem:—

The warm, weary day was departing — the smile
Of the sunset gave token the tempest had ceased,
And the lightning yet fitfully gleamed for a while
On the cloud that sank sullen and dark in the east.

There our army, awaiting the terrible fight
Of the morrow, lay hopeful and watching and still;
Where their tents all the region had sprinkled with white,
From river to river, o'er meadow and hill.

While above them the fierce cannonade of the sky
Blazed and burst from the vapours that muffled the sun,
Their “counterfeit clamours” gave forth no reply;
And slept till the battle, the charge in each gun.

When lo! on the cloud, a miraculous thing!
Broke in beauty the rainbow our host to enfold;
The centre o'erspread by its arch, and each wing
Suffused with its azure and crimson and gold.

Blest omen of victory, symbol divine
 Of peace after tumult, repose after pain ;
 How sweet and how glowing with promise the sign
 To eyes that should never behold it again !

For the fierce flame of war on the morrow flashed out,
 And its thunder peals filled all the tremulous air :
 Over slipp'ry entrenchment and reddened redoubt
 Rung the wild cheer of triumph, the cry of despair.

Then a long week of glory and agony came—
 Of mute supplication and yearning and dread ;
 When day unto day gave the record of fame,
 And night unto night gave the list of its dead.

We had triumphed—the foe had fled back to his ships,
 His standard in rags and his legions a wreck—
 But alas ! the stark faces and colourless lips
 Of our loved ones gave triumph's rejoicing a check.

Not yet, oh not yet, as a sign of release,
 Had the Lord set in mercy his bow in the cloud ;
 Not yet had the Comforter whispered of peace
 To the hearts that around us lay bleeding and bowed.

But the promise was given—the beautiful are,
 With its brilliant confusion of colours that spanned
 The sky on that exquisite eve, was the mark
 Of the Infinite Love overarching the land :

And that Love, shining richly and full as the day,
 Thro' the tear-drops that moisten each martyr's proud pall,
 On the gloom of the past the bright bow shall display
 Of Freedom, Peace, Victory, bent over all.

The sixth, seventh, and eighth stanzas are especially fine ; and one of these, the seventh, is equal to anything of its kind that the war has produced.

The threnody on *Stuart* is also a fine poem, but is too long—nineteen stanzas—for quotation here. A single stanza will show the tone :—

No wailing trumpet and no tolling bell,
 No cannon, save the battle's boom receding,
 When Stuart to the grave we bore might tell,
 With hearts all crushed and bleeding.

Ashby is also a fine war-song. I quote it as illustrative of our poet's war vein:—

To the brave all homage render,
 Weep, ye skies of June !
 With a radiance pure and tender,
 Shine, oh saddened moon !
 "Dead upon the field of glory,"
 Hero fit for song and story,
 Lies our bold dragon.

Well they learned whose hands have slain him,
 Braver, knightlier foe
 Never fought with Moor nor Paynim—
 Rode at Templestowe ;
 With a mien how high and joyous,
 'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us
 Went he forth we know.

Never more, alas ! shall sabre
 Gleam around his crest ;
 Fought his fight ; fulfilled his labour ;
 Stilled his manly breast.
 All unheard sweet Nature's cadence,
 Trump of fame and voice of maidens,
 Now he takes his rest.

Earth that all too soon hath bound him,
 Gently wrap his clay ;
 Linger lovingly around him
 Light of dying day ;
 Softly fall the summer showers,
 Birds and bees among the flowers
 Make the gloom seem gay.

There, throughout the coming ages,
 When his sword is rust,
 And his deeds in classic pages,
 Mindful of her trust,
 Shall Virginia, bending lowly,
 Still a ceaseless vigil holy
 Keep above his dust !

Of his earlier poems I quote a simple little lyric, as piquant as *Praed*, as natural and unaffected as *Mrs. Welby*, as tender as *Mrs. Osgood*, and as true as *Wordsworth*. It is called *A Picture*, and is as follows :—

Across the narrow, dusty street,
 I see, at early dawn,
 A little girl with glancing feet,
 As agile as the fawn.

An hour or so and forth she goes,
 The school she brightly seeks ;
 She carries in her hand a rose,
 And two upon her cheeks.

The sun mounts up the torrid sky —
 The bell for dinner rings —
 My little friend, with laughing eye
 Comes gaily back and sings.

The week wears off, and Saturday,
 A welcome day, I ween,
 Gives time for girlish romp and play —
 How glad my pet is seen !

But Sunday — in what satins great
 Does she not then appear !
 King Solomon, in all his state,
 Wore no such pretty gear.

I fling her every day a kiss,
 And one she flings to me,
 I know not truly when it is
 She prettiest may be.

Those who have enjoyed *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* will see, in the second two verses of the second stanza, where Professor Holmes got a pretty idea, of which he makes very effective use.

In person Mr. Thompson is a small and slender man, of easy manner; dresses with marked taste; has an engaging and steady blue eye, and a voice low, earnest, and brisk, with a well defined emphasis in talking; converses well; wears American whiskers, of neutral yellowish color; has hair darker, and thin, with an approach towards baldness. Is not married.

His chirograph is calligraphic; very legible, with an English air about it. It indicates originality in thought, with a decided conservatism in character, a Poe-like clearness of expression, a persistent aspiration, and an earnestness that submerges sensibility in its directness.

I have rarely seen a finer chirograph. He writes with a quill pen.

During the war—in 1864, I believe—Mr. Thompson's health having failed he travelled in Europe for his health.

After the war he remained a year or two in London, and was said to be connected with the editorial staff of the London *Herald*, at the same time contributing to *The Cornhill Magazine* and *Blackwood*. He is at present resident in New York city, engaged upon the editorial staff of *The Evening Post*.

WILLIAM THEODORE THOMPSON.

Col. THOMPSON is a resident and, I believe, a native of Savannah, Georgia. His main distinction has been in the editorial line, though the world knows him as the author of that grotesquely humorous creation, *Major Jones*.

The books published by Col. Thompson are:—

1. *Major Jones's Courtship*,—detailed, with other scenes, in-

cidents, and adventures, in a series of letters by himself. Everybody—and everybody, at least in America, has read this book—has laughed over the genuine Georgia humour that appears on every page of it—coarse, uncultivated, vulgar, one may say; but yet genuine and original American humour. It appeared originally about 1840.

2. *Major Jones's Sketches of Travel*,—comprising scenes, incidents, and adventures, in his tour from Georgia to Canada. This is like its predecessor—coarse, broad, and Georgian, but very funny.

3. *Major Jones's Chronicles of Pineville*,—embracing sketches of Georgia scenes, incidents, and characters; published in 1843. This is in the same vein as the other two; but had less popularity, possibly because the vein had been worked so long.

These books have enjoyed a popularity—and with such works popularity is success—beyond any other of their class. Various imitations have followed them, but none have reached the originals.

Col. Thompson is to-day editor of the *Savannah News and Herald*, having recently returned from a European tour.



F. O. TICKNOR.

Dr. TICKNOR of Columbus, Georgia, has written extensively for the periodical press of the South, mostly occasional poems; of which *The Virginians of the Valley*—otherwise named *The Knights of the Valley*—is the most widely and most favourably known. I give it entire:—

The knightliest of the knightly race,
Who, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold;

The kindest of the kindly band,
Who, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas.

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills,
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose ;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearts of many homes
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept ! the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around the vigil fires.
But still the Golden Horse-shoe Knights
Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep.

MRS. GIDEON TOWNSEND.

Mrs. TOWNSEND, *née* Van Voorhis, is an adoptive daughter of the South, having been born at Lyons, in Wayne County, New York. She is resident in New Orleans ; and contributes frequently to Southern periodicals in general, but especially to those of the Crescent City. She is related and connected to many of the leading families of the Southwest ; and is widely known and admired as a gifted element in the highest circles of cultivated society in that region.

Her works are :—

1. *The Brother Clerks, a Tale of New Orleans*,—was published in New York, by Derby & Jackson, I believe, just before the war. It found an extensive and ready sale.

2. *Poems*. This volume has been made ready, I am advised, for publication, but has not yet appeared.

Mrs. Townsend has used several *noms de plume* — *Xariffa*, her best-known guise, *Mary Ashly*, *Henry Rip*, *Crab Crossbones*, and *Michael O'Quills*. Some of her fugitive satires upon social evils have been attributed to masculine brains; and yet she is altogether womanly, both in manner and in heart. Pathos, wit, and vigour mark her productions in an eminent degree; while her *forte* as to them seems to be a peculiar species of satire compounded of half irony and half earnestness. Her *Penny Dip*, a prose sketch, has been deservedly admired as the best satire of its kind that we have — the best and wittiest plea for babies that has ever circulated through Southern ephemeral literature. Her blank verse is remarkable for its ease, vigour, and spirit. Excepting Mrs. McCord, I believe, she is the only writer of her sex in the South who has achieved any noteworthy success in this difficult branch of the poetic art.

Mrs. Townsend's chirograph bears testimony to her literary character. It is legible, with no trace of feebleness nor any of coarseness, direct, and free from affectation and flourish. She punctuates as clear thinkers do, and does not disfigure her MS. with fantastic flourishes designed to be ornamental.

WILLIAM HENRY TRESHOT.

Everything that Mr. TRESHOT has published, with the exception of some tribute-memoirs, relates to diplomacy; and upon this subject he is universally felt to be the highest authority in the South.

He is the author of —

1. *Diplomacy of the Revolution; an Historical Study*. A duodecimo. Published in New York, 1852.

2. *Letter on the Diplomatic System of the United States*. 1854.

3. *Diplomatic History of the Administration of Washington and Adams, 1789—1801.* A duodecimo, published in 1857.

Mr. Trescot is a native of Charleston, South Carolina; and was born about 1823. He has repeatedly served in the State Legislature, and always commands large influence. His English is the best heard in those legislative assemblies; indeed, he is one of the few public men who invariably use pure and correct language.

In person he is short; hair dark, a little thinning; wears moustache; nose aquiline and prominent; eyes blue-grey; his manner earnest and impressive; talks much, easily, and well.

Mr. Trescot's chirograph is legible, free from all flourishes and affectation, direct, quiet, fluent, and passionless. It indicates clearness of thought, purity, absence of bombast and circumlocution, a certain energy and concentration of thought, without enthusiasm, and without great unity of purpose.



MRS. MARY E. TUCKER.

Mrs. TUCKER made her *début* as an author in the publication of a neat little volume entitled *Poems*, early in the year 1867.

Of this work the author herself, in a graceful and pertinent preface, says:—

“Out of a simple woman's heart these rivulets of rhyme have run. They may not be great, nor broad, nor deep. She trusts they are pure. She wrote these verses often in sorrow, perplexity, and distress. . . . She will feel rewarded if, though these buds and flowers be not very beautiful, they give to any soul the perfume of simple truthfulness and genuine feeling.”

The editor of *The Home Monthly* of Nashville thus notices the author and her book:—

“Her poems are neither broad, nor deep, nor brilliant. If you look into her volume for new ideas, philosophic thought, glowing imagery, deep insight into passions and motives, or an intense

love of nature, you will be disappointed. But they are pure, simple, natural—the outgushings of a true woman's heart, sympathetic, kind, loving, truthful. While reading them, you feel that you are in communion with an innocent, noble-hearted, Christian woman. There is no cant, no twaddle, no morbid sentimentality—a negative merit, always appreciated by a healthful reader. Her volume belongs to that respectable class of books which afford pleasure, comfort, and recreation; in their brief life, doing some good, but no harm; cheering some lonely, heart-sick wanderer; sending out into the darkness a single ray of heavenly sight, which may guide some poor, benighted soul amid the pitfalls of sin; adding one sweet note to the grand symphony of joy, and praise, and thanksgiving, swelling up from the hearts of all that are glad, and pure, and innocent on earth.”

There is a great deal of truth and point in what he says.

Mrs. Tucker's second effort at book-making is her *Life of Mark M. Pomeroy*, published by Carleton in 1868. The definition of her subject is “A Representative Young Man of America, his Early History, Character and Public Services in Defence of the Rights of States, Rights of the People, and the Interests of Workingmen,”—which is characteristic, to say the least of it. The work is “prepared from materials furnished by Mr. Pomeroy and others.” *The Statesman* newspaper says: “This book makes the best personal history of brass extant.” The newspaper world knows Mr. Pomeroy only as Brick Pomeroy; and the slang of the name, which slang belongs to the man, seems to have been infiltrated through everything pertaining to him, Mrs. Tucker's book among the rest.

As an illustrative piece I give *Only a Blush* as one containing a happily-advanced conceit, and upon the whole a striking little poem:—

Only a blush! O'er the cheek it swept,
In a tint, but a shade more bright,
While over the forehead the soft glow crept,
Like Aurora's resolute light.

Only a blush ! 'Twas a single word
 That the heart's deep fountain woke,
 And in turbulent gushes, its depths were stirred,
 For the lips were loved that spoke.

Only a blush ! Yet the glow revealed
 That she loved him, and with pride,
 In the armour of many a conquest steel'd,
 He lingered near her side,

And breathed into her credulous ear,
 In the whim of an idle hour,
 Vows never forgotten by those who hear
 When subjected to Love's cruel power.

Only a blush ! Long it lingered there
 And assumed a hectic token,
 When the vows that woke it had vanished in air,
 And the maiden's heart was broken.

Speak to Her Tenderly is full of charity and by no means devoid of poetry :—

Speak to her tenderly, taunt her not now,
 Tho' a million of sins have deep furrowed her brow ;
 Greet her with kindness. Her once raven hair
 Is frosted with silver time's hands have left there.

Cheeks now so colourless, bloomed like the rose ;
 Lips now all tremulous, spoke but repose ;
 Dim eyes, all clouded with fountains of tears,
 Were like the young fawn's eyes in long ago years.

Speak to her tenderly. How can you know
 Why bowed her young soul 'neath temptation's fell blow ?
 It may be that poverty planted the seed—
 Tears nourished its growth, Pride matured the rank weed.

It may be, she loved, tho' unwisely, too well ;
 It may be, the serpent allured, with his spell,
 That from his sweet charming she woke but to know
 The death in life sorrow—the *all-alone was*.

It may be, in sinning, she erred but to save
 A dear one from filling want's desolate grave;
 Perchance some unkindness first drove to despair,—
 A manly heart saved her, she wept her grief there.

Then judge not too harshly. Remorse's heavy hand
 Is a terrible stricture—an icy-cold band:
 Long years of repentance, of praying, and pain,
 And the blood of the Saviour, have cleansed her from stain!

Mrs. Tucker is a Georgian; but has been in New-York city for two or three years, engaged in the publication of her volumes. She is thoroughly Southern in all her feelings; and gives utterance to these in some of the most vigorous poems in her book.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE TURNER.

The author of *Jack Hopeton* lives at Eatonton, Georgia. He was born in that county—Putnam—on the 25th of September, 1830. His education, embracing the ancient classics and French, was mainly received at an academy situated upon the family seat of his ancestry—Turnwold—where to-day sleep five generations of the Turners. Before he had reached manhood he was called to the superintendence of his father's planting interests; and in conjunction with his elder brother, Joseph Addison, this employment, varied by a good deal of field sporting, occupied about four years. One year then—1850—he devoted to planting in partnership with his brother; then a year to law study, followed by a long adventurous tour through the West; a brief period of law practice at Americus, Georgia, in 1853; a return to Turnwold on account of the death of his father; and his establishment of a school; and a Northern tour. This brings us over the period of the composition of *Jack Hopeton*—1854 and 1855—and to the opening of the war of secession. During the war he

served as a lieutenant and as an adjutant of infantry in several spirited engagements in North Carolina ; was retired for a couple of years on account of illness ; re-entered service in 1864 as a volunteer, although exempt under the law, and served until the close of the war as an artillerist. He then returned to the paternal estates and resumed agricultural pursuits ; but in the course of a year or so gave them into the hands of tenants and removed to the town of Eatonton, where he now lives.

Mr. Turner's literary career has been recreational and his labours occasional. He has not devoted himself to it at all regularly, it always being his avocation, never his vocation. He has written for *De Bow's Review*, *The Independent Press*, *The Field and Fireside*, and a number of other Southern periodicals ; and at one time assisted in the editorial conduct of *The Countryman*.

Jack Hopeston was written, as stated above, in 1855 ; and appeared in the *feuilleton* of *The Field and Fireside*, then published at Augusta, Georgia. In 1860 it was issued in book form from the press of Derby & Jackson. I believe its success was good, though the on-coming war no doubt operated against it. It is a story of Southern life, college adventure, watering-place recreations, love, villany, treachery, and happiness. The *locale* of the story is principally in Georgia and Virginia. The characters are true to their localities and presented here with great vigour and purity of language. The dramatic interest is well sustained and never descends to the sensational—keeps a strong tension of dramatic interest without straining it to the melodramatic. The narrative and life delineated are both healthy and give us true representations of Southern life, both domestic and societal. The scope of the book is that of Bulwer's great trilogy beginning with *The Caxtons*—to give illustrations of life in the locality treated of—and the success achieved is clearly indicative of gifts in that way. The author does not subordinate everything to action and movement, as does Gilmore Simms ; nor does he subordinate everything to style, when style is synony-

mous with pedantic declamation, as does the erudite author of *Brulah*.

In person, Mr. Turner is tall and slender; about six feet high; has dark though not black hair; and wears generally a slight black moustache and imperial. In his dress he is scrupulously neat and tidy. In his moral relations to the neighbour he is, conscientious almost to a fault.

MISS MARY J. S. UPSHUR.

This young writer of the Old Dominion has made the name of *Fanny Fielding* familiar to all readers of Southern periodical literature. Her most elaborate production is *Confederate Notes*, which appeared serially in *The Home Monthly* during the year 1867. The title conveys an idea of the work, which is written with great vigour, and gives true portraiture of striking scenes in stirring times. It is soon to be published in book form. Her first story—tale, rather than novel—was *Florine de Genlis*. She has written for every respectable literary journal of the South and many of the North, as well as for several political newspapers. Her various *noms de plume* are *Fanny Fielding*, *Virginia Norfolk*, *Byrd English*, and *Barthurst Stith*. This use of many names has tended to render her reputation less than it should be.

She was born at Rose Cottage—the old Upshur homestead—in Accomack County, Virginia. This site is on the banks of the Watchaprigue, on the Eastern Shore. Here the eternal ocean-music of the “billowy dash” seems to have early called forth her powers of song. Miss Upshur’s mother had been Miss Wilson of Richmond, and through her she received the blood of the Popes and the Duvalls. Her father—William Stith Upshur—inherited his name directly from his maternal grandfather, and more remotely from his ancestor—William Stith, the Virginia historian—one of the first presidents of

William and Mary College in that state. Her education was conducted entirely by her father, she having been orphaned of her mother while an infant. During her early years the family moved to Norfolk, where she has ever since resided.

Her theory of art is that all use is beauty; and, *par consequent*, that, if we take proper care of the useful, the beautiful will not suffer; is passionately fond of music, flowers, and pictures, and lives much in such society; has some degree of directness and strength in her style that are rarely found in her sex, and yet is one of the most imaginative of our female poets.

The Richmond Whig, speaking of the *Confederate Notes*, mentioned above, says: "Indeed, the broad historic character of the work gives it far more than a local interest. Its chief aim seems to be a demonstration of the clerical element in its relations to the late Southern army; and in the person of the Rev. Tucker Randolph, some time rector of St. Jude's, then militant under the Southern Cross, we have a very faithful illustration of the principle which moved many in those days to link the sword with the crosier. The high-flown harangues which characterize his sentences at the outset become merged into the natural and life-like as we go on and find ordinary events lost in the current of the terrible and earnest."

Miss Upshur's handwriting is firm, uniform, clear, and in a singular way antique. It indicates these qualities, which give the character directness, frankness, and reverence for the past—a prejudice in favour of that which is old, a fondness for legendary lore, a disposition to defer to precedents, and that *English feeling of establishment* that in our South is the rocky shore against which the ocean of radicalism is beating and will continue to beat until one or the other yield.

The poem of *Margaret* is one of Miss Upshur's best, and is, as a critic has said of it, "conceived in the very spirit of Poesy itself;" but I do not approve the use here made of "ye." I quote entire:—

O Margaret, pretty Margaret,
I pray ye linger yet
At the stile beyond the hay-field
When the summer sun is set,
And I'll tell ye in the twilight
What ye never shall forget.

O Margaret, sweet Margaret,
With face so lily fair,
The sunbeams loved to nestle
In the meshes of her hair,
And gleam and gleam more golden
From the light they borrowed there.

O Margaret, sweet Margaret,
With eyes of violet blue;
Or, when she looked most lovingly,
Of that celestial hue
The heavens show when cloud-gates ope
To let the good pass through.

O Margaret, merry Margaret,
Beyond the meadow mill
My heart will listen, listen,
For your gentle tripping still—
All of its pit-pat echoes waking,
As of old, at your sweet will.

But Margaret, sweet Margaret,
Ye'll never come again,
Like the spring-time after winter,
Like the sunshine after rain;
But I could kiss the blessed dust
Where your sweet form hath lain.

But Margaret, sainted Margaret,
The hay-field and the mill,
The meadow path, its windings,
And its little running rill,
Will speak more lovingly of you
Than the graveyard all so still.

And Margaret, blessed Margaret,
In my heart's love-lacking dearth,
I'll look upon the sunshine
And the flowers that strew the earth,
And I'll think I see in each of them
The types of your new birth.

Then Margaret, sweet Margaret,
Like sunshine after rain,
Like summer after winter,
Ye will glad my heart again,
For I'll say they are your messengers,
And they shall not speak in vain.

MRS. ADA REEDY VANCE.

Many of my readers will recognise the following little poem
as one they have seen before —

When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame,
Guard thine every look and action;
Speak no word of heartless blame;
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil *your* goodly name.

When you meet a brow that's awing
In its wrinkled lines of gloam,
And a haughty step that's drawing
To a solitary tomb,
Guard thine action. Some great sorrow
Made that man a spectre grim;
And the sunset of to-morrow,
Friend, may leave *you* like to him.

When you meet with one pursuing
Paths the lost have entered in,
Working out his own undoing
With his recklessness and sin,

Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain,
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win you back to hope again?

There are spots that bear no flowers,
Not because the soil is bad,
But that summer's genial showers
Never made their bosoms glad.
Better have an act that's kindly
Treated sometimes with disdain
Than by judging others blindly
Doom the innocent to pain.

A few years before the war it went the rounds of the newspaper world in the United States as a waif, entitled *Charity*, credited to the *London Journal*. It was assumed to be English, and was appreciated accordingly. Its reflective character was thought to indicate mature, if not advanced age in its author.

So much for what Poe flouts as "internal evidence."

The history of this little poem is noteworthy. The editor of the *Jackson Mississippian* gave it during the poem's early notoriety. It had been published originally, and under the author's full name, in his paper; had made its way somehow to England; and was reproduced there as an original contribution to the *London Journal*. It was upon its return to America that it went the rounds of the press so extensively.

The author who received this unusual and high though merited compliment, was then a girl in her teens—Miss Sallie Ada Reedy of Lexington, Mississippi.

She was born in the northern part of Alabama. Her father, Captain James Reedy, moved from Alabama to Lexington, during the infancy of our young poetess.

In addition to a liberal education, Miss Reedy enjoyed the advantages of extensive American travel; having visited most places of note between the Canada line and Texas. With a soul alive to beauty, she had read largely, in the great *Τὸ Καλόν* such lessons as one reads by river and by mountain;

among the Highlands of the Hudson, the picturesque Blue Ridge, the varied Alleghany, and the darker Cumberland; in the prairies of the southwest; along *La Belle Rivière*, the romping Tennessee, the mystically-musical Pascagoula, and in the presence of the grand ocean-river that bisects our continent, the great Father of Waters; by the ocean itself; down amidst the dark and tortuous depths of the Mammoth Cave, with its Mystic River; and amidst the misty and tremulous thunders of Niagara the Divine.

Amidst such teachings as these, her young genius was reared from the real to the ideal. From these, and from all such, she has drawn inspiration. They have not developed in her, however, the passion for merely *descriptive* poetry—the lowest result of scenographic influences. This is not at all in her vein. Her genius is subjective, and her mood reflective. The impulse nurtured in her by these inspiring influences—the impulse to create beauty for other souls, the yearning to utter the melodies vibrating within—is perceptible in all that she has written.

Her genius is subjective; and even in narrative verse the events are always subordinated to the soul-drama that moves along with them—that controls them—that is always felt to be the thesis proper of her poem.

I have elsewhere [See *Women of the South Distinguished in Literature*, page 435, where the language is quoted] said of Miss Reedy's genius:—

“There breathes in all her writings an impassioned devotion, intense and pure, with a simplicity tender and graceful. This is the true region of emotional poet-life—the human in its warmest aspiration for the supra-human ideal. Her genius is vigorous, and at the same time exquisitely feminine, looking down upon life's struggling waters from woman's headland of catholic charity. Mystery—the nameless and never told—often lends a spell, dreary yet delicious, to her Muse. But this characteristic is always subordinate to the wealth of her creative faculty.”

She wrote early. An intuitive sense of melody, rather than

rigid art-study, has rendered her versification singularly musical and correct. In these respects, whole poems of her girlish composition are as correct as mature art could make them. Her later productions bear evidence of stricter culture in verse-art, and among these are they that will live in our literature; and with the same advantage her future writings are to come to us.

Those who have any sense of discrimination between felt and fancied feeling in poems—between actual and factitious feeling—will probably agree with me finding the former in the following lyric. It impresses one with a something of sincerity—a power springing from a power felt in its composition. I cannot see that I am making any unmeet disclosure in stating that the poem relates to a real circumstance—to the death of a favourite, I believe an only brother. It was published under the title of

DEATH BY THE WAYSIDE.

This life is stranger than the tales we read,
 Or dreams that poets have ere yet they sleep;
 If truth were written we would have no need
 To turn to fiction when we wish to weep.
 If we might place the ear close to each heart
 And hear the dull pulsation grief has stirred,
 No swift compulsion emnity might start
 Could force the lips to frame an unkind word.

You may have tears—I do not ask them now;
 Enough of these have been already shed
 For him who wore perchance as fair a brow
 As ever found repose amid the dead.
 His was a face that one would strive to read,
 And then rejoice to find the task in vain,
 Because a failure brought the pleasant need
 Of looking on those features once again.

And yet when joy or passion's tide rose high
 There was a sudden flush—a fever breath;
 A restless flashing of the brilliant eye
 That told of madness, or an early death;

That something which the heart cannot define,
But knowing fears—and fearing loves the more.
We know a heart in love with things divine
Oft finds the earth no hospitable shore.

But to my story, and it should be brief
As that young life it dares to speak of here,
Or yet despair may whisper through a grief
That long since shed its last remaining tear.
He left his home and sought another sky,
Perhaps as blue, but, oh, not half so kind,
As one that held its stars serenely high
Above the troubled hearts that watched behind.

But from the depths of that unholy wild
Unto his home he never came again,
For Fate pursued the footsteps of her child,
And eyes that watched his coming, watched in vain.
In the cold bosom of that stranger land
There is a grave from other graves apart;
On God's green earth there is a blood-red hand
Stained with the crimson of that high young heart.

And this is all. The fearful cloud of wrath
That folds within the lightning's fiery breath,
With burning eye marks out its downward path,
And in one moment scatters it with death.
The stars may come with evening's tranquil air,
And beam as brightly as their wont, before,
But from some fragrant bower we've reared with care
Is snatched a fragrant flower that blooms no more.

Oh, ye who have a brother—lover—friend
Faint on the threshold of an unknown land,
If ye may come and o'er that death-couch bend,
And close the eyes and fold the nerveless hands,
Ye have no cause for tears! He might have died,
His fair brow pressed to some unholy sod,
With none to weep, and none to watch beside
Save one whose steel had sent that soul to God.

If lyric tragedy has anything more vivid than all this, I do not remember where it occurs. It occasionally reminds one of the finest startling horror-glazes of Harry Flash—those thrilling touches of his that make one start and shudder with a nameless and undefined horror. This passage is very fine in this vague and awe-suggesting vein:—

In the cold bosom of that stranger land
There is a grave from other graves apart;
On God's green earth there is a blood-red hand
Stained with the crimson of that high young heart.

The close of the poem, too, is intensely suggestive of that lonely, helpless, unhallowed, hopeless, and shuddering mystery of violent death, from which all nature shrinks with unwhispered but controlling dread.

I beg leave to present the following poem as one of the finest allegorical lyrics that I have seen in American literature, premising that I do not rank the allegory high in the domain of poetry. The poem was published under the name of *The Sisters*; but I am inclined to prefer a more specific title and to call it *Love and Sorrow*. Let the reader take his choice of titles. The poem is as follows:—

Those were not mortals standing there
With eyes bent on a sleeping child,
Who, all unconscious of their care,
Saw dreams at which his red lips smiled.
And one was blue-eyed, with a face
Round which the brown hair closely curled,
With such a soft bewitching grace
It might have maddened half the world.

The other's meek eyes, raised above,
Seemed peering in the strange to-morrow;
The brown-haired, blue-eyed one was Love;
The other was her sister, Sorrow.

And Love's bright wings flashed here and there—
You looked to see her float away;
The other's folded down with care,
As if prepared for longer stay.

"Now, sister, give me this fair boy,"
The blue-eyed angel gently said,
"A bosom soft and warm with joy
Should only pillow such a head.
You follow me where'er I roam;
You've clung to me through weary years;
And when I touch a heart, you come
And blot the record with your tears!"

The meek-eyed angel floated
And clasped the fair hand of her sister,
And on her cheek there was a tear
That trembled as she stooped and kissed her.
"O Love! thou dost remember well
When Eve and Adam were too wise,
And, weeping forth a sad farewell,
We went with them from Paradise.

"They wondered at the storm above,
And what the flowers would do without them;
I think they would have died, sweet Love,
But that your arms were twined about them.
I loved the stars and soft blue skies,
And winds that sung to us at even,
And made our lovely Paradise
Almost as beautiful as heaven.

"And so I wept and prayed that they
Might go from my dark presence free,
While I, the meek-eyed one, would stay,
And weary heaven with prayers for thee.
The guarding angel shook his head
And said, while pointing up above:
'Alas! alas! it is decreed
You part not with your sister, Love;'

"She was the fairest from her birth;
But, pale-faced Sorrow, thou art wise—
While Love would make their heaven on earth,
Thou'lt mind them of lost Paradise.'
We cannot part: 'tis heaven's own vow."—
But Love's fair arms were round her thrown,
And that one kiss on Sorrow's brow
Had left a brightness like her own.

"Dear Sorrow, this fair boy shall be
A pilgrim at my radiant shrine,
But every time he bends his knee
Half of the offering shall be thine."
The boy awoke almost in tears,
So strange and sad the vision seemed,—
Perhaps he knew in after years
He had not only slept and dreamed.

The closing touches I conceive to be extremely happy, suggestive, striking, and graceful.

I have watched the developing genius of this author for several years, and my conclusions are the result of a careful study of, I believe, everything that she has written. My estimates of her genius and character are based upon the same careful study, with ample opportunities for observation and inquiry. Her genius is not prolific; she does not write very often, but writes quite fast enough for one so young. She has contributed to a large number of the southwestern newspapers; and some in the north-west, and among these *The Louisville Journal*. In the literary weeklies of South Carolina before the war—especially *The Examiner* and *The Courant*, both published at the capital of the state—poems from her pen occasionally appeared.

At the beginning of the war she had a volume of her poems ready for the press; and but for the war it would probably have appeared in 1861.

During the war Miss Reedy became the wife of Mr. Vance of Kentucky, where they at present reside.

At present Mrs. Vance is engaged upon a novel, the leading thought of which is that even this life may develop a character so perfect and beautiful that passion, and folly, and sin coil up and die in its presence. The sun of such a life of course is Love. This theme, without being original, is one well suited to the author's peculiar mental nature; and those who know her best look with most confidence to her marked success upon the publication of the work.

In person and in manner Mrs. Vance is eminently pleasing. That something of reserve among new friends which always accompanies sensitive and reflective natures exists in her. She converses well, but never volubly, and is in that faculty of conversation—the ready, scintillant, and sympathetic rapport of the true Southern woman—one of the most charming of our Southern *littérateurs*.

Her chirograph is fine, without being strikingly legible. It is clinging, dainty, esthetical, and withal earnest; with nothing of ostentation, parade, or dash about it. It indicates strong and lasting attachment to friends, to spots, to memories, and to the past generally. I find in it also extreme delicacy and sensitiveness to all impressions; a dreamy devotion to beauty, with an almost religious awe for the sublime; and an intense and earnestly *Southern* fervour of genius. To express this phrenologically I should say, there are evidences of large Continuity, Adhesiveness, Veneration, Secretiveness, and Ideality, with extreme Sublimity and Memory.

HENRI VIGNAUD.

M. VIGNAUD was so distinctly identified with the Confederate party in Paris during three years of the war that he seems to me entitled to a mention here, although he is not at this time resident among us.

He was born in Louisiana about 1828; was a close student;

ambitious, especially in scientific and philosophical studies ; and by private application takes honourable rank among the self-made men of the time.

In 1857 he established, and for some years following conducted a newspaper — *L'Union de Lafourdu* — in the town of Thibadeaux, in his native state. In connection with Canonge and Hiriart he established, in 1860, *La Renaissance Louisianaise* of New Orleans, as favourably known at the present time. In this periodical M. Vignaud published a work partly scientific, but mainly philosophical, entitled *L'Anthropologie*, which is said to have borne marks of marked ability and boldness, but also of immaturity and haste. The result of this experiment at authorship was to determine its author to go to Paris in order to complete his studies. He went there in 1862, and through the influence of Mr. Slidell, got a situation on the *Memorial Diplomatique* as member of the editorial corps, becoming also *attaché* to the Confederate agent in Paris. His culture has been decided ; and, apart from his scientific studies, he has taken rank among the best theatrical critics of Paris. He has written several memorials to scientific societies ; and is to-day secretary of the *Société Savante*, member of the *corps editorial* of the *Memorial Diplomatique*, and *attaché* to the Roumanian legation — better known as that of the United Danubian Provinces.

His style is direct, forcible, and clear. In thought he is independent, honest, and sincere. As a critic, fearless and outspoken, though careful and considerate. He reflects credit upon his creole birthplace ; and Louisiana by no means gives up her claim to this one of her many children just now resident abroad.

S. TEACKLE WALLIS.

This writer is a member of the Baltimore bar, and has acquired some reputation as a writer of occasional lyrics,

mostly war-songs, which have appeared in numerous periodicals. He is said to have written a duodecimo, entitled *Glimpses of Spain*, and a book of travels in Europe, besides his poems, which make, probably, a small volume.

His war-poetry is spirited, and sometimes rhetorical, as in these lines from *The Guerilla* :—

They are turning the slaves upon us,
And with more than the fiend's worst art,
Have uncovered the fires of the savage
That slept in his untaught heart.
The ties to our hearts that bound him,
They have rent with curses away,
And madden him in their madness,
To be almost as brutal as they.

And again :—

With halter and terch and Bible,
And hymns to the sound of the drum,
They preach the gospel of murder,
And pray for lust's kingdom to come.

Mr. Wallis's *Prayer for Peace* is a fine poem, full of passionate fervour, pathetic truth, and manly, out-spoken defence. It is far superior in true poetic conception to anything else I have seen of his, though perhaps less rhythmically fine than *The Guerilla* and several others.

MISS MARY WALSINGHAM.

There is scarcely a *nom de plume* so widely known in the South as *Mary Walsingham*. It is generally thought to be the writer's full name, so impersonated in it has her literary character become.

Among the women of the South whose names, or *noms*, have been familiar to the appreciators of impressive and passionate

verse, hers stands prominent. She has written both tales and poetry. Her tales are of the striking and bizarre—not to say grotesque and horrific—style; with just a smack of the spasmodic. This last adjective applies especially to her *Palmetto Swamp*, a war tale of some power; but it also applies to others, and to some of her verses.

She has not published a book yet.

Her poetry is of the intense and femininely-Byronic school—strong and earnest, always with point. It may be commonplace, but it cannot be drivel. Her personal nature seems to be one of intensities, and her literary character is, as far as it is original, of course, a projection of her personal character. The true artist is always so—is always an honest development in being artistically a projection of the personal self. Byron was eminently so as to his poet-self; and Mary Walsingham has a touch of the Byronic in her fervid imagination.

Shot is a characteristic poem, and I give it entire:—

Hot from my heart are the tear-drops that are falling—

Falling with this night-dew on my breast of many a wound,

As I hear the martial drums go past my window calling,

And the tread of hundreds marching to the sweet and stirring sound.

I think of one young soldier on his lone and lowly pillow—

Oh, braver he than any, and more faithful to be found!

And his bosom beat for freedom like the throb of ocean's billow,

Ere he slept his last long slumber on his couch of many a wound!

He did not die for fame—I will tell no foolish story—

By a false, mistaken shame, wrong the memory of the brave;

He left no shining name to the soldier's meed of glory,

He might if—but what boots it building fancies on his grave?

They said he was condemned; that the felon's fate hung o'er him;

And well I know who wronged him, but I breathe no name aloud.

So he bared his stalwart breast, and the leaden volley tore him,

And he sleeps his last long slumber with his young blood for a shroud.

They laid him where he fell when his brief day was ended,
 They raised no peering mark ceaseless scorning to bequeath him;
 But the blinding shot came fast, and the crimson tide descended,
 And he staggered and he fell with his bleeding breast beneath him.

And fadeless on a stone, as if the spot to show me,
 He poured the brief warm torrent of his young heart of sorrows;
 And even on that spot where God's mercy failed unto me,
 The piteous record stands, and fresh brightness seems to borrow!

Leaning on my hand, thus I muse how sorrow bound me,
 In the summer of my days, with a darkness fading never;
 In the spring-time of my life how the doom of Francis found me,
 And I bowed my spirit lowly to the martyr's crown forever!

They say that I am changed — that my mind and fancies wander —
 That my broken memory yields; that I fade, and soon shall slumber;
 And tell me is it strange that life's fragile links should sunder,
 With the heart and spirit bleeding from these death-wounds without number?

The following song — *Frown Not* — is in a vein different from that of *Shot*; though both exhibit the same independence of prosodial constraints; an independence that is to be regretted in every respect. We give it as illustrative of its class: —

Frown not, dear love, nor deem thyself abused
 Because I try thy love, which I love best.
 Frown not, nor deem thee heartlessly misused,
 Because I try thee with my teasing pest;
 If, as thou sayest, my mirth is sweet as chimes
 May I not jingle out of tune sometimes?

And if — and if I loved thee not, or less,
 Believe me I should pass unvexing thee;
 But inly vexed by feverish fretfulness.
 I fret thee with the pangs love whets for me.
 When most I fret thee, sweet, then most I love,
 And colder seem that thou may'st fonder prove.

Thou tellest me, with caviours, angry glance,
 Of happier men, and mistresses more kind;
 Of calm Yolande and placid fair Constance.
 Less fitful these — thou sayest — than summer wind,
 Yet must I deem them, love, more fair than wise
 Since thou didst 'scape them both to be my prize !

Bethink thee, dear, if I had tried thee less,
 Wouldst thou have sworn so oft to free thy heart ?
 Would I have bowed my pride to tenderness
 And both have proved we could not live apart ?
 Nay — whensoever we stinted both for pain,
 Have we not paid it doubly back again ?

Frown not, beloved, nor vex thee with my ways —
 Enough that thou art mine and I am thine.
 Thou wouldst not have me change what won thy praise,
 Or lose the charm which makes thee wholly mine ?
 Ah ! when I fret, then most I love thee, Sweet ;
 And colder seem that we may fonder meet.

There is something of quaintness which is not exactly natural,
 but yet useful towards the general effect, in *The Old Tomb*, in
 which the untold is the main poetic power : —

Twenty years — so says the stone —
 Weather-wept,
 By this church-yard wall alone,
 The girl has slept.
 Mouldering now, and old, and brown,
 With blotch and blur,
 Her narrow house is tumbling down
 Over her.

Over thee the weeds and tares
 Have waved and met,
 Twenty years — for twenty years —
 Margaret !
 Tell us what thy dreams have been,
 Sleeping here,
 Thy white breast bone unto thy chin,
 From year to year ?

Wert thou loved, and wert thou wed,
Ah ! Margaret ?
And is life's hollow lustre shed
Around thee yet ?
Thy whitening fingers clasping where
Thy hearth is not,
Art dreaming of the lover here,
Thyself forgot ?

Wert thou of household love the child,
And friendship's vow ?
How so, since weed and bramble wild
Grow o'er thee now ?
For mould'ring now, and old and brown,
Forgotten, see,
Poor Madge, thy house is tumbling down
Over thee !

Mary Walsingham was born in Charleston, South Carolina ; but during her infancy her parents removed from that city to New Orleans. Her life, personal, literary, and otherwise, has since that period been identified with the Crescent City. At an early age she displayed evidences of literary taste. Her education was received partly at a Catholic convent, and partly at the public schools, both in her resident city. She graduated at the Girls' High School under Madame Angela Pogaud.

In person she is tall, rather slender, with great symmetry and gracefulness of movement. Her style is Southern, with just a *soupsçon* of stateliness. Her forehead is high and smooth ; eyes large, blue, and expressive ; her face in general indicates a something of sadness, neither vague nor dreamy, but definite ; while her manner is fresh and winning. A critic who knows her personally and well has written of her head-pose : " Her well-shaped head and finely chiselled brow, crowned with brown hair tinged here and there with a golden hue, give her an imposing air." Her societal manner is fine—pleasing, witty in conversation, genial, ready, and self-possessed.

Her handwriting indicates deliberate, consistent, and tenacious thought ; a disposition to dwell long upon one subject ; elaborateness without careful finish, and little hope ; a womanly adherence to form, and too much faith. It shows a lively taste for applause, but an abhorrence of display about it.

MRS. CATHERINE ANNE WARFIELD.

Mrs. WARFIELD, a daughter of Major Nathaniel A. Ware, was born near Natchez, Mississippi.

For the purpose of educating his two daughters—Catherine Anne and Eleanor Percy—Major Ware sold out his Southern estates and removed to Philadelphia ; and there, diversifying resident teaching with travel, he taught them himself, aided in the lighter branches and accomplishments by masters employed as assistants.

When very young, Miss Ware became the wife of Elisha Warfield, Esquire, of Lexington, Kentucky ; and their home was at that place from the time of their marriage until 1857, when it was changed to a farm in the vicinity of Louisville, in the same state.

In 1843 appeared a volume of verse under the title of *The Wife of Leon and other Poems, by Two Sisters of the West*,—the two sisters being Mrs. Warfield and her sister, who at that time had become Mrs. Lee. The book was well received by the public, but made no *furore*.

In 1846 they, again jointly, published *The Indian Chamber, and Other Poems*. This volume was better than the other ; and indicated, rather than illustrated, genius of creditable vigour and art above the general range of the Western Muse. Legend was a favourite feature ; and these were often more spirited and dramatic than purely poetic. Among the lyrics, *I Have Seen This Place Before* is at the same time illustrative of our author's poetic art and of the character of her meditative fancy.

It tells us, however, far more of the mind in which it originated than of the theme it presents. We catch glimpses of the inner poet which reveal things more poetical than—I venture to say, than—anything Mrs. Warfield has ever put into the verse-form. I quote the entire poem:—

I have seen this place before—
'Tis a strange, mysterious truth;
Yet my foot hath never pressed this shore,
In childhood or in youth;
I know these ruins grey,
I know these cloisters dim—
My soul hath been in these walls away,
When slumber chains each limb.

In a dream, a midnight dream,
I have stood upon this heath,
With this blue and winding stream,
And the lonely vale beneath;
The same dark sky was there,
With its bleak shade on my brow,
The same deep feeling of despair
That clings about me now.

Friend, 'tis a fearful spell,
That binds these ruins grey;
Why came my spirit here to dwell,
When my frame was far away?
Can the wild and soaring soul
Go out on its eagle sweep,
And traverse earth without control,
While the frame is wrapped in sleep?

Hath memory caught a gleam
From a life whose term is o'er,
And borne it back in that mystic dream—
Say, have I lived before?
Or was prophetic power
To that midnight vision lent?
Is my fate bound up in this ruined tower?
Speak! Thou art eloquent!

This theme of mysterious memories has been very liberally discussed by minds of many calibres, from Plato the Divine down to Tupper the Driveller; and very diverse have been the conclusions reached. The careful student of the Greek classics will readily recall the sprightly discussion among Socratês, Cebês, and Simmias, as dramatic characters, in the *Phaidôn*, where, (when the first of these has claimed that *learning*—μάθησις—was only a kind of *recollection*—ἀνάμνησις,) Cebês argues that, before a thing can be recollected, it must have been learned; and, if what we come to know by education had been previously learned, that that previous learning could have occurred only when our souls were in some state of existence anterior to this bodily life;—for, says he, referring to their previous learning of things, “This were impossible unless our souls had existed somewhere previous to this bodily life,”—τοῦτο δὲ ἀδύνατον, εἰ μὴ ἦν που ἡμῶν ἡ ψυχὴ πρὶν ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἀνθρώπινῳ εἶδει γενέσθαι. It is doubtless to this passage that Bulwer alludes, when, in *Richelieu*, he says:—

Oh, beautiful, all golden, gentle youth!
 Making thy palace in the careless front
 And hopeful eye of man, ere yet the soul
 Hath lost the memories which (as Plato dreamed)
 Breathed glory from the earlier star it dwelt in.

Plato attributes this doctrine to Socratês; and either he or Socratês had received it from Pythagoras; and he, in some form or other, from Pherecydês. The curious reader is referred to the *Tusculanæ Disputationes* (i. 24,) of Cicero; as well as to the *De Immortalitate* (s. 6, tome I., p. 290. D.) of Augustine, and to his *De Quantitate Anim.* (s. 34. p. 310. D.)

A modern poet referring to these mysterious memories, has asked:—

Have we in some more favoured world than this
 Sojourned awhile ere called to earthly scenes?
 And are these glimpses memories of the bliss
 Which the long-struggling spirit sometimes gleams?

Tupper, in one of his few superior moments, gave forth in the *Proverbial Philosophy* the following snatches:—

Be ye my judges, imaginative minds, full-fledged to soar into the sun,
Whose grosser natural thoughts the chemistry of wisdom hath sublimed,
Have ye not confessed to a feeling, a consciousness, strange and vague,
That ye have gone this way before, and walk again your daily life,
Tracking an old routine, and on some foreign strand,
Where bodily ye have never stood, finding your own footsteps?
Hath not at times some recent friend looked out an old familiar,
Some newest circumstance or place teemed as with ancient memories:
A startling sudden flash lighted up all for an instant,
And then it is quenched as in darkness, and leaveth the cold spirit
trembling.

Thus far, Tupper.

I believe that the best philosophical discussion in any sense exhaustive, of this subject is that by the German Herder. But I have no idea of going so deeply into philosophical depths as to present his suggestive theory.

The theme itself is eminently poetical; and in this regard Mrs. Warfield is fortunate in her choice of it. I believe it is only the highly—or, rather, sensitively—imaginative that have experiences such as the poem deals with.

But Mrs. Warfield's greatest work—the one upon which her position as a *littérateur* is mainly determined—is in prose. It is her two-volume novel, *The Household of Bouverie*—a story of life in Kentucky, full of striking dramatic effects, mystery, passion, thought, and suffering. It is one of the most striking novels ever written in the South. A critic, speaking of the absence of the commonplace in the book, and the *character* to be found in it, says of it: "We doubt if any such book was ever written before by an American woman—a work so great in conception and so masterly in execution."

I quote the opinion to endorse it.

In 1867, appeared Mrs. Warfield's second novel—*The Romance of Beausemcourt*. This, like the preceding, is a work of

originality, startling effects, some spiritualistic tendencies, and is likely to define still more clearly the author's position as a writer of fiction.

I clip from a sketch of Mrs. Warfield, by J. Parish Stelle of Kentucky, the following points on her *personnel*:—

"The personal appearance of Mrs. Warfield is very good. She rather prides herself on being plain, but she is not plain, beyond what would be considered in the best of taste. Stature about medium, complexion dark, with grey eyes and brown hair. Countenance grave, with a pleasant, though melancholy expression. Manners rather reserved at first, yet graceful and easy, exhibiting a thorough acquaintance with the usages of society. She is a fine conversationalist. A warm friendliness and quiet, unassuming disposition, render her the idol of her personal friends and cause those who know her best to love her most."

E. W. WARREN.

The Rev. Mr. WARREN of Macon, Georgia, is the author of a pro-slavery, moral, and social novel, entitled *Nellie Norton*.

ASA ROGERS WATSON.

Self-made men are often well made, though generally a little eccentric. Mr. Watson illustrates both these incidents of self-culture.

He was born on Monday, the Christmas-day of 1837, in Loudon County, Virginia. On reaching manhood he taught a country school four years. In 1862 he went to Atlanta, Georgia, as book-keeper in the office of *The Southern Confederate*; married there; wrote for the press; and became one of the editors of *The Confederate*. In 1864 he went to Augusta, to

edit *The Register* ; and next year returned with it to Atlanta. During that year and until April, 1867, he was engaged in editing *The New Era* ; and then became editor of *The Ladies' Home Gazette*, which position he now holds, having made Atlanta his home.

As a *prosateur* Mr. Watson writes freely, easily, and clearly ; but not what is usually termed finely. There is more vigour and vitality than artistic finish about his sentences, it is true ; but conviction necessarily follows a lucid and direct expression of a clearly-conceived thought ; and conviction — conception of truth — is the final cause of most prose utterance. This opinion I venture to hold though directly in the teeth of the dogmas of very astute and very learned men, notwithstanding the adage of Jeremy Taylor, Voltaire, Harel, Talleyrand, Lloyd, Dr. South, Samuel Butler, Goldsmith, or Young, or whoever else is entitled to the credit of the thought that Young puts in the verse,—

And men talk only to conceal the mind.

As a writer of tales, although I believe he rarely indulges in that recreation, Mr. Watson is very fond of surprises, and manages his *denouements* cleverly.

It is as a poet that he has done most ; but the *sacpe stylum vertere* of Horace is too often wanting ; and the inevitable result follows—less is achieved than the author indicates the ability to achieve. Mr. Watson's longest poem is *The Minstrel of Elsinore*, a legend of prophecy and ill-assorted love that has several telling and thrilling points ; but the poem is far too long for insertion here. In the melodramatic vein is *Murder Out*, which reminds one, by that quality, of *Flash* ; and perhaps, if I were to seek for an objection to the poem, the one I should first find is that there is too much of *Flash* about it. I quote it entire :—

I have nailed a horse-shoe over my door,
And barred the windows and shutters tight,
The wind may clash and rage and roar,
But the witch is shut from my house to-night.

She follows me round all day, all day,
And croons a monody in my ear —
A shriek, a wail, and a gurgling sound,
Like the gush of blood, I am doomed to hear.

Ha ! the old, old hag ! Her wizened face
Is grimed with filth and dust and rage,
'Tis a pitful sight — a crazy crone,
Vigorous with hate that pillars age.

She heaps her faggots and watches the flame
Till it makes her seething cauldron boil,
Then fetches the draught for me to drink,
And swears on her life 'tis witch's oil.

'Twill make me live forever and aye,
Live till earth and sun are gone,
Kill death itself ; but she never says
'Twill kill the stain of the crime I've done.

Under her coarse black shawl she bears
A bleached skeleton, gaunt and grim ;
And vows it was murdered by a man,
And she mutters a fiendish curse on him.

Whenever she meets me alone, alone,
She holds the skeleton up to my sight
And points its fleshless fingers at me,
And chatters its teeth in a perfect fright.

Then I knew, at last, there was murder done—
I knew a girl in her April day,
And, foolish child, she died, she died,
What's that to me ? The people say

She was wronged. 'Tis true, perhaps,
But she and her babe are out of sight ;
And her bare, white bones the old witch brings
And wishes to stand by my bed to-night.

I looked in her cauldron th' other day,
And saw, as it were, in a mirrow deep,
Deep — deep as hell — a woman lay
Dead, with a babe on her breast asleep.

The woman lay like a wearied one,
Stretched out on a couch for an evening's rest,
But I was almost ready to swear I saw
A dagger mark on her marble breast.

Her upturned face was the violet face
Of the girl I knew in the long ago,
And the eyes of the corpse were fixed on me,
And a wail-like voice seemed to mutter, "Woe."

She looked straight through me, heart and soul,
Red-hot and hissing, and stinging deep,
And the cursed hag muttered a gibberish slang
That rang on my ear till it murdered sleep.

I know just now she is standing without,
Waiting to come with her skeleton white,
But I've nailed a horse-shoe over my door,
And barred my windows and shutters tight.

One is in some sense puzzled to tell whether *Kin* is of the Lady-Clara-Vere-de-Vere school or that of Madam-as-you-pass-us-by; but, without being in the literary sense like either, it has some of the merits of both:—

I opened the gate that you might pass,
You threw me a coin for my trouble;
Untouched it rolled off into the grass,
And would had its value been double.

You stroke your dog and pat your horse
And toss me a coin for my duty;
Which love is strongest? which is worth
White billets? Eh, my beauty!

Neither? Well, I had guessed as much;
I knew I was not worth your scorning,
Not worth a thought when you'd passed the gate
I rev'rently opened this morning.

Is it not strange that luck should be
Such a very vigilant warden?
That you should be higher, up there in the hall,
Than I, down here in the garden?

Yet so it is; so you and the world
Have settled our conditions;
I grow the roses that you wear,
Here ends our several missions.

Than you the stars are not more high,
Not farther beyond my reaching;
The utmost world of the universe
Is less dumb to my beseeching.

But what makes the distance 'twixt you and me?
I'd swear the same blood is flowing
In both our veins; mine is noble as yours, —
'Tis true, and worth the showing.

You shudder to hear me babbling so, —
I would not offend you, madam,
But still I protest we are kith and kin —
You're but five years later from — Adam.

In mentioning parallels in this way, I do not intend to impute to Mr. Watson the sin of imitation, for he is in no sense amenable to that charge. He has some of the terse fancy of Aldrich; some of the startling tragic-horror of Flash; and some of the melodious *abandon* of Owen Meredith; but yet he does not appear in any sense to have borrowed these qualities from these authors.

JOHN H. WHEELER.

Mr. WHEELER is a native of Murfreesboro', North Carolina; was before the war United States Minister to Nicaragua; and was, a year or two ago, appointed by President Johnson to the Bureau of Statistics in Washington, D. C.

He has written two works:—

1. *Historical Sketches of North Carolina from 1584 to 1851, with Biographical Sketches of her Distinguished Statesmen, Jurists, Soldiers, etc.*, which was published about 1854, in 8vo.
2. *History of North Carolina.*

MRS. MARY SCRIMZEOUR WHITAKER.

Mrs. WHITAKER, *née* Furman, was born in Beaufort District, South Carolina, but early in life removed with her parents to Sumter District. She is a daughter of Rev. Samuel Furman. Her mother, whose maiden name was Scrimzeour, traces back her lineage to Sir Archibald Scrimzeour, whose male descendants, under the old *régime*, were hereditary standard-bearers the Kings of Scotland. The name Scrimzeour, or *Scrymegeour*, in the ancient Scotch dialect signifies *hard-fighter*, and was given to the founder of the family on account of his bravery.

Her elementary education was thorough, and she very early manifested decided literary tastes, making history a special study. Her favourite poets were Pope, Scott, Campbell, and Burns; but Pope was her model poet, and did much to fashion her earlier directions of thought and forms of verse. Of the older writers she took to Ben Jonson, Dryden, Massinger, and Shakspeare; but Milton's pompous march and supra-mundane machinery never found favour in her mind.

Having pursued her studies at home up to the period of dawning womanhood, she passed across the Atlantic, with her parents and two younger brothers, to Scotland, the land of her maternal ancestors. They took lodgings at Abercrombie Place, one of the handsomest parts of the New Town of Edinburgh, which was occupied by the most refined, fashionable, and literary classes. Some of the *entourages* that interested and therein had influence in educating our young poet, are mentioned in the following stanzas—stanzas that, written by her after her return to America, serve the double purpose of history and a specimen of her poetic art:—

Edina ! learning's proudest seat !
City of palaces ! in thee
What monuments of royalty
May yet the wanderer sadly see !

Armorial bearings half defaced,
 Of yore upon thy dwellings placed,
 The spacious court, within whose bound
 The aged dial-stone is found,
 Where treads the belted Highlander his round.

Old Holyrood, all grey with age,
 Where is the king, the chief, the page,
 The princely train, the lordly feast,
 The jest, the song, the jovial guest?
 And this was Mary's chamber! Here
 Are still her regal couch and chair,
 The work, 'tis said, of her fair hand
 A faded relic still doth stand;
 She could a kingdom, yet no peace, command.

On yonder hill, what living forms
 Stand sculptured! The fleet, fiery steed,
 That bore his rider bound with cords
 A bleeding road—o'erworn, his speed.
 Exhausted, falls His straining eye
 And nostril spread speak agony.
 Dying, he vainly strives to rise;
 With big swollen veins he struggling lies,
 Behold the artist's genius with the poet's vies!

The unpublished poem from which this extract is taken is entitled *The Wanderer*. It contains much more in the same vein; but before the date of this written record of our poet's wanderings there occurred many things bearing directly upon her rapidly-developing mind.

Social life in Edinburgh is pre-eminently literary life. For nearly a century it has been a city of philosophers, scholars, and poets. The days in which the subject of this sketch visited it were those of Professor Wilson—the Christopher North of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* and of *Blackwood's*; Campbell, the poet of hope; Robert Ainslie, the fosterer of Mrs. Heman's genius; Professor Moir, the Delta of *Blackwood's*; Burton, the historian; Gilfillan, the genial usher-in of young poets; the Messrs.

Chambers, with their *Edinburgh Journal*; and a host of lesser lights. Into the charmed circle of these fine geniuses our youthful American poet was introduced and received with cordiality.

It was here that Miss Furman formed the acquaintance, and soon became the wife, of John Miller, Esquire, a distinguished young advocate of the Scottish bar, who, about the date of their marriage—the first year of the reign of Victoria—received a commission as Attorney-General of the British West Indies. Very soon after his arrival at Nassau, New Providence—the place of his official residence—and three months after their marriage, Mr. Miller fell a victim to yellow fever, then raging in the Bahamas.

Thus bereft in the early dawn of her young wifehood, Mrs. Miller returned to her father's home in Carolina, and lived in widowhood there for twelve years.

At length, having devoted this protracted period to the tender memories of the past, she determined to emerge from her seclusion, though in many respects it was delightful to her, by accepting the hand of Daniel K. Whitaker, Esquire, then—about the year 1849—editor of *The Southern Quarterly Review*, a gentleman well known in literary circles at the South.

Since then, besides occasional poems to be mentioned elsewhere, Mrs. Whitaker has contributed to *Godey's*, *Graham's*, *Arthur's*, and *Sartain's*, *Magazines*, published in Philadelphia, writing always under her own name. Her sketches of Southern life, scenery, and manners, published in those periodicals, were so popular that many of her friends wished to see them in a volume, but the war prevented anything being done in the matter. During 1866 she wrote a number of criticisms upon British and American poets, which appeared editorially in the Sunday issues of the *New Orleans Times*, and were well received.

Her published works are:—

1. *Poems*. A collection of miscellaneous lyrics—appeared in 1850. The reading world was not impressed with the book; and its success was in every respect rather limited. I gave above

a few specimens of this author's versification ; and the *matériel* of this volume is very much in the same style as are the extracts from *The Wanderer*.

2. *Albert Hastings*. A novel — appeared in 1868, having been announced for the year before. The story is designed to illustrate Southern life, society, and scenery; and opens in the pine lands of South Carolina. Thence the hero goes to Nassau, New Providence, where we are in a clime more tropical still. Here he meets with a young Englishman, who dies of yellow fever; and dying begs Hastings to deliver a letter to his family in England. This mission takes us to Europe. And thus it is that the reader finds himself in so many and different climes.

It sometimes occurs that the very diversity of opinions excited by an individual is the best proof of the fact that he has something in him. Indeed, it may be taken as a rule that he of whom there exist no very decided opinions both for and against, is not worth knowing. The rule has some pertinency when made to apply to books; and would be equally valuable in being equally conclusive did writers of book-notices give invariably their own opinions. This is not always the case; hence the rule is of less use to us. Still, as of some value, I propose to give a brace of notices of this novel. The first is from the New Orleans *Times*, from which we might expect favourable criticism, if any. *The Times* says: "It is free from the vices of the sentimental school of novelists who appeal to the passions mainly for success, and excite the feelings to the highest pitch by exaggerated descriptions of life and manners. It has not a tinge of the gross immoralities of that class of novels. The interest it awakens in the course of events narrated, is human, strong, and well sustained throughout, and not morbid and unnatural; its style, pure, chaste, elegant, and flowing, is void of affectation. We see in it no traces of the Carlyle and Emerson school, which some of our novelists have copied and by which they hope to conceal their poverty of thought by a certain pomp of learned and abstruse terms and unintelligible forms of speech. . . . None of

the characters of this work are superfluous. Each has a part to perform, and each contributes something important to the grand result that is to be reached. The history of each individual is fully told as far as the reader is interested in knowing it, and we are not left in the dark, as Mrs. Mühlbach often leaves us, on so material a point. The whole region of modern fiction will not present us with three more finely drawn female characters than Emily Lovel, Valerie de Mar, and Geraldine Ruthbourne, and the witchery with which Roxanna holds us captive is not surpassed by that of Diana Vernon herself. The author must have been a traveller in the old country as well as the new, for her descriptions of English and Scotch, and even Italian scenery, are as perfect as those pictures which she gives us of American landscapes. What delineations she has given us of the whole floral regions of the South! What reproductions of her unrivalled and variegated forests! In this department—where excellence is rare—it is perhaps not too much to say that she is not surpassed, if she is equalled, by any American writer."

This is approval the most decided, *prononcé*, and specific,—enough in all three directions to gratify a very large, if not the largest, ambition. It is praise so high, indeed, that it is at least safe to say that it has not been borne out by a corresponding success in the book market.

The second notice I propose to give is from *The Round Table* of New York, a journal that frequently deals favourably with Southern authors and Southern books, more so by far than the Northern press generally. I give this notice entire:—

"Amid the influx of trash which ever since the war has frothed over into print, *Albert Hastings* rises proudly eminent as the best example yet of how badly a Southerner can write, yet be distinctly a Southerner. For prolixity, pretentiousness, utter freedom from excellence of any sort, and comprehensive thoroughness in every branch of balderdash, it stands aloof and alone, 'wrapt in the solitude of its own originality.' We recommend it above everything we know to classes in rhetoric, as a complete

though somewhat voluminous compend of what not to write and what not to read. After earning, we doubt not, the proud title of being the only person who will ever be able to say he has read it through, we remember just one thrilling incident, too characteristic to be forgotten. The inevitable villains, plotting to rob the indispensable angel of the story of her usual large fortune, evolve the master-stroke of fabricating a will *anterior in date* to the one under which she holds. We have long since forgotten whether they succeeded; such genius deserved to succeed; and we hope Mrs. Scrimzeour-Whitaker duly rewarded it. The book is the most complicated and desperate case of *cacoëthes scribendi* we ever saw—a garden of silliness—a curiosity of morbid literary pathology—a printed vacuum.”

This is worthy in its way of Edgar Poe's keenest and least merciful blade. As to the case in contest, I have no doubt that Ovid's suggestive rule will apply:—*In medio tutissimus ibis*; and that midway between the *Laudatur ab his* on the one extreme and the *Culpatur ab illis* on the other—“ample room and verge enough,” to be sure—lies the desirable mean.

I see it stated that Mrs. Whitaker has another novel ready for the press; but the title and exact scope have not transpired yet.

MISS SARAH J. C. WHITTLESLEY.

The town of Williamston, in Martin County, North Carolina, on the banks of the Roanoke, is the birth-place of Miss Whittlesley.

She has written a great deal for the periodical press, and has repeatedly carried off prizes for stories adapted to serial publication *à la feuilleton*.

Her books are these:—

1. *Heart-drops from Memory's Urn*. A volume of miscellaneous poems, published in 1852.

2. *The Stranger's Stratagem, or the Double Deceit, and other*

Stories. This, as its title imports, is composite — made up of a number of stories. It appeared in 1860.

3. *Herbert Hamilton, or the Bas Bleu.* A short novel, published in pamphlet form in Baltimore during the year 1867.

4. *Bertha the Beauty.* This story has appeared in *The Field and Fireside* and now awaits a publisher in book form.

5. *Spring-Buds and Summer Blossoms.* A volume of unpublished poems.

6. *The Unwedded Wife.* Like *Bertha the Beauty*, this awaits a publisher.

7. *Stella's Stepmother* is a novel now in preparation.

Besides these more extended works or larger collections, Miss Whittlesley has written quite a number of prize tales ; such as *The Maid of Myrtle Vale*, *The Hidden Heart*, and *Reginald's Revenge* ; and several that have had successful runs in the tale-publishing weeklies—*Alice Afton*, *Fifty Thousand* and *Failure*, and *The Counsellor Cousin* among the number.

Miss Whittlesley is strongly Southern in her feelings, tastes, and style generally. In a lyric written in Alexandria, where she now resides and has been for some years, she gives the following literal vent to that partiality : —

And I long to go back to the beautiful ways
Of my beautiful South ;
I'm weary of waiting, and wrathful days,
And of woe's wide mouth !
Sweet, sweet Carolina ! I'm yearning for thee,
Dear love of life's morn ;
None other can ever be Home to me—
Home where I was born.

I give *The Ruined Castle*, as a fair specimen of Miss Whittlesley's verse, entire : —

The lights went out in its festal halls,
And the sable of sorrow was hung on its walls,
At the midnight of many and many long years — yes, many long years ago ;

The lights went out, and the darkness fell,
And down the black arches the midnight bell,
From the temple of Fate, tolled a last farewell
To the guests in its banquet halls,
Who fled from its woe-draped walls —

At the midnight of many and many long years—yes, many long years ago—
Who never have met, and never will meet
Again, in that castle, I know !

No ! no !

Never again, as in years, long years ago !

Not one hath since echoed its still corridors,
And lighted the lamps on the aisle of the years,
And the gold *candelabra* never again, no never again will glow !
For round the lone Castle the shadows of care;
And through the dim archway the damp of despair
Have laden and poisoned the midnight air,
And none can now ever relume
The lights in the nitrous gloom ;

So the gold *candelabra* never again, no, never again will glow
Through the still galleries and the solemn archways
That wind in that castle of woe !

No ! no !

Never again, as in years, long years ago !

And all through the night-tide, and all through the day,
Where the taper of Thought throws its spectral ray,
O'er the pictures of Memory that hang on the walls, as in many long years ago,
The hammer of feeling is sounding for aye,
On the coffin of Hope, through the night and the day,
And the lone dove of Sorrow is moaning away,
Far up in its desolate tower,
A dirge for the midnight hour—

The midnight of many and many long years—yes, many long years ago—
When the gold *candelabra* of Love went out,
And never again will glow !

No ! no !

Never again, in that RUINED HEART CASTLE of woe !
Never again, as in years, long years ago !

CALVIN H. WILEY.

The Rev. Mr. WILEY is the man to whom the cause of common-school education in his own state is the most deeply indebted. Nor has this influence been confined to his own state, but the South has felt it; nor is it confined to common-school education, but extends to education in general, and to literature itself.

Mr. Wiley was born in Guilford County, North Carolina, on the 3d of February, 1819; and graduated at the University of that state, located at Chapel Hill, in 1840. While at the University he studied law, and obtained his license to practice soon after graduation.

In 1850 he was elected to the State Legislature, and again in 1852. At the ensuing session [1852-53] the office of State Superintendent of Common Schools was created, and he was elected to it by the Legislature. The term was for two years and he was six times re-elected by a vote almost unanimous. So successful and satisfactory was his administration of this superintendency that every one of the five governors under whom he served made commendatory mention of it; and the press of the entire state expressed its approbation in equally favourable terms. So efficient was the system that the schools were kept in regular operation throughout the entire war of four years, a fact which I believe no other Southern state can boast.

In 1856 he was licensed to preach by the Orange Presbytery, of which he is still a member.

Since the war, until the last reconstruction, he was connected with the State Board of Literature, being a member of it under Governor Worth.

He has been connected, as associate editor, with several journals, and has published quite a number of pamphlets. He was instrumental in establishing a State Educational Association, which published a *Journal*, of which he was one of the edi-

tors. The association and its *Journal* kept up until the close of the war. During the war Mr. Wiley was the prime mover in establishing at Greensboro a publishing-house to supply the state with text-books; also in organizing at Columbia, South Carolina, an Educational Association for the Confederacy. This soon fell through.

Mr. Wiley's literary labours in book form are:—

1. *Alamance, or The Great and Final Experiment*. A historical novel, which was published by the Harpers in 1847. The scene is laid in the author's own country, the time being that of the American Revolution of 1776. It had decided success, though its popularity was in some degree local. The author enjoyed the great advantage of having perfect knowledge of his localities and peoples, with their nationalities and other general characteristics. The only invention required was the plot, and that was in some degree historical.

2. *Roanoke, or Where is Utopia?* This also is a historical novel, like the preceding, and was published about 1850 by Peterson of Philadelphia. It had appeared serially in *Sartain's Magazine* during the year 1848.

3. *The North Carolina Reader*. A familiar descriptive history of that state, for the use of schools and families, appeared in 1851. It is intended to make the people of that state familiar with the character and resources of the state, its earlier legends, and later characteristics; and to foster love of home and to aid in industrial and moral progress. The book has had a large and permanent sale, and is doing—as it has done—a great deal of good in its own humble way.

4. *Scriptural Views of National Trials*—was published in Greensboro during the war [1863-64], in Confederate times and in Confederate style.

MRS. MARY BUSHNELL WILLIAMS.

Among the future female poets of the South, I expect Mrs. Williams to occupy a high position. In the elements of hope—the postulates of promise—I know of no individual who stands as fairly as she. She has not published a book yet, but has done more—she has written genuine poems.

The Serfs of Chatêney is the finest of her poems that I have seen; and had I originally met with it in a volume containing *Godiva*, I should have thought it by no means out of place. I have not space for the poem entire, and can give only a short extract or two to indicate the literary style and tone of the poem. The legend of the Serfs of Chatêney, I assume to be generally well-known. The introductory lines of Mrs. Williams's poem are,—

In the labyrinth of ages, through the clinging dust of Time,
Ever and anon there sparkle jewels of some life sublime;
And their radiance stirs our pulses, and the heart with sudden start
Turns from Life's thrice-sodden banquet to its being's nobler part;
And then quickly we remember, like some clarion-voiced rhyme,
All those lives whose full completeness shames our sordid, wasted
prime.

Groping in the arid highway, yet the eye can gather light
From the worlds of starry brightness, in their solemn spheric flight;
And the sinking soul grows stronger for some noble tourneys won,
And the full heart grows diviner that divinest deeds were done.
Then we cry, "Oh, thanks my brother of the noble act and name,
For my stranded soul leaps upward on the surges of thy fame;
Upward from the slough of custom, from the narrow, sordid strife;
Upward to the high Endeavour, and the victor's crowned life."
Thank Thee, God! for men and women who with clear prophetic
eye,

Through the blinding mists of Error, trace some revelations high,
Thank Thee for the deeper meaning, to their earnest souls made plain;
Meanings yet which never prophet lived, or wrought, or sung, in vain;
For some heart the burthen gathers, and the answering echoes roll,
Till the high Evangel wakens life in some heroic soul.

This is as profound as Mrs Browning and as hopeful as Tennyson ; and has some merits equal to either. I pass over the progress of the legend until we reach the audience-chamber of "the lion-hearted Regent, peerless Blanche of sunny France," where the suppliant serf kneels in behalf of her suffering class, —

Ah ! the sunlight grows no fainter since that autumn day of fate,
When through oriel windows glancing o'er thy halls of regal state,
It beheld the radiant glances, waving plumes of dame and knight,
Lordly priest and haughty baron, and one woful, piteous sight,
Where a wild-eyed woman kneeling with uplifted arms of prayer,
Shrieked alternate prayer and curses on the silken perfumed air : —

"Jesu ! Queen ! Is there no mercy for the serfs of Chatêney ?
Ah, we strove to make a harvest, starved and wrought from day to day ;
But the winds and rains were mighty, mightier than we peasant beasts,
Though we bore the pricking harness of our holy lords, the priests.

"And we showed them hovels empty, slimy walls and rafters bare,
Wailing infants famine-stricken, mothers in their dumb despair ;
And we prayed our priestly masters for a little time and trust,
Kneeling at their crimson footstools, with our faces in the dust.

"God ! — Their scornful laugh waxed louder, — '*There are chains in Notre Dame,*
And a well beneath the chapel that these lying cries can calm.'
From their fever-tainted pallets, writhing 'neath the cursed thong,
Men and women, aye, e'en infants, driven in one helpless throng

"To Notre Dame. — Beneath a chapel in a cell scarce ten feet square ;
There they pine for air from heaven, and — Great God ! — my Adolph there !

He, my little fair-haired darling, with his blue eyes glazed by fear, —
Ah ! they tore him from my bosom, tore him with a jibe and jeer.

"With his hot tears on my forehead, and his weak arms' frantic clasp.
Christ ! the wretches struck him senseless as they tore him from my grasp !

Queen, thou art a happy mother," — and the woman's tone was wild,
Sunk to one low wail of anguish, — "God protect my little child."

The remainder of the poem is in the same vein, but these portions suffice for my purpose.

Mrs. Williams was born at Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, in 1826. Her father, Judge Charles Bushnell, was a native of Boston; and her mother was a descendent of one of the oldest Creole families that settled in Louisiana under the Spanish *regime*. Miss Bushnell's parents being wealthy and ambitious, bestowed the greatest care upon her education; and for many years she enjoyed the instruction of that distinguished linguist and teacher, Professor Alexander Dimitry. She was that professor's favourite pupil, and under his tuition became familiar with the modern languages usually taught, and developed a decided taste for literature. Indeed, there are few ladies in the South who have so careful a knowledge of books, who are so accomplished in general, and who possess at the same time so much of those endearing graces which lend to woman her highest charm. Miss Bushnell became Mrs. Josiah P. Williams several years ago, and since that time has lived principally in the Parish of Rapides, in the enjoyment of the most ample means, until the hand of Death deprived her of husband and son, and the hand of War swept away much of the wealth that they enjoyed. I believe since the war she frequently resides some portion of the year in the city of New Orleans.

Besides poetry she writes sketches in prose, that bear the impress of the same gifts that mark her verse—the same piquancy, refinement, and *esprit*—nothing less than French will convey the idea here—that appear in all she writes and does.

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON.

Mrs. WILSON, *née* Augusta J. Evans, was born near Columbus, Georgia, and is the eldest of eight children. During her infancy her father removed from Georgia to Galveston, Texas;

and soon again to San Antonio in the same state. After two years of residence in the West he returned to Georgia, and finally settled in Alabama, near Mobile.

Miss Evans made her *début* as a writer in 1855. Her first book was *Inez*, a clever fiction of some interest, but of more promise; so, at least, the public chose to decide at the time. It had, however, far too little naturalness in it, and far too much pedantry and religious argumentation in it. The volume was published in New York by the Harpers. Its reception was very quiet. Since her more recent and brilliant successes, the *débutante* of that time may hear that apathy referred to without a shadow of annoyance. The book was a failure. *The Southern Quarterly Review* summed up its opinion of *Inez* in these words: "There is not a natural character and scarcely a natural phrase in the whole volume."

Nobody read *Inez*; hence the universal waking up when *Beulah* appeared in 1859. That was a complete success.

Everybody read *Beulah*. It ran through ten or fifteen editions, possibly more, in a few months. Its fresh, vigorous style stimulated a lively interest. There was living thought in the book. That was novel. The strong vein of psychological reasoning dashed the enthusiasm of many readers of love-stories; but still everybody read it. Those who did not understand it desired to appear to do so; while those who did understand it enjoyed it.

The many had recently read *Jane Eyre*, and *Shirley*, and *Villette*, with admiration. The author of *Beulah* was styled the Charlotte Brontë of America.

The compliment had some meaning in it.

The character of *Beulah*, the heroine, was assumed to be that of the author. Many fancied *Beulah* to be to a great degree autobiographical. To distinguish her from Miss Evans of England—Mary A. Evans, who, under the *nom de plume* of *George Eliot*, was winning notoriety and favour with her *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*, but whose *nom* was hardly known a

week in advance of her name—to distinguish, I repeat, the American author from the English, the former was constantly designated—until her marriage, at least—as *Beulah* Evans.

The heroine is an intellectual woman, proud, self-reliant, ambitious, skeptical, and suffering. False pride makes her unhappy, and keeps her so. The problem of the soul and its relations to God through Christianity are discussed with a striking boldness. Those problems of psychology, upon which so much is thought and so little said by every thinking person, are handled with very clever skill; and something of pedantry, perhaps. They are left, in the end, just where rationalism must, if ever, leave them—at the gates of prayer. *Beulah* left them there; and in the new peace of soul becomes a better and happier woman. The book was free from sentimentality—the sentimentality of popular novels—and this, with the thinking, told in its favour. *Beulah* was a success, and deserved to be. Almost any reader of contemporary literature will be ashamed to admit that he has not read it.

In 1864 appeared *Macaria*, her third novel. Written and published during the war, with a reference to the war-feeling, it might have owed some of its immediate popularity to these circumstances.

Macaria has the same vigour, elevation, and suffering that characterized *Beulah*; with this difference, that its vigour is steadier, its elevation more stern, and its suffering more aimless. It is again the story of a woman's love, pride, self-sacrifice, suffering, and, I should be pleased to add, of triumph; but we lay down the volume with the painful feeling that the suffering is not paid for. Parallel with the sorrowing life of the heroine, Irene Huntingdon, runs a similar life of manhood's trial and torture in Russell Aubrey. They impress one like brother and sister. There are at least four other characters in the book that wear on through life with the same fate—love without hope. In general, one feels that the sacrifices are too dear; that life, after all, is hardly worth. It is the same feeling that I personally

have experienced on closing several of the novels of Goethe. There is too little hope, and too much heart-corroding care. There is too much *iron* in the book. It may do to console the failing end of an unsuccessful life; but the young would better have something brighter.

The story, however, is admirably told; and I claim the privilege of thanking Miss Evans, in the name of her thousands of admirers, for one of the purest, most vigorous, and striking fictions that we have had since *No Name*, by Wilkie Collins. The scene-painting is in the highest style of literary art. The delineations are very fine, especially the female characters, which stand out like classic portraits. The style is elevated—a little ambitious to be sure, but vigorous and direct. The *tone* is purity itself. The pathos is the strong point of the book. It is admirable; superior to anything of the kind that I have seen for some years. The hospital scenes are perfect gems of pathos. The iron will of Aubrey, the haughty spirit of Irene, the demoniacal selfishness of her father, the flippancy of her betrothed cousin, the enthusiasm of the artists, the resignation of Aubrey's blind mother—all these things could not have been painted more powerfully. This power of characterization is wonderful.

Amid so many excellencies I am reluctant to mention faults; but, as a part of the truth, I shall give them frankly.

The book is *learned*; and when that is too apparent in a novel, men *will* say—especially if it is written by a woman—that it is *pedantic*. It is a kind of spite they indulge in. In *Macaria* the allusions are very numerous, always appropriate, and often very striking, but are frequently so recondite that the reader must pause a moment to recall the facts referred to. In a large number of them, the original facts *are not known* to the million at all, so that the whole force of the allusion is lost until a cyclopædia can be referred to. This is a grave fault in a book written for the general reader. Most of the following are of this class—"the Arabic Aksirat," "the Cridavana meadows," "the Teraphim of the East," "the Laburnum of Constantine," "the

fabled Norse Ragnarok," "the Mingard Serpent," "mystic Sangraal," "the trembling *Mystæ*," "the sad-eyed Eoptæ," "the sacred Gnomides," "the lonely ice-girt Marjelen-see," "far-famed Circassians of Kabarda," "Bensalem," "Malbolge," "dreary caverns of the Agathyrsi," "dusty crypts of Luxor," "the great Lampadrome of Life," "the potent spell of Indian O-U-M, or mystic Agla," "Talmudish Shamhamphorash." The many do not, and should not be expected to, know all about all these things; and, whether they should or not, they won't do it.

There are a few personal references open to a similar objection; such as Damastes, Ladon, Uliegh Beigh, Dolce, St. Gilgen, Sage of Sinope, Borodino, Chelonis, Quetelet, Serrurier, Niccolo Niccoli, Leroux, Pingue, Lilienthal, Torquemada, Struve, Jussieu, Argelander, Bessel, Griselda, Diogenes, Teufelsdröckh, and—I am afraid of becoming tedious—several others.

Then there are a few words that, in a work on philosophy, would not seem odd, but that do seem so in a novel; such as, *Moiræ* (for Fates), *thanatoid*, *troglodyte*, *Egyptic*, *neophyte*, *chrysologist*, *adumbrate*, and *dubiety*.

Once in awhile the intention of the writer seems to be to astonish; as in the following sentence: "Perish the microcosm in the limitless macrocosm, and sink the feeble earthly segregate in the boundless, rushing, choral aggregation!"

I know men who would be so unfeeling as to call that nonsense.

One perceives something Plutonian in the humour of naming a horse "*Erebus*;" but when something is pronounced to be "as gloomy and spectral as *Sheol*," one feels that the phraseology, for a woman's, is a little *severe*, to say the least of it.

The hero quotes Latin, without translating it, to his aged mother, and again to a girl in her earlier teens. This was less than one might have reasonably expected of so sensible a youth as Russell. But that same aged mother vindicates her intellectual dignity by talking of religion somewhat in the style in which

a doctor of divinity or a professor of polemics might lecture his senior classes.

Apart from my objection to the Goethan *morale* of *Macaria*, I have but one single objection to it as a work of art. That is the unrelenting vindictiveness of Mr. Huntingdon towards the object of his early love, the gentle and sorrowing Amy. This is so unlike genuine manhood—the manhood, indeed, that elsewhere appears in his own nature—that I venture the opinion that no masculine genius would have ever dared to present such a monstrous creation. I do not forget that the Byronic school maintain that

Love is quelled, when unrequited,
By the rising pulse of scorn.

But, though under ordinary circumstances this might be true, this scorn cannot live with such withering acrimony through years; years that bring with them the sorrows of a failing and unfortunate life—the humiliation of becoming a felon's wife, the crushing load of domestic afflictions, exclusion from society, physical suffering, want, and blindness. In the name of manhood, I protest. Such implacable malignity of heart may be Byronic, or Satanic, but it is not *human* manhood.

One point more and I have done with fault-finding. The author, whose style is fine, sometimes permits her characters to use such expressions as, "*Those kind of airs*" (p. 9), "*It is only me*" (p. 21), "*I think I had better go back*" (p. 43)—all which is directly in the face of syntax. In two places we have "*beside*" for "*besides*;" and once "*lay*" is used for "*lie*." Of course, Mrs. Wilson is aware of these things, and inserts them designedly; but I object to allowing characters to use such ungrammatical phrases, unless they serve to define character, and to stamp grades of society. Then they are of course appropriate. Elsewhere they mar.

In 1866 appeared *St. Elmo*, Miss Evans's fourth novel. Here the heroine, Edna, is another reproduction of the author's auto-

character (the word is my own); and, like Beulah and Irene, she is hard, dignified, self-sacrificing, intellectual, well-read, and abounding in quotations. The book is superior to *Macaria*, in having *some* hope in it, *Macaria* has none. Both are learned, and the learning of *Macaria* is more far-fetched and unwomanly than that of *St. Elmo*. The same excellencies in pathos and scene-painting are to be found in this last that made the others so attractive to many who felt drowsy over the learning.

The opinions of the press, both North and South, have been of a widely diverse nature. No book published by a Southern author has ever elicited such spirited criticism. On the one hand, its admirers laud it to the skies; and on the other, its detractors ridicule it with merciless severity. Meanwhile the book is a success to both author and publisher. The spirit of Edgar Poe seems to have impelled some of the Zoilian pens that have contributed, by their asperity, to make *St. Elmo* the book of its day. The decided character of the book renders this style of criticism inevitable; its genius and its faults being alike tangible, glaring, and provocative of partisanship. The learning found on every page is well worthy of admiration, while the pedantry that well-nigh overshadows even the learning is well calculated to excite the unmeasured spite and ridicule that have been so lavishly visited upon it. One evidence of its ability is to be found in the fact that it was pithily travestied, in *St. Twelmo*.

Under the impulse given to Miss Evans's popularity by the publication of a uniform edition of her works, her publishers issued *Inez* in a handsome duodecimo volume, during 1867. It impresses one just as *The Professor*—Jane Eyre's first dreadful failure—when republished upon the strength of the author's reputation, won by other, later, and better books.

Mrs. Wilson lives about three miles from the city of Mobile. Societally, she is a resident of the city; is the centre of a large circle of admiring friends; and loves her home with peculiar attachment. She is strongly partisan in her nature, and

earnestly devoted to the South. Warmly attached to her native state, that state is proud to claim her. Fondly clinging to her own home, she is the light and pride of it.

It was in the autumn of 1868 that this gifted author became the wife of Mr. L. M. Wilson, President of the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad.

She has been styled the De Staël of America ; and, like that gifted *savante*, she is a brilliant talker, and converses well. Her vein of conversation and language range above the popular tone. Has an interesting face, expressive of thoughtfulness, self-reliance and repose ; a clear forehead, full of thought ; dark hair ; dark-grey eyes, sometimes beaming with "brave, glad, hopeful light." The general expression of her features, however, is decidedly grave. Her person is medium in height and size.

Her handwriting is clear, legible, vigorous, precise, uniform, and showy. It has a look both elaborate and emphatic. It reveals even more character than her person does ; indicating the cultivated woman of will, system, clearness, and energy of thought ; a perseverance—we are tempted to say *persistence*—rare in woman ; a steadiness and remarkable uniformity of manner ; an absence of all levity ; with some fondness for display and *éclat*. Her manuscript looks close, though not crowded. Its general appearance conveys the idea of practicalness rather than of sentiment or ornament ; and this we may take to be true as applied to herself. The invariable legibility indicates clearness of thought ; the elaborateness reveals perseverance and will ; the vigour of stroke is but a form of showing vigour of mind.



MISS MARY JANE WINDLE.

I HAVE seen but little of late years from this writer. Her name was several years ago constantly to be seen in magazines and periodicals of less permanent style. She was very favour-

ably known as a writer of sketches and tales, and occasionally poems. In 1850 a collection of her sketches was published in a volume, and was favourably received. These sketches were characterized as graceful and delicate. The accomplished author of *Women of the South* includes her in the volume published under that title in 1860, and says of her:—

“Miss Windle’s most marked characteristics as a writer are affluence of expression, delineative power, and exceeding purity of taste. Though a sufferer from ill-health, she is ever faithful to literary pursuits, and mindful as well of all social and domestic claims.”

Miss Windle was born in Wilmington, Delaware, on Wednesday, the 16th of February, 1825. Early in life thrown upon her own resources, she sought literature as a means.

MRS. EMMA MOFFETT WYNNE.

The appearance of *Crag-Font* in 1867 gave Mrs. WYNNE a position among the young writers of fiction in the South. Although this novel indicates some immaturity and inexperience, it is full of promise. A fertility of fancy that marks most books of young writers, and mars many, is apparent here; but with Mrs. Wynne’s culture, this will doubtless quickly pass away under the pruning of severer art. While in itself *Crag-Font* does not contribute greatly to her literary reputation, it does unmistakably point to achievements that the South may delight to honour.

Mrs. Wynne, *née* Miss Moffett, is a native of Alabama; and was born on the 5th of September, 1844. During her infancy her father, Major Henry Moffett, moved to Columbus, Georgia, and that city has been the home of his daughter since that time. She was always a good student. At the age of five she was one year a pupil of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, the novelist and teacher of the West, with whom she was always a

favourite. During her school-life she was noted for her success in study. She graduated when not quite sixteen at the well-known Patapsco Institute near Baltimore, Maryland, receiving a gold medal for excellence in French. She subsequently spent some time at Spingler Institute, Fifth avenue, in New York City, under the tuition of the best masters, devoting herself principally to the study of music and the languages. During the war she contributed occasionally, principally poems, I believe, under the *nom de plume* of *Lola*, to *The Field and Fireside*, then published in Augusta. In 1864 she became the wife of Major V. W. Wynne, a member of the Tennessee bar.

In person Mrs. Wynne is described as possessing in an eminent degree those qualities of vivacity, sprightliness, and gentleness of manner, that, combined with rare mental, moral, and personal charms, go so far to render the Southern lady of culture the power she always is in society. Besides an unusual brilliancy in conversation, she is possessed of the gift of music, both as to talent and culture, that renders her performances, both vocal and instrumental, far above the excellence usual among amateurs in music.

It is understood that Mrs. Wynne is engaged upon a historical romance touching the late tragedy of Maximilian, which will doubtless give evidences of those powers foreshadowed in *Crag-Font*. The title of the new romance has not transpired yet.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Mr. YOUNG is a native of Bristol, England, and was born there on the 25th of November, 1818. His education, as far as received in schools, was finished there. At the age of thirteen he came as a part of his father's family to America. The family settled in Trenton, New Jersey, where the son learned his trade — that of watchmaker and jeweller. At nineteen he

moved to Wisconsin, and married there in 1839. After six years' residence in that territory he moved to Hamburg, South Carolina, where he lived five years. One year spent as a travelling daguerrean artist brought him to Lexington, Georgia, his present place of residence. He has evidently little of what phrenologists call Inhabitiveness. He has a family now too large to admit conveniently the nomadic life of his earlier years.

His first published efforts at verse appeared after his removal to the Northwest—about his twentieth year. He has contributed to a large number of periodicals; among them *The Saturday Courier* and *The Saturday Post* of Philadelphia, and *The Southern Field and Fireside* of Augusta, Georgia. It is in the columns of the last-named that he has become very widely known to Southern readers.

In 1859, at the age of forty, he published a volume entitled *The Ladye Lillian, and Other Poems*, a small book of 191 duodecimo pages. The leading poem—*The Ladye Lillian*—covers sixty-three pages; and is a mediæval legend of passion, rivalry, and crime—the approaches of good and evil to the human soul, and the natural consequences of yielding to the evil—a legendary evolution of the truth that the way of the transgressor is hard. The theology of the poem is rather monkish. The measure adopted is exceedingly difficult. I give an illustrative stanza:—

Like houseless spectres round and round the tower
The rain-drenched winds go shrieking,
Shaking the trembling casements angrily,
Beating against the doors importunately,
Some open loop-hole seeking,
Where they may enter at this bitter hour.

This stanza runs throughout the poem, and necessarily falls short at many points. The presentment of the theme is vigorous; but I am constrained to say that it owes very little to the rhythmic art of versification for its effects.

Of the *Other Poems* I select *Imogen* as a favourable specimen:—

She was all compact of Beauty,
Like the sunlight and the flowers;
One of those radiant beings
That prove this world of ours
Not utterly forsaken
By the angel host of God,
Since now and then its valleys
By their holy feet are trod.
If her hair was black and glossy,
Or golden-hued and bright;
Or if her eyes were azure,
Or dark and deep as Night,
I know not — this truth only
Do I know or care to know;
Never a lovelier maiden
Blest this weary world below.
In the castle ruled *her* father,
And his lands stretched miles away:
Mine toiled down in a hamlet
For his daily bread each day.
Too far apart were we,
Too high wert thou for me,
O Lady Imogen!

When the meadow was all golden
With the cowslips' May-day bells,
And the sweet breath of the primrose
Came up from fragrant dells;
When the blackbird and the throstle
Whistled cheerly in the morn,
And the sky-lark, quivering upward,
Rose singing from the corn;
Then when the blessed spring-time
Filled with beauty all the earth,
From her father's lordly castle
Would this maiden wander forth,
Where the violets were blooming
In unfrequented dells;
O'er the mead where æphyrs pilfered
Fragrance from the cowslips' bells,—

Wheresoever Beauty lingered
There this radiant maiden strayed,
And beauty by her presence
More beautiful was made.
The sunshine looked more golden
As it gleamed around her head,
And the grass more green and living
Rose up beneath her tread ;
And the flowers more bright and fragrant
To meet her coming grew ;
And mad with love and music
The birds about her flew.
Oh ! she was the loveliest maiden
That ever eye did see ;
She was sunshine, she was music,
She was all the world to me.
But she never knew the passion
That set my soul aflame ;
That hid me by the hedge-row
To watch whene'er she came,
To see her glorious beauty
Like a star from heaven go by.
Oh ! to see her but one moment
God knows that I would die.
Oh, peerless Imogen !

They bore her to the Abbey
With the pomp of princely woe,
With steeds and hearse and snowy pall,
And white plumes drooping low.
And high, proud heads were bending
In her funeral train,
And princely eyes were weeping
Heavy tears like summer rain.
I far-off followed slowly,
No tears were in mine eye ;
'Twas not for one so lowly
To weep for one so high :
But oh ! since she hath vanished,
With her have seemed to go
All the beauty, all the music
Of this dreary world below !
Dead, dead, and buried, Imogen !

The conception of *Imogen* is thoroughly English—out-and-out un-American—and to American ears wants a vitality and a certain self-assertion that are not always demanded by the English mind.

Of Mr. Young's later poems I select *Under the Violets*:—

Under the violets, blue and sweet,
Where low the willow droops and weeps,
Where children tread with timid feet
When twilight o'er the forest creeps,
She sleeps—my little darling sleeps.

Breathe low and soft, oh, wind ! breathe low
Where so much loveliness is laid !
Pour out thy heart in strains of woe,
Oh bird ! that in the willows' shade
Sing'st till the stars do pale and fade.

It may be that to other eyes,
As in the happy days of old,
The sun doth every morning rise
O'er mountain summits tipped with gold,
And set where sapphire seas are rolled ;

But I am so hedged round with woe,
This glory I no more can see,
Oh ! weary heart that throbbest so,
Thou hast but this one wish—to be
A little dust beneath the tree.

I would thou hadst thy wish to-day,
And we were lying side by side
With her who took our life away
That heavy day whereon she died,
Oh, grave ! I would thy gates were wide.

Mr. Young's chirograph is round, close, and firm ; and indicates, in addition to the quality of persistent purpose, a passion for historical facts and an abiding faith in the past ; a

distrust of the present and qualified reliance upon the future. His head is high and narrow, indicating aspiration, sense of beauty, large human nature, and large charity; a ready faith in historical evidence, reflective habit, and little economy; as a poet, full ideality, little sensuous melody, and a want of the fervour of physical enthusiasm. His face indicates the paradox of expectation without hope, endurance, and a prevailing sadness.

So eine Arbeit eigentlich nie fertig wird; . . . man sie für fertig erklären muss, wenn man nach Zeit und Umständen das Möglichste daran gethan hat.

GOETHE.

THE END.



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